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DR. JOHN WATSON—"IAN MACLAREN."

HIS DISTINGUISHED CAREER AS A MINISTER.—HOW HE WAS PERSUADED INTO AUTHORSHIP.—A PRINCE OF STORY-TELLERS FROM HIS YOUTH.

By the Rev. D. M. Ross, M.A.

[Mr. Ross was the associate of Dr. Watson in a circle of students who lived in special intimacy at Edinburgh University. Among others of this circle was Professor Henry Drummond, as indicated in the article.]

"IAN MACLAREN" is one of a brilliant galaxy of Edinburgh University men who have revived in the later years of the nineteenth century the literary renown of Scotland in its earlier years. R. L. Stevenson, J. M. Barrie, S. R. Crockett, Ian Maclaren, are household words wherever the English language is spoken. Scotland is proud of her new writers, and the English-speaking world of letters is their debtor. Ian Maclaren is, in a literary sense, the latest born of the four. The brave-hearted, much-loved Stevenson was laid to rest on his Samoan hills almost before the star of Ian Maclaren had risen in the literary world. Barrie's "Auld Licht Idylls" and "A Window in Thrums" had delighted readers on both sides of the Atlantic for years before "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" revealed the existence of another Scotchman with Barrie's gift of portraying the poetry of the life of lowly Scotch folk. "The Raiders" of S. R. Crockett had won its author wide fame as a master in the telling of a powerful story before it had dawned upon Ian Maclaren and his friends that he was on the eve of achieving with his first volume one of the greatest literary successes of modern times.

Though the latest to enter the field of letters, Ian Maclaren is not younger in point of years than his three brilliant compatriots. He was born in the same year as R. L. Stevenson—1850; the two were, indeed, fellow-students at the university. He had left college years before Barrie left the school bench of "Thrums," and was a master in his professional work before Crockett had yet preached his first sermon. Up to 1893—when he was already in his forty-third year—he had given no opportunity to the reading public to estimate his literary gifts. He was by no means an unknown or undistinguished man before that date. Long before 1893 he had made so great a reputation as a preacher that he received an invitation—which the state of his health at that time compelled him to decline—to occupy the foremost pulpit in the Presbyterian church of the United Kingdom.

He had been known for a dozen of years as one of the outstanding preachers in Liverpool, and on Liverpool platforms it would have been difficult to find a more deft and powerful speaker. He was already one of the foremost citizens of that great city before "The Bonnie Brier Bush" made him famous outside. Strangely enough, in spite of the commanding position he occupied as a preacher and platform speaker, he had abstained in a somewhat rigorous fashion from making use of the press. Hardly, if ever, did he send contributions to magazines; he published no sermons or pamphlets; he could pride himself on the authorship of no tiniest book. By the persistent application of a severe self-denying ordinance, the preacher who has now a wider circle of readers than almost any living minister left the press severely alone for nearly

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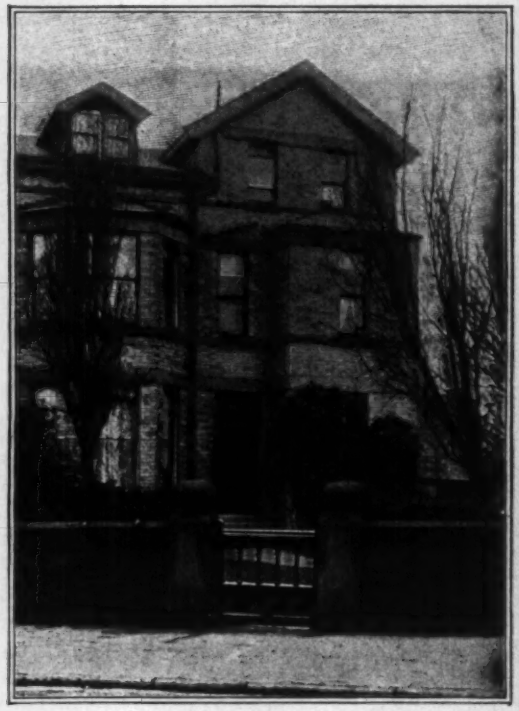


DR. WATSON'S HOUSE AT LIVERPOOL.
From a photograph by Mowll & Morrison, Liverpool.

twenty years. His friends knew that he had it in him to do literary work of a high order, yet it was almost by accident that he discovered what possibilities were open to him in pure literature. Dr. Robertson Nicholl, who knew his unique powers as a *raconteur*, induced him to send a sketch or two to "The British Weekly." These papers, written under his *nom de plume*, "caught on." Either J. M. Barrie was writing in a new vein, or there was another Scotch writer with mature literary gifts in the field. Such was the general conclusion. In a few weeks it transpired that "Ian Maclaren" was the well-known preacher of Sefton Park Presbyterian Church, Liverpool, and ere many months had passed the celebrated preacher found himself still more celebrated as a delineator of Scottish life. With Stevenson and Barrie, literature was a profession; with Ian Maclaren, literature was a mere by-work, a pleasant recreation in a busy ministerial career. Nevertheless, "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" and "The Days of Auld Lang Syne" have won their way in popular favor even more rapidly than "Treasure Island" or "The Little Minister."

Nor is it likely that literature will ever be more than a by-work with Ian Maclaren. Like Charles Kingsley—the divine whom in many respects he most vividly recalls—he is a born preacher, with an irrepressible interest in the social, ecclesiastical, and theological movements of his day. Within the last few months he has published two volumes—"The Upper Room" and "The Mind of the Master"—which reveal the part he is likely to play in coming years as a religious teacher. Even had he never been known as a consummate portrayer of Scottish character, he was bound, sooner or later, to take his place as one of the leaders of religious thought. With the way prepared for him by his literary success, he has secured an audience for himself in the sphere of religion which makes it difficult to predict whether in the long run he will wield a stronger influence as a *littérateur* than as a spiritual teacher. One is safe to predict that in both spheres his influence is sure to be great.

Readers of Dr. Watson's books are naturally desirous of knowing something of the formative influences which have shaped his career. I respond willingly to the invitation of the editor to give his readers such help as I can in indicating what seem

DRAWING-ROOM IN DR. WATSON'S HOUSE AT LIVERPOOL.
From a photograph by Mowll & Morrison, Liverpool.

to me some of the most important of these influences. My sketch is based upon my knowledge of Dr. Watson during the twenty-five years I have been honored with his friendship. It is necessarily a one-sided sketch, for there are not a few aspects of his many-sided activity with which I am but imperfectly acquainted.

John Watson, the only child of his parents, was born in 1850, in Essex, where his father happened to have his home for a few years. His father had an honorable career in the civil service, attaining in later years the highest post in the Inland Revenue Department in Scotland. I have a vivid recollection of the stately presence and gracious dignity of one of nature's gentlemen. Mrs. Watson * was a lady of remarkable strength of character, with the deep religious earnestness of her Highland ancestors, but with a quick eye to detect the extravagances of religious sentimentalism. She was nurtured in a home where the sweet sanctities of affection were blended with robustness of Christian character. "I knew her father and mother," an aged friend has said to me; "they were sweethearts at the end of their long wedded life as at its beginning." Mrs. Watson's brothers—all bachelors but one—rented or, in some cases, owned quite a number of the largest and best farms in eastern Perthshire. The brothers Maclaren were widely known in Strathmore for their worth as men and their ability as agriculturists. When John Watson was but four years old, his parents recrossed the border and made their home in Perth. His school holidays, and in later years his college holidays, were largely spent at Gormack Grange, or some other of the hospitable farms, where the quick, sprightly lad, with his endless drolleries of speech, was eagerly welcomed by bachelor uncles and maiden aunts. It was in these glorious summer weeks of unfettered country life that the town boy was initiated into the mysteries of "roups" and "tacks," and heard endless talk about "horses, pleughs, and kye." How keen an interest he took in the new life opened up to him in these holiday visits can be seen in his sketches of Burnbrae and Drumsheugh—the most realistic descriptions we have yet had of farm-life in

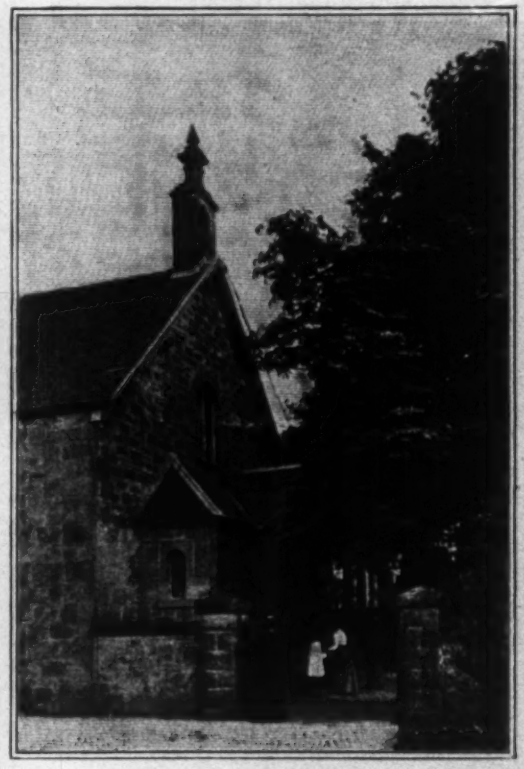
DR. WATSON AT HIS DESK.

From a photograph by Mowll & Morrison, Liverpool.

* Mrs. Watson's maiden surname was Maclaren. Ian is Gaelic for John. Hence Mr. Watson's pen name.

central Scotland. In the portraiture of Burnbrae and Drumsheugh there is recognizable many a feature of the character of the bachelor uncles.

While young Watson was yet a lad, his parents removed to Stirling, and a few years later they made their last home in Edinburgh. In 1866 he entered the University of Edinburgh, at the age of sixteen. Unlike the great English universities of Oxford and Cambridge, where the academic life centres in the college, with its tutorial instruction and social life, Edinburgh University has the centre of academic life in the class-room of the professor. In the Arts Faculty the class-room is the common meeting-ground for students of all the Protestant churches; and it is the common meeting-ground for all students of all social grades—for the student from a luxurious Edinburgh home and the country student who can barely supply himself with the necessaries of life in his humble lodgings. The ambition of the class-room is to win, by excellence in the class examinations, if not the medal, at least a place in the prize list; and, no matter how poor a lad may be, as a class medallist he has an assured academic standing among his fellows, with the prospect of a scholarship or a fellowship and a good start in his profession. "A Lad o' Pairts" is a fine study in the perennial heroisms of the university life of Scotland. The Scottish peasants, with their passion for education and with their passion for seeing their children "getting on," will readily pinch themselves to send a clever lad to college. With his parents' savings, eked out by a bursary or by his own private tutoring of school-boys in the evening, such a lad manages to scrape along on scanty fare—sometimes with tragic results. Many a bright lad who is followed from his country home by his parents' prayers, and by the eager interest of the minister and schoolmaster of the parish, has shared the fate of George Howe. Eager for intellectual distinction, and for the rewards of distinction which will help him to repay the sacrifices made in his humble home, he is reckless of his bodily health. For years he shuns recreation, physical or social, as a mere selfish indulgence; he reduces his diet to suit his purse; he pores over his class-books far into the hours of the night; and after gaining the distinctions which thrill his native parish with a glow of pride, his career ends in "A Scholar's Funeral."



THE FREE CHURCH AT LOGIEALMOND, DR. WATSON'S FIRST CHARGE.

Logiealmond, in Perthshire, Scotland, is the original of the "Drumtochty" of Dr. Watson's "Bonnie Brier Bush" stories.

It goes without saying that it is a minute proportion of students who give themselves over to class-work with such disastrous devotion. Mr. Watson, I am sure, has no reason to reproach himself for reckless zeal either in class or degree examinations during his university career. Three alumni of the University of those days have gained renown far beyond their native country, and not one of them attained the highest distinction as a student. R. L. Stevenson was a well-known figure, in his velvet jacket and with his Bohemian air; but academically he was chiefly distinguished by non-attendance at classes. Henry Drummond was a winsome and stimulating personality in play hours, but he was known to be fonder of a geological hammer than of Liddell and Scott or of Kant's "Metaphysic of Ethic." Of the three, John Watson had most of a student's interest in the work of the professor's class-rooms.

At Edinburgh University, students have little opportunity, except in rare cases, of

THE CHURCH MANSE AT LOGIEALMOND, DR. WATSON'S RESIDENCE DURING THE TERM OF HIS FIRST CHARGE.

forming the personal acquaintance of the professors. It is in the class-room they get what the Scotch professoriate has to offer. There were notable figures in the Arts chairs in those days. Foremost in picturesqueness, and foremost in some ways in formative influence, was John Stuart Blackie, whose subject was Greek, but who wandered far afield, and by his digressions on art, theology, politics, Scottish song, and the passing events of the day, gave to his students freely of his garnered wisdom of life, and widened their intellectual and religious horizon. In the light of Dr. Watson's recently published volume, "The Mind of the Master," it is interesting to recall the persistence with which Professor Blackie recommended the divinity students in his classes to draw their theology from the fountain head, the Greek New Testament. "Yesterday," I once heard him remark, "I listened to the most *evangelical* sermon I have ever heard from a pulpit. Evangelical, because it kept so close to the teaching of Christ in the Gospels." I know not how deeply Mr. Watson drank with Blackie at the springs of Hellas, but the dear old man, than whom there were few truer Scottish patriots, lived long enough to rejoice in the tribute his former student had paid to the worth of Scottish character and to give him his blessing from his death-bed. Besides Blackie, there were Sellar, with his ripe classical culture; Campbell Fraser, the editor of Berkeley, with his fruitful questions about the meaning of self and God and experience; P. G. Tait, joint author of "The Unseen Universe," a metaphysical physicist with a sportful love of poking fun at the professional metaphysician; and David Masson, the biographer of Milton, with his contagious enthusiasm for the giants of English literature.

In his university years, Mr. Watson had cultivated the grace of "detachment." He was, in his own self-restrained way, a player in the game, but he was perhaps more of a spectator, interested in the rich variety of human life amongst his fellow-players. Many a Scotch student, in his devotion to the class-room and its distinction, misses the broader culture which is to be won from the social life and literary atmosphere of the university. Mr. Watson was not of their number. He won from the university the intellectual stimulus, the widened horizon, and the life-long friendships which are amongst the choicest gains of the academic years.

In 1870 Mr. Watson entered the New College, the Edinburgh Theological Hall of the Free Church of Scotland. Here, as at the university, he was distinguished more as a brilliant social and intellectual

"DRUMTOCHTY."

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force than as a laborious student. There were two men of preëminent distinction in the chairs of the New College at that time—Principal Rainy, a theologian and church leader of a build that recalled the great figures in church history; and Professor A. B. Davidson, the real inspirer of the newer handling of the Old Testament Scriptures in the Scottish churches. Mr. Watson was never carried away by uncontrollable enthusiasm for the Hebrew vocabulary and syntax; but to him, as to many another student, Dr. Davidson's lectures on Old Testament literature and theology were a revelation of the wealth of the literary and spiritual treasures in writings whose worth had long been depreciated by dry-as-dust dogmatists in search for proof-texts. So unaggressive was Dr. Davidson's manner in applying the newer methods to the study of the Old Testament that men, though fascinated by the literary brilliance and spiritual suggestiveness of the lectures of their idolized teacher, were only half conscious of the revolution in their views of the inspiration of the Bible which his principles involved. But, in spite of the new leaven at work in the Hebrew class-room, there was an atmosphere of seventeenth-century theology in the college—at least in the professoriate. The religious earnestness of the noble band of younger leaders who organized and guided the Free Church after the memorable "disruption" of 1843 had for its counterpart a certain hardness and narrowness in their theology. Dogmatic orthodoxy was a virtue on which the Church in its official circles prided itself. Revolt was already in full swing amongst the new generation of students by the time Mr. Watson entered the New College. Biblical criticism, evolution, Hegelianism, were acting as solvents on traditional views of the Bible and on current Calvinistic theology. Mr. Watson was caught in the newer theological movements. Clement of Alexandria—the Frederick Maurice of the third century—was a greater favorite with him than St. Augustine. He was a closer student of Frederick Robertson and Horace Bushnell than of Francis Turretin and Dr. Hodge of Princeton. But in his search for spiritual food he went further afield than the writings of professed theologians, narrow or broad.

"GLEN URTACH," AT THE HEAD OF GLEN ALMOND, OR "DRUMTOCHTY."

He found his spiritual teachers in Ruskin and Emerson, in Tennyson and Browning, in Matthew Arnold and Russell Lowell. The theological perplexities of those years of revolution in theological thought were partly responsible for Mr. Watson's deepened interest in modern literature.

If not a laborious student, from the point of view of the class-room and its examinations, there were few men in the college more intent on finding their theological bearings. In these years he was secretary, and afterwards president, of the Philosophical Society of the University—an indication of his interest in the metaphysical problems that underlie the controversies of theology. The Hegelianism of T. H. Green and Edward Caird had begun to exercise a fascination over theological students who had broken from the traditional moorings, and a little volume with two of Green's sermons to undergraduates—"Faith" and "The Witness of God"—had been privately printed and was handed eagerly from hand to hand as if it had been the revelation of a prophet. If my memory serves me right, Mr. Watson was one of the little band of inquirers who drank in the teaching of the great Oxford tutor. Alike from the side of philosophy and of literature did Mr. Watson approach the problems of theology.

I daresay that what stands out most prominently in his fellow-students' memories of Mr. Watson is his social vivacity and mental litheness. No one could approach him in his power of hitting off good-humoredly the peculiarities of his classmates, or, be it said with bated breath, of his class professor. Many a New College student is best remembered by some of us to-day through a phrase or story of Watson's. At the college dinner-table his stories and sallies were an endless source of wonderment to the graver students; and in the after-dinner walks in Princes Street Gardens, across the Meadows, or round the noble crags of Arthur's Seat, in the company of his more intimate friends, Watson was a perennial fountain alike of *camaraderie* and intellectual stimulus.

During his New College career Mr. Watson had the opportunity of breathing the social and theological atmosphere of the University of Tübingen in Würtemberg. The Scotch session in Arts and Divinity is confined to the winter six months. For the summer six months the student is free to make of himself what he will. If Scotsmen are patriotically attached to their own little land, they have not been slow to exploit the wealth of foreign lands. More than most nations, they have been bitten with *wander-lust*. In the days of

THE "TOCHTY," WHICH "DR. MACLURE" AND "SIR GEORGE" FORDED WHEN THE BRIDGE WAS SHAKEN BY THE FLOOD.

George Buchanan, Scotch students resorted in such numbers to France that the Scotch College in Paris had a conspicuous place amongst the educational institutions of the French capital. For the last thirty years, it has been the custom of the most scholarly theological students of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland to use one or two summer vacations for a semester at a German university. Twenty-five years ago, Tübingen was a favorite resort, not so much perhaps for the Christian eloquence of Professor Beck and the New Testament scholarship of Professor Weizsäcker, as for the beauty of the Swabian Alps, in the midst of whose charming scenery and picturesque country life the little town of Tübingen is built, on the banks of the swift-flowing Neckar. As a member of the Wingolf Club, Mr. Watson threw himself with zest into the social life of the Tübingen *burschen*. He may have learned something of the synoptic problem and of Pentateuchal criticism in the university class-room, but one may be pardoned for suggesting that the insight he gained into German life in the "kneipes" at the Schottei, or Mullerei, in the Whitsuntide excursion into the Black Forest, and in summer evening strolls to Waldhörnle, Bebenhausen, or the Wurmlinger Kapelle may have been the most valuable advantage he reaped from the semester at Tübingen.

At the close of his student career, Mr. Watson was marked out by his knowledge of life, his literary culture, his intellectual alertness, as a man who had it in him to achieve distinction in the pulpit. For a few months he acted as assistant in one of the largest and most influential congregations in Edinburgh. It was with surprise that his friends learned he had resolved to "accept a call" to be minister of the Free church of Logiealmond in Perthshire. They judged that he was specially equipped for a city pastorate. Mr. Watson deliberately chose to settle down "far from the madding crowd." Logiealmond lies on the slope of the southern spurs of the Grampian Mountains, on the edge of a waste of heathery hill and moorland given over to sheep and grouse and wild fowl. It is bracing enough as a health resort for the weeks of summer, but for a man of cultured and social tastes it suggests that he has here reached the border of civilization. The village is but a hamlet, with a few straggling houses. The whole population of the parish is something less than six hundred. In the village there are three Presbyterian churches, belonging to the three Presbyterian denominations which embrace

eighty per cent. of the Scottish people—the Established Church of Scotland, the Free Church, the United Presbyterian Church. The Free Church congregation had less than one hundred communicants, less than one hundred and fifty souls, young and old. It was in such a humble pastorate that there was begun the ministry of one who has now few equals in the pulpit or in the organization of congregational life.

The members of his congregation were humble folk—the schoolmaster, the shopkeeper, the joiner, the smith, and other tradesmen of the village, a few crofters, several not too comfortable farmers, with their shepherds and plowmen. But, thanks to the parish schools—including the Free Church school—which Scotland owes to the noble educational enthusiasm of her greatest ecclesiastical statesman, John Knox, the humblest of them, and their ancestors for generations before them, had received an education which had raised them far above the level of "Hodge" of the English counties. Besides, the democratic constitution of the Presbyterian church had afforded in itself an educational discipline for the members of its congregations, and the stirring events connected with the Disruption of 1843 and the organization of the Free Church had been an additional educational discipline for the members of that communion.

Mr. Watson's sphere seemed unworthy of his gifts, but he himself was abundantly content. He was quickly in touch with the life of his secluded parish. He loved the country, and knew the ways of country folk. He amazed his parishioners with his knowledge of crops, cattle, and corn markets, and won their sympathy by his interest in all the little details of country life, supposed to be beyond the comprehension of "ignorant" city-bred people. Then he was, in the best sense, a true democrat. He had deep sympathies with the common people; he saw the poetry of their humble life, and believed in its heroisms. He was free from impatience with what superficial observers—like Urijah Hopps—reckon the stupidity and narrowness of the bucolic mind; he knew the grit that lay underneath—the shrewdness, the dry humor, the sinewy character. In the genial sunshine of the human sympathies of their young minister, the parishioners of Drumtochty unveiled those ideal features of their character which he has immortalized in his pages. "The eye must be sunny (*sonnenhaftig*)," says Goethe, "ere it can see the sun." Mr. Watson brought to Logiealmond a big human heart, and he saw in the lives of the men and women to whom he ministered a wealth of interest and Christian worth.

The Free church of Logiealmond is as humble and unæsthetic a building as the sternest Puritan could wish. Seldom is a congregation of more than two hundred people gathered within its walls. Yet Mr. Watson spared no pains to give his best, from Sunday to Sunday, to the little flock. If he believed in their Christian heroisms, he had also a high estimate of their Christian intelligence. Tennyson's "Northern Farmer" says, of the parson in church:

> "An' 'eärd um a bummin' awaäy loike a buzzard-clock ower my 'eäd,
> An' I niver knaw'd whot a meän'd but I thowt a 'ad summut to saäy,
> An' I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said an' I coom'd awaäy."

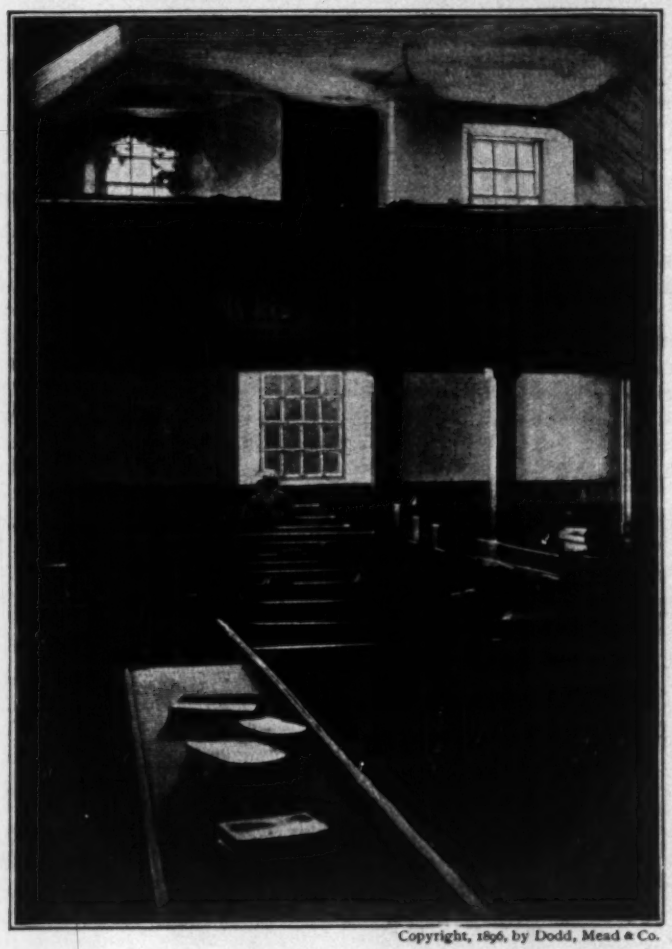
It was not the Northern Farmer Mr. Watson saw in the pew, but Elspeth Macfadyen, the sermon-taster. Mr. Watson had an extraordinary faculty of getting inside the lives of his congregation. A kind of instinct drew him at once alongside men and women with individuality of character. It was no effort for him to get alongside of

CLASHBGAR DEN, NEAR "DRUMTOCHTY."

them: they simply fascinated him. Nor was his interest in the "characters" of Logiealmond that of a *littérateur*, but of a Christian pastor. He loved, indeed, in those days to tell his friends of the finds he was continually stumbling on in his country parish, but no thought had then crossed his mind of "The Bonnie Brier Bush" or "The Days of Auld Lang Syne."

To these quiet three years in the beginning of his ministry we probably owe it that Mr. Watson was ever heard of as more than one of the foremost preachers and platform speakers of his day. Not that his character sketches are inspired solely by Logiealmond. There is not a single photograph in his gallery of Drumtochty portraits. Drumtochty is more or less a literary device. He has drawn upon his school and college days, and upon the experiences of later years, for many a touch in his Drumtochty characters. George Howe, and Jamie Soutar, and Dr. Weelum MacLure are the creations of the author. Nevertheless, but for Logiealmond and the leisure of those early years, there might have lacked the necessary impulse for the exercise of his exquisite power of character-sketching.

In 1877 Mr. Watson accepted a call to be colleague to Dr. Samuel Miller in Free St. Matthew's Church, Glasgow—the church of which the well-known preacher and writer, Dr. James Stalker, is now the minister. Dr. Miller belonged to "the old school"—but with a dignity and robustness which compelled respect. He disliked "human hymns," organs, and innovations in public worship of every kind. Mr. Watson had a certain sympathy with Dr. Miller in the conservatism of his ecclesiastical and political policy, but he was not quite at home in the theological atmosphere of his new pastorate. He had additional opportunities of becoming more fully acquainted with the older fashions in Scottish religious life, of which he has given us a study in Lachlan Campbell. But it was a relief, to his friends at least, when he was called to be the first minister of the handsome Presbyterian church in Sefton Park—socially, if not geographically, the West End of Liverpool.



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THE LOFT IN AULD KIRK, "DRUMTOCHTY."

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Here, at any rate, Mr. Watson found a worthy sphere for his varied gifts. The Presbyterian Church is an exotic in England. In comparison with the Congregationalist or Methodist churches it is a very small denomination. It has its congregations chiefly in the large cities, whither Scotchmen have migrated from across the border in pursuit of the mercantile success of which their English rivals are apt to think they have reaped more than their fair share. Sefton Park Church was built by the munificence of prosperous Scotchmen, but to-day it is difficult to say what denomination of Protestant Christianity remains unrepresented amongst

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THE "DRUMTOCHTY" SCHOOLHOUSE.

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its members. There is a striking contrast between the rural solitudes of Logiealmond and the rush of life in the great city on the Mersey, between the humble worshippers in the Logiealmond Free church and the city magnates and people of light and leading who worship in the handsome building in Sefton Park. And there is no less striking a contrast between the Puritan simplicity and dogmatic orthodoxy of his church in Glasgow and the ornate service and breezy theological atmosphere of his church in Liverpool. Since he crossed the border in 1880, Mr. Watson has had no lack of elbow room either in the pulpit or on the public platform.

From the first years of his ministry, Mr. Watson has been a striking preacher; but, naturally, it is only since he went to Liverpool that he has gained his consummate mastery of the art of preaching. His sermon is more like a high-toned platform address than the ordinary pulpit discourse. If, as some one has said, a sermon should aim at "winning a verdict from a jury," Mr. Watson's preaching fulfils the ideal. With his keen, piercing eye and with his air of wide-awakeness, he suggests the lawyer pleading with a jury in more than the build of his sermon. In the best sense of the word, he is a "man of the world," who knows what the life of his hearers is—its temptations, its aspirations, its successes, its falls, its possibilities.

His broad human sympathies carry him right into the very heart of the daily life of his hearers; and, with their interest secured, he speaks from that vantage-ground his message of divine love and divine hope, and utters his rousing call to service for "Christ and city." Mr. Watson is a pulpit orator, but there is no "rhetoric" in his sermons; there is direct address, epigrammatic terseness, kindly satire. With his knowledge of "men and cities," with his wide reading in literature, and with his quick eye for the picturesque and significant aspects of daily life, he is never at a loss for illustrations: they seem to crowd upon him unbidden.

Since the days of John Knox, Scottish Presbyterian ministers have played, with more or less success, the rôle of "tribunes of the people." Mr. Watson has caught the inspiration of the democratic church of his native land. He has a quick sym-

pathy with the victims of misused power on a Scottish croft or farm, or in an English sweater's den. I have heard him describe the eviction of a crofter from a Highland glen to make way for a sheep run or deer forest with such power of pathos that some of his audience could with difficulty be held down in their seats. On social wrongs he speaks with all the passion of Charles Kingsley, and in that passion lies at least part of his power in the pulpit and on the platform.

In his recently published volume, "The Mind of the Master," Mr. Watson takes us into the heart of his working creed. He is in full sympathy with the present cry of those who are weary of scholasticism in theology: "Back to Christ." He believes that Christianity is to be best understood through the spiritual experience and teaching of its Divine Founder, and that, so understood, it is sure to win fresh influence over our modern life. If he is severe on the "rabbinism" of theological systems, it is jealousy for the honor of the Master that moves him. Theologians who feel "hit" will find ample scope for trenchant criticism in his pages, but earnest-minded men and women whose faith has been shaken by the difficulties involved in traditional views will be grateful for this fresh study in the supreme standard of Christian theology—"The Mind of the Master."

Mr. Watson is, in the truest sense of the word, an "Evangelical." He is loyal to the Master and the Master's evangel. The fundamental article of his theological creed is the love of the Divine Father revealed in the life and words of Jesus. His teaching is ethical rather than dogmatical; for, like the Master, he lays more stress on what a man is than on what he professes to believe. If he is a strong believer in the worth of individuality, and in individual companionship with God, the "salvation of the soul" is no mere safety for the individual. Salvation carries with it the social sympathy and social service of the Master, the watchword of whose message was "the Kingdom of God." If Mr. Watson's teaching is so largely social, ethical, and in the truest sense evangelical, its inspiration is the mind of the Master.

A new epoch in Dr.* Watson's life was begun by the appearance in "The British Weekly" of "A Lad o' Pairts." Up to this point he was known as one of Liverpool's foremost preachers and most public-spirited citizens, and as a minister who was destined to be a force in the theological and ecciesiastical world. Within little more than a year of the publication of that first sketch, dashed off for intellectual recreation amid the engrossing work of a busy pastorate, his literary fame far outstripped his fame as a preacher and a theologian. There are few instances on record of a writer so little known by his pen as Dr. Watson till after he had passed the "midway of his mortal life," acquiring so sudden and so wide a popularity. But his achievements in literature have not taken his friends altogether by surprise. His preaching betrayed the possession of fine literary gifts and an extensive knowledge of the best English writers. From his boyhood he was known as a quick observer of all that was picturesque and piquant in the people he met. His faculty for telling a story was unequalled in whatever company he might find himself. Even in his college days, his story-telling was already a branch of the fine arts. In listening to one of his highly finished productions, no one ventured to ask: Is it true? The story was so well told that it ought to have been true. Did any prosaic soul venture to give a hint of wishing to ask such a question, the smile of the story-teller told of his boundless pity for the listener on whom it had not yet dawned that a story was a work of art. He had little interest in "chestnuts." Unless a story lit up character and life, he let it alone. It was the rich interplay of human life that fascinated him. He did not set himself to be a *raconteur;* he simply could not help himself. He was alive to the finger tips to the comedy and tragedy of human life, and to every incident or saying that threw this comedy and tragedy into relief.

In college days, Dr. Watson was easily the prince of story-tellers. This peculiar faculty was even more pronounced in after years. His experience in the ministry, in travel, and in society supplied him with ever-increasing material for his delicately wrought cameos. Long before the world heard of Drumtochty, he had a perfect gallery of characters with whose doings and sayings he irradiated many a dinner-table and smoke-room. Once or twice he had ventured in Liverpool to give a lecture in his church hall on life in a country parish in Scotland, and introduced into his picture a few of the characters from his rich character-gallery. Friends who happened to see the manuscript of these lec-

* The University of St. Andrew's conferred on Mr. Watson the degree of Doctor of Divinity in April, 1896.

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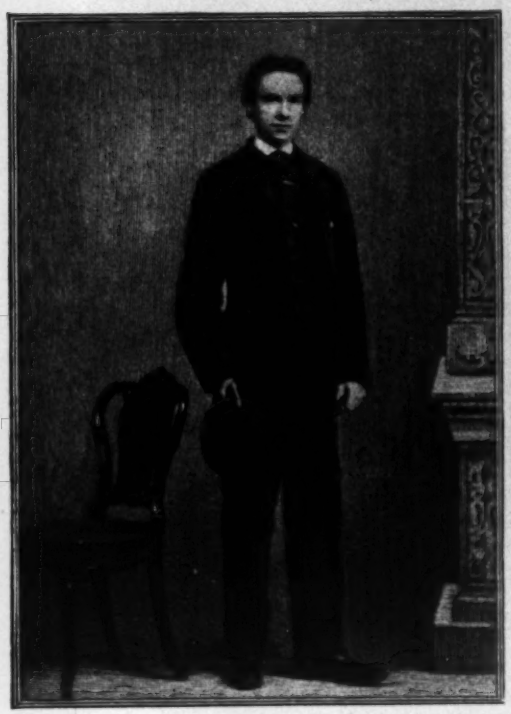
DR. MACLURE AND DRUMSHEUGH CARRYING WATER TO SAUNDERS'S COTTAGE. SEE "A FIGHT WITH DEATH."

By permission of Dodd, Mead & Co., from the new edition of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," illustrated with photographs taken in "Drumtochty" by Clifton Johnson.

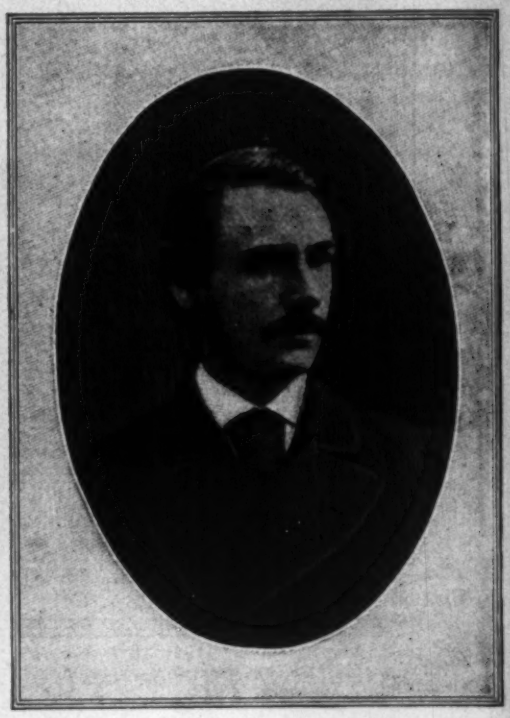
tures looked forward to the day when Scottish literature would have a worthy successor to Dr. John Brown, the genial author of "Rab and his Friends." Years passed, and Dr. Watson made no sign. At last, those who knew the gifts that were lying unexercised save for the delight of private friends, rejoiced in the success of the persuasive powers of the editor of "The British Weekly."

I confess frankly that Dr. Watson's friends, highly as they rated his extraordinary gifts in character-sketching, were scarcely prepared for the enthusiastic welcome accorded to his books by our countrymen south of the Scottish border and by our kinsmen across the seas. And yet, on reflection, one sees that the welcome was natural enough. Dr. Watson has made a study of life in a country parish of Scotland; but, then, his singularly wide knowledge of the world and his singularly sympathetic insight into the human heart have enabled him to interpret that provincial life in the light of the great elemental experiences and emotions common to a Scottish peasant, an English scholar, and an American merchant. He has himself remarked that two tendencies are observable in modern fiction, its "democratization" and its "decentralization," by which he means that modern writers are apt to lay the scenes of their story amongst lowly folk, and amongst lowly folk who live remote from the centres of national life. It matters little, perhaps, where a writer finds his material, if he has Dr. Watson's insight into the poetry and heroisms of the life of the common people and his faculty for distilling into his pages their mother wit. His countrymen, proud of the generous acclaim with which his work has been received by the English-speaking peoples on both sides of the Atlantic, thank him for the kindly halo he has for the moment thrown around our Scottish country life. His too flattering picture does credit to his love of seizing on what is "lovely and of good report" and drawing a kindly veil over features of our national life that sadden a Christian patriot. His portraits may stimulate his countrymen to be less unworthy of the ideals his genius has created for their delight and inspiration.

PORTRAITS OF DR. JOHN WATSON—"IAN MACLAREN."



1866. AGE 16.



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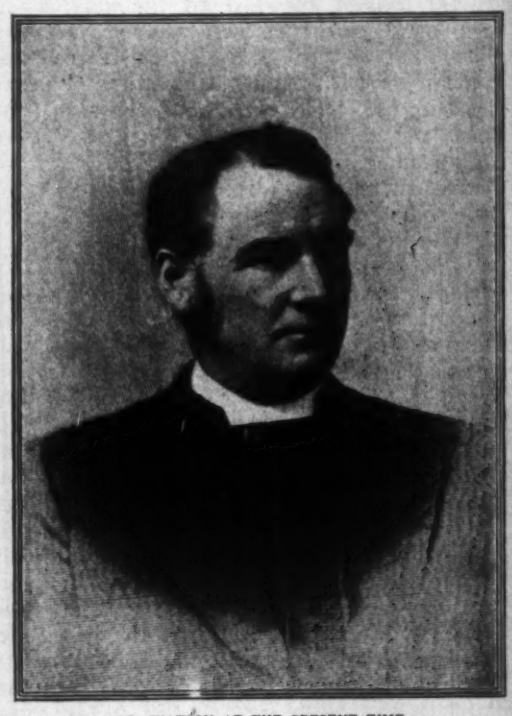


DR. WATSON AT THE PRESENT TIME.

From a copyrighted photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

THE LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATES.

By Ida M. Tarbell.

FROM MATERIAL AND REMINISCENCES GATHERED BY MISS TARBELL AT OTTAWA, FREEPORT, JONESBORO, CHARLESTON, GALESBURG, QUINCY, AND ALTON, ILLINOIS, THE SCENES OF THE DEBATES, FROM PERSONS WHO HEARD THEM AND WERE INTIMATE WITH THE DISPUTANTS.

"THE greatest speech ever made in Illinois, and it puts Lincoln on the track for the Presidency," was the comment made by enthusiastic Republicans on Lincoln's speech of May 29, 1856, before the Bloomington Convention.* Conscious that it was he who had put the breath of life into their organization, the party instinctively turned to him as their leader. The effect of this local recognition was at once perceptible in the national organization. Less than three weeks after the delivery of the Bloomington speech, the national convention of the Republican party met in Pittsburgh (June 17) to nominate candidates for the Presidency and vice-presidency. Lincoln's name was the second proposed for the latter office, and on the first ballot he received one hundred and ten votes. The news reached him at Urbana, Ill., where he was attending court, one of his companions reading from a daily paper just received from Chicago the result of the ballot. The simple name Lincoln was given, without the name of the man's State. Lincoln said indifferently that he did not suppose it could be himself; and added that there was "another great man" of the name, a man from Massachusetts. The next day, however, he knew that it was himself to whom the convention had given so strong an endorsement. He knew also that the ticket chosen was Frémont and Dayton.

The campaign of the following summer and fall was one of intense activity for Lincoln. In Illinois and the neighboring States he made over fifty speeches, only fragments of which have been preserved. One of the first important ones was delivered on July 4, 1856, at a great mass meeting at Princeton, the home of the Lovejoys and the Bryants. The people were still irritated by the outrages in Kansas and by the attack on Sumner in the Senate, and the temptation to deliver a stirring and indignant oration must have been strong. Lincoln's speech was, however, a fine example of political wisdom, an historical argument admirably calculated to convince his auditors that they were right in their opposition to slavery extension, but so controlled and sane that it would stir no impulsive radical to violence.* There probably was not uttered in the United States on that critical 4th of July, 1856, when the very foundation of the government was in dispute and the day itself seemed a mockery, a cooler, more logical speech than this by the man who, a month before, had driven a convention so nearly mad that the very reporters forgot to make notes. And the temper of this Princeton speech Lincoln kept throughout the campaign.

In spite of the valiant struggle of the Republicans, Buchanan was elected; but Lincoln was in no way discouraged. The Republicans had polled 1,300,000 votes in the country. In Illinois, they had given Frémont nearly 100,000 votes (Buchanan received 105,344; Frémont, 96,180; Fillmore, 37,451), and had elected their candidate for governor, General Bissell. Lincoln turned from arguments to encouragement and good counsel.

"All of us," he said at a Republican banquet in Chicago a few weeks after the election, "who did not vote for Mr. Buchanan, taken together, are a majority of four hundred thousand. But in the late contest we were divided between Frémont and Fillmore. Can we not come together for the future? Let every one who really believes and is resolved that free society is not and shall not be a failure, and who can conscientiously declare that in the past contest he has done only what he thought best—let every such one have charity to believe that every other one can

* See McClure's Magazine for September, 1896.

* This speech appears in no collection, and the only report we know of is one which appeared in the Tiskilwa "Independent" on July 11, 1856.

say as much. Thus let bygones be bygones; let past differences as nothing be; and with steady eye on the real issue, let us reinaugurate the good old 'central idea' of the republic. We can do it. The human heart is with us; God is with us. We shall again be able, not to declare that 'all States as States are equal,' nor yet that 'all citizens as citizens are equal,' but to renew the broader, better declaration, including both these and much more, that 'all men are created equal.'"

THE DRED SCOTT DECISION.

The spring of 1857 gave Lincoln a new line of argument. Buchanan was scarcely in the Presidential chair before the Supreme Court, in the decision of the Dred Scott case, declared that a negro could not sue in the United States courts and that Congress could not prohibit slavery in the Territories. This decision was such an evident advance of the slave power that there was a violent uproar in the North. Douglas went at once to Illinois to calm his constituents. "What," he cried, "oppose the Supreme Court! Is it not sacred? To resist it is anarchy."

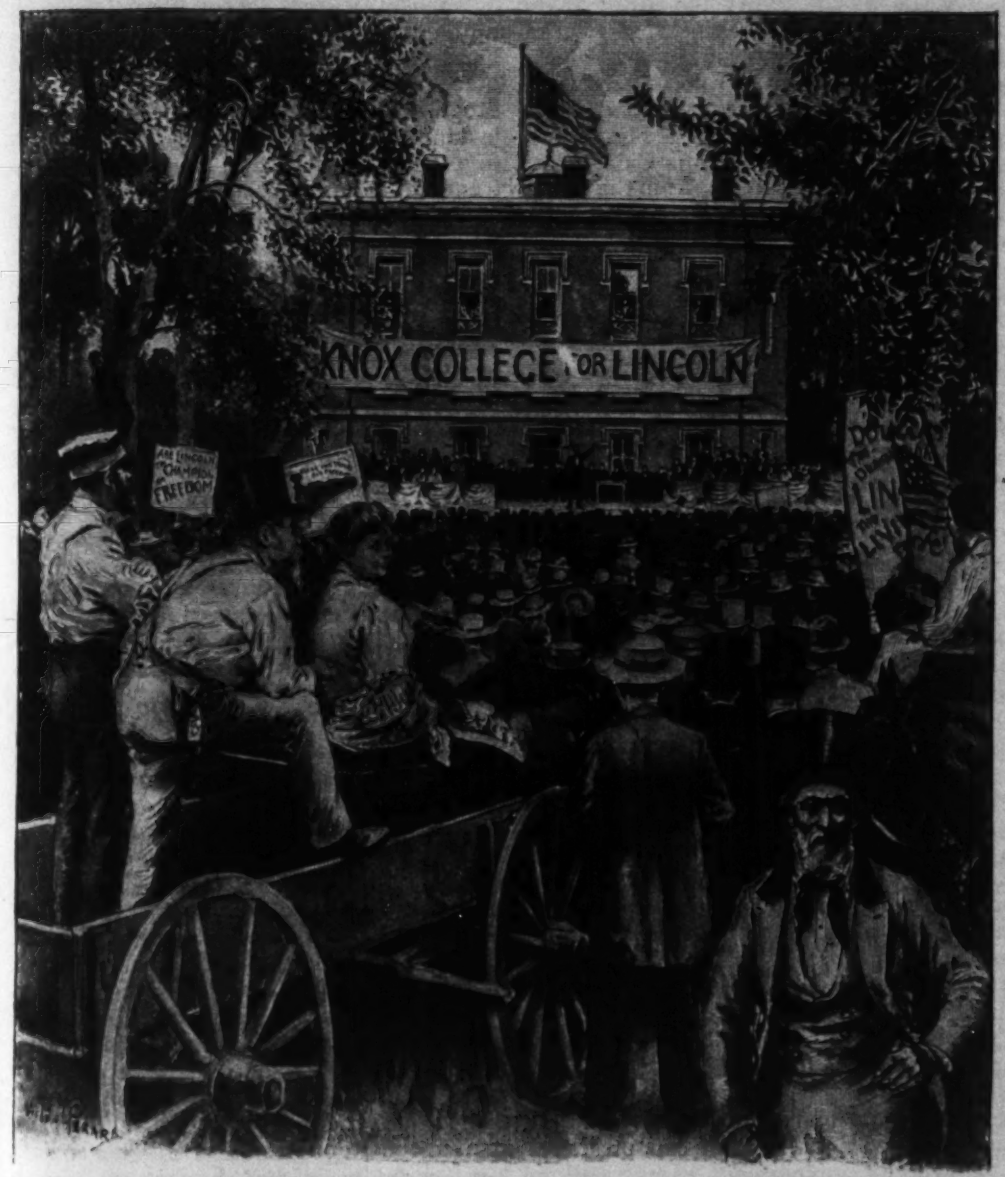
Lincoln met him fairly on the issue in a speech at Springfield in June, 1857. "We believe as much as Judge Douglas (perhaps more) in obedience to and respect for the judicial department of government. . . . But we think the Dred Scott decision is erroneous. We know the court that made it has often overruled its own decisions, and we shall do what we can to have it overrule this. We offer no resistance to it. If this important decision had been made by the unanimous concurrence of the judges, and without any apparent partisan bias, and in accordance with legal public expectation and with the steady practice of the departments throughout our history, and had been in no part based on assumed historical facts which are not really true; or if, wanting in some of these, it had been before the court more than once, and had there been affirmed and reaffirmed through a course of years, it then might be, perhaps would be, factious, nay, even revolutionary, not to acquiesce in it as a precedent. But when, as is true, we find it wanting in all these claims to the public confidence, it is not resistance, it is not factious, it is not even disrespectful, to treat it as not having yet quite established a settled doctrine for the country."

Let Douglas cry "awful," "anarchy," "revolution," as much as he would, Lincoln's arguments against the Dred Scott decision appealed to common sense and won him commendation all over the country. Even the radical leaders of the party in the East—Seward, Sumner, Theodore Parker, Garrison, Phillips—began to notice him, to read his speeches, to consider his arguments.

THE OPENING OF THE CAMPAIGN OF 1858.

With every month of 1857 Lincoln grew stronger, and his election in Illinois as United States senatorial candidate in 1858 against Douglas would have been insured if Douglas had not suddenly broken with Buchanan and his party in a way which won him the hearty sympathy and respect of a large part of the Republicans of the North. By a flagrantly unfair vote the pro-slavery leaders of Kansas had secured the adoption of the Lecompton Constitution allowing slavery in the State. President Buchanan urged Congress to admit Kansas with her bogus constitution. Douglas, who would not sanction so base an injustice, opposed the measure, voting with the Republicans steadily against the admission. The Buchananists, outraged at what they called "Douglas's apostasy," broke with him. Then it was that a part of the Republican party, notably Horace Greeley at the head of the New York "Tribune," struck by the boldness and nobility of Douglas's opposition, began to hope to win him over from the Democrats to the Republicans. Their first step was to counsel the leaders of their party in Illinois to put up no candidate against Douglas for the United States senatorship in 1858.

Lincoln saw this change on the part of the Republican leaders with dismay. "Greeley is not doing me right," he said. ". . . I am a true Republican, and have been tried already in the hottest part of the anti-slavery fight; and yet I find him taking up Douglas, a veritable dodger,—once a tool of the South, now its enemy,—and pushing him to the front." He grew so restless over the returning popularity of Douglas among the Republicans that Herndon, his law-partner, determined to go East to find out the real feeling of the Eastern leaders towards Lincoln. Herndon had, for a long time, been in correspondence with the leading abolitionists and had no difficulty in getting interviews. The returns he brought back from his canvass were not altogether reassuring. Seward, Sumner, Phillips, Garrison, Beecher, Theodore Parker, all spoke



THE LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS MEETING AT GALESBURG, ILLINOIS, OCTOBER 7, 1858.

The fifth debate between Lincoln and Douglas was held at Galesburg, Illinois, on October 7, 1858. The platform from which they spoke was erected at the east end of Knox College. The students took a lively interest in the contest, decorating the college gayly with flags and streamers. Immediately over the heads of the speakers, extending across the end of the building, was placed a large banner bearing the words: "KNOX COLLEGE FOR LINCOLN."

favorably of Lincoln, and Seward sent him word that the Republicans would never take up so slippery a quantity as Douglas had proved himself. But Greeley—the all-important Greeley—was lukewarm. "The Republican standard is too high," he told Herndon. "We want something practical. . . . Douglas is a brave man. Forget the past and sustain the righteous." "Good God, *righteous*, eh!" groaned Herndon in his letter to Lincoln.

But though the encouragement which came to Lincoln from the East in the spring of 1858 was meagre, that which came from Illinois was abundant. There the Republicans supported him in whole-hearted devotion. In June, the State convention, meeting in Springfield to nominate its candidate for Senator, declared that Abraham Lincoln was its *first and only choice* as the successor of Stephen A. Douglas. The press was jubilant. "Unanimity

is a weak word," wrote the editor of the Bloomington "Pantagraph," "to express the universal and intense feeling of the convention. *Lincoln!* LINCOLN!! LINCOLN!!! was the cry everywhere, whenever the senatorship was alluded to. Delegates from Chicago and from Cairo, from the Wabash and the Illinois, from the north, the center, and the south, were alike fierce with enthusiasm, whenever that loved name was breathed. Enemies at home and misjudging friends abroad, who have looked for dissension among us on the question of the senatorship, will please take notice that our nomination is a *unanimous* one; and that, in the event of a Republican majority in the next Legislature, no other name than Lincoln's will be mentioned, or thought of, by a solitary Republican legislator. One little incident in the convention was a pleasing illustration of the universality of the Lincoln sentiment. Cook County had brought a banner into the assemblage inscribed, 'Cook County for Abraham Lincoln.' During a pause in the proceedings, a delegate from another county rose and proposed, with the consent of the Cook County delegation, 'to *amend the banner* by substituting for "Cook County" the word which I hold in my hand,' at the same time unrolling a scroll, and revealing the word 'Illinois' in huge capitals. The Cook delegation promptly *accepted the amendment*, and amidst a perfect hurricane of hurrahs, the banner was duly altered to express the sentiment of the whole Republican party of the State, thus: 'Illinois for Abraham Lincoln.'"

On the evening of the day of his nomination, Lincoln addressed his constituents. The first paragraph of his speech gave the key to the campaign he proposed. "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other."

Then followed the famous charge of conspiracy against the slavery advocates, the charge that Pierce, Buchanan, Chief Justice Taney, and Douglas had been making a concerted effort to legalize the institution of slavery "in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South." He marshalled one after another of the measures that the pro-slavery leaders had secured in the past four years, and clinched the argument by one of his inimitable illustrations:

"When we see a lot of framed timbers, different portions of which we know have been gotten out at different times and places and by different workmen,—Stephen, Franklin, Roger, and James,* for instance,—and we see these timbers joined together, and see they exactly make the frame of a house or a mill, all the tenons and mortises exactly fitting, and all the lengths and proportions of the different pieces exactly adapted to their respective places, and not a piece too many or too few, not omitting even scaffolding—or, if a single piece be lacking, we see the place in the frame exactly fitted and prepared yet to bring such a piece in—in such a case we find it impossible not to believe that Stephen and Franklin and Roger and James all understood one another from the beginning, and all worked upon a common plan or draft, drawn up before the first blow was struck."

The speech was severely criticised by Lincoln's friends. It was too radical. It was sectional. He heard the complaints unmoved. "If I had to draw a pen across my record," he said, one day, "and erase my whole life from sight, and I had one poor gift or choice left as to what I should save from the wreck, I should choose that speech and leave it to the world unerased."

The speech was, in fact, one of great political adroitness. It forced Douglas to do exactly what he did not want to do in Illinois: explain his own record during the past four years; explain the true meaning of the Kansas-Nebraska bill; discuss the Dred Scott decision; say whether or not he thought slavery so good a thing that the country could afford to extend it instead of confining it where it would be in course of gradual extinction. Douglas wanted the Republicans of Illinois to follow Greeley's advice: "Forgive the past." He wanted to make the most among them of his really noble revolt against the attempt of his party to fasten an unjust constitution on Kansas. Lincoln would not allow him to bask for an instant in the sun of that revolt. He crowded him step by step through his party's record, and compelled him to face what he called the "profound central truth" of the Republican party, "slavery is wrong and ought to be dealt with as wrong."

But it was at once evident that Douglas did not mean to meet the issue squarely. He called the doctrine of Lincoln's "house-

*Stephen A. Douglas, *Franklin* Pierce, *Roger* Taney, *James* Buchanan.

divided-against-itself" speech "sectionalism;" his charge of conspiracy "false;" his talk of the wrong of slavery extension "abolitionism." This went on for a month. Then Lincoln, resolved to force Douglas to meet his arguments, challenged him to a series of joint debates. Douglas was not pleased. His reply to the challenge was irritable, even slightly insolent. To those of his friends who talked with him privately of the contest, he said: "I do not feel, between you and me, that I want to go into this debate. The whole country knows me and has me measured. Lincoln, as regards myself, is comparatively unknown, and if he gets the best of this debate,—and I want to say he is the ablest man the Republicans have got,—I shall lose everything and Lincoln will gain everything. Should I win, I shall gain but little. I do not want to go into a debate with Abe."* Publicly, however, he carried off the prospect confidently, even jauntily. "Mr. Lincoln," he said patronizingly, "is a kind, amiable, intelligent gentleman." In the mean time his constituents boasted loudly of the fine spectacle they were going to give the State—"the Little Giant chawing up Old Abe!"

Many of Lincoln's friends looked forward to the encounter with foreboding. Often, in spite of their best intentions, they showed anxiety. "Shortly before the first debate came off at Ottawa," says Judge Beckwith,† "I passed the Chenery House, then the principal hotel in Springfield. The lobby was crowded with partisan leaders from various sections of the State, and Mr. Lincoln, from his greater height, was seen above the surging mass that clung about him like a swarm of bees to their ruler. He looked careworn, but he met the crowd patiently and kindly, shaking hands, answering questions, and receiving assurances of support. The day was warm, and at the first chance he broke away and came out for a little fresh air, wiping the sweat from his face.

"As he passed the door he saw me, and, taking my hand, inquired for the health and views of his 'friends over in Vermillion County.' He was assured they were wide awake, and further told that they looked forward to the debate between him and Senator Douglas with deep concern. From the shadow that went quick over his face, the pained look that came to give quickly way to a blaze of eyes and quiver of lips, I felt that Mr. Lincoln had gone beneath my mere words and caught my inner and current fears as to the result. And then, in a forgiving, jocular way peculiar to him, he said, 'Sit down; I have a moment to spare and will tell you a story.' Having been on his feet for some time, he sat on the end of the stone step leading into the hotel door, while I stood closely fronting him.

"'You have,' he continued, 'seen two men about to fight?'

"'Yes, many times.'

"'Well, one of them brags about what he means to do. He jumps high in the air, cracking his heels together, smites his fists, and wastes his breath trying to scare somebody. You see the other fellow, he says not a word,'—here Mr. Lincoln's voice and manner changed to great earnestness, and repeating—'you see the other man says not a word. His arms are at his side, his fists are closely doubled up, his head is drawn to the shoulder, and his teeth are set firm together. He is saving his wind for the fight, and as sure as it comes off he will win it, or die a-trying.'

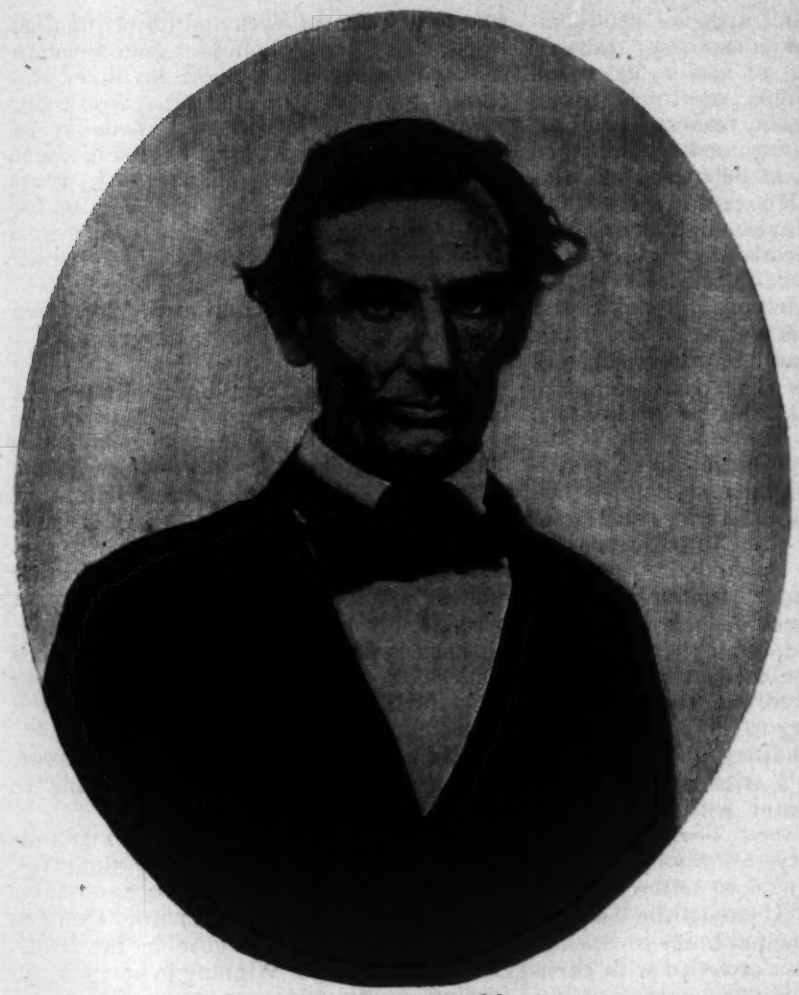
"He made no other comment, but arose, bade a general good-by, and left me to apply the illustration."

It was inevitable that Douglas's friends should be sanguine, Lincoln's doubtful. The contrast between the two candidates was almost pathetic. Senator Douglas was the most brilliant figure in the political life of the day. Winning in personality, fearless as an advocate, magnetic in eloquence, shrewd in political manœuvring, he had every quality to captivate the public. His resources had never failed him. From his entrance into Illinois politics in 1834, he had been the recipient of every political honor his party had to bestow. For the past eleven years he had been a member of the United States Senate, where he had influenced all the important legislation of the day and met in debate every strong speaker of North and South. In 1852, and again in 1856, he had been a strongly supported, though unsuccessful, candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination. In 1858 he was put at or near the head of every list of possible Presidential candidates made up for 1860.

How barren Lincoln's public career in comparison! Three terms in the lower house of the State Assembly, one term in Congress, then a failure which drove him from public life. Now he returns as a

* Interview for this magazine with the Hon. H. T. Glover of Chicago, to whose father, J. O. Glover, and uncle, Burton C. Cook, Douglas made the above remark.

† Unpublished Reminiscences of Lincoln, by Judge H. W. Beckwith, of Danville, Illinois.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN 1858.

From an ambrotype owned by Miss Hattie Gilmer of Pittsfield, Illinois. The Gilmer ambrotype was taken by C. Jackson, in Pittsfield, October 1, 1858, during the Lincoln and Douglas campaign, immediately after Lincoln had made a speech in the public square. Lincoln was the guest of his friend D. H. Gilmer, a lawyer. He sat for two pictures, one of which was finished for Mr. Gilmer. The other picture is supposed to have been destroyed.

anxious politicians of his party, or who have been of his party for years past, have been looking upon him as certainly, at no distant day, to be the President of the United States. They have seen in his round, jolly, fruitful face, post-offices, land-offices, marshalships, and cabinet appointments, chargeships and foreign missions, bursting and sprouting out in wonderful exuberance, ready to be laid hold of by their greedy hands. And as they have been gazing upon this attractive picture so long, they cannot, in the little distraction that has taken place in the party, bring themselves to give up the charming hope; but with greedier anxiety they rush about him, sustain him, and give him marches, triumphal entries, and receptions be-

bolter from his party, a leader in a new organization which the conservatives are denouncing as "visionary," "impractical," "revolutionary."

No one recognized more clearly than Lincoln the difference between himself and his opponent. "With me," he said, sadly, in comparing the careers of himself and Douglas, "the race of ambition has been a failure—a flat failure. With him it has been one of splendid success." He warned his party at the outset that, with himself as a standard-bearer, the battle must be fought on principle alone, without any of the external aids which Douglas's brilliant career gave. "Senator Douglas is of world-wide renown," he said; "all the

yond what even in the days of his highest prosperity they could have brought about in his favor. On the contrary, nobody has ever expected me to be President. In my poor, lean, lank face, nobody has ever seen that any cabbages were sprouting out. These are disadvantages, all taken together, that the Republicans labor under. We have to fight this battle upon principle, and upon principle alone."

THE LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS DEBATES.

If one will take a map of Illinois and locate the points of the Lincoln and Douglas debates held between August 21 and October 15, 1858, he will see that the whole

State was traversed in the contest. The first took place at Ottawa, about seventy-five miles southwest of Chicago, on August 21; the second at Freeport, near the Wisconsin boundary, on August 27. The third was in the extreme southern part of the State, at Jonesboro, on September 15. Three days later the contestants met one hundred and fifty miles northeast of Jonesboro, at Charleston. The fifth, sixth, and seventh debates were held in the western part of the State: at Galesburg, October 7; Quincy, October 13; and Alton, October 15.

Constant exposure and fatigue were unavoidable in meeting these engagements. Both contestants spoke almost every day through the intervals between the joint debates; and as railroad communication in Illinois in 1858 was still very incomplete, they were often obliged to resort to horse, carriage, or steamer to reach the desired points. Judge Douglas succeeded, however, in making this difficult journey something of a triumphal procession. He was accompanied throughout the campaign by his wife—a beautiful and brilliant woman—and by a number of distinguished Democrats. On the Illinois Central Railroad he had always a special car, sometimes a special train. Frequently he swept by Lincoln, side-tracked in an accommodation or freight train. "The gentleman in that car evidently smelt no royalty in our carriage," laughed Lincoln one day, as he watched from the caboose of a laid-up freight train the decorated special of Douglas flying by.

It was only when Lincoln left the railroad and crossed the prairie, to speak at some isolated town, that he went in state. The attentions he received were often very trying to him. He detested what he called "fizzlegigs and fireworks," and would squirm in disgust when his friends gave him a genuine prairie ovation. Usually, when he was going to a point distant from the railway, a "distinguished citizen" met him at the station nearest the place with a carriage. When they were come within two or three miles of the town, a long procession with banners and band would appear winding across the prairie to meet the speaker. A speech of greeting was made, and then the ladies of the committee of entertainment would present Lincoln with flowers, sometimes even winding a garland about his head and lank figure. His embarrassment before these attentions was thoroughly appreciated by his friends. At the Ottawa debate the enthusiasm of his supporters was so great that they insisted on carrying him from the platform to the house where he was to be entertained. Powerless to escape from the clutches of his admirers, he could only cry, "Don't, boys; let me down; come now, don't." But the "boys" persisted, and they tell to-day proudly of their exploit and of the cordial hand-shake Lincoln, all embarrassed as he was, gave each of them when at last he was free.

On arrival at the towns where the joint debates were held, Douglas was almost

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS IN 1858.
From a photograph by F. Anthony, New York; loaned by J. McCan Davis.

always met by a brass band and a salute of thirty-two guns (the Union was composed of thirty-two States in 1858), and was escorted to the hotel in the finest equipage to be had. Lincoln's supporters took delight in showing their contempt for Douglas's elegance by affecting a Republican simplicity, often carrying their candidate through the streets on a high and unadorned hay-rack drawn by farm teams. The scene in the towns on the occasion of the debates was perhaps never equalled at any other of the hustings of this country. No distance seemed too great for the people to go; no vehicle too slow or fatiguing. At Charleston there was a great delegation of men, women, and children present which had come in a long procession from Indiana by farm wagons, afoot, on horseback, and in carriages. The crowds at three or four of the debates were for that day immense. There were estimated to be from eight thousand to fourteen thousand people at Quincy, some six thousand at Alton, from ten thousand to fifteen thousand at Charleston, some twenty thousand at Ottawa. Many of them at Ottawa came the night before. "It was a matter of but a short time," says Mr. George Beatty,* "until the few hotels, the livery stables, and private houses were crowded, and there were no accommodations left. Then the campaigners spread out about the town, and camped in whatever spot was most convenient. They went along the bluff and on the bottom-lands, and that night the camp-fires, spread up and down the valley for a mile, made it look as if an army was gathered about us."

When the crowd was massed at the place of the debate, the scene was one of the greatest hubbub and confusion. On the corners of the squares, and scattered around the outskirts of the crowd, were fakirs of every description, selling pain-killers and ague cures, watermelons and lemonade; jugglers and beggars plied their trades, and the brass bands of all the four corners within twenty-five miles tooted and pounded at "Hail Columbia, Happy Land," or "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."

Conspicuous in the processions at all the points was what Lincoln called the "Basket of Flowers," thirty-two young girls in a resplendent car, representing the Union. At Charleston, a thirty-third young woman rode behind the car, representing Kansas. She carried a banner inscribed: "I will be free;" a motto which brought out from nearly all the newspaper reporters the comment that she was too fair to be long free.

The mottoes at the different meetings epitomized the popular conception of the issues and the candidates. Among the Lincoln sentiments were:

Illinois born under the Ordinance of '87.

Free Territories and Free Men,
Free Pulpits and Free Preachers,
Free Press and a Free Pen,
Free Schools and Free Teachers.

"Westward the star of empire takes its way;
The girls link on to Lincoln, their mothers were for Clay."

Abe the Giant-Killer.

Edgar County for the Tall Sucker.

A striking feature of the crowds was the number of women they contained. The intelligent and lively interest they took in the debates caused much comment. No doubt Mrs. Douglas's presence had something to do with this. They were particularly active in receiving the speakers, and at Quincy, Lincoln, on being presented with what the local press described as a "beautiful and elegant bouquet," took pains to express his gratification at the part women everywhere took in the contest.

While this helter-skelter outpouring of prairiedom had the appearance of being little more than a great jollification, a lawless country fair, in reality it was with the majority of the people a profoundly serious matter. With every discussion it became more vital. Indeed, in the first debate, which was opened and closed by Douglas,* the relation of the two speakers became dramatic. It was here that Douglas, hoping to fasten on Lincoln the stigma of "abolitionist," charged him with having undertaken to abolitionize the old Whig party, and having been in 1854 a subscriber to a radical platform proclaimed at Springfield. This platform Douglas read. Lincoln, when he replied, could only say he was never at the convention—knew nothing of the resolutions; but the impression prevailed that he was cornered. The next issue of the Chicago "Press and Tribune" dispelled it. That paper had employed to report the debates

*Interview with Mr. George Beatty of Ottawa, held for this magazine.

*By the terms agreed upon by Douglas and Lincoln for regulating the debates, Douglas opened at Ottawa, Jonesboro, Galesburg, and Alton with an hour's speech; was followed by Lincoln with a speech of one and a half hours, and closed with a half-hour speech. At the three remaining points, Freeport, Charleston, and Quincy, Lincoln opened and closed.

the first shorthand reporter in Chicago, Mr. Robert L. Hitt—now a Member of Congress and the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. Mr. Hitt, when Douglas began to read the resolutions, took an opportunity to rest, supposing he could get the original from the speaker. He took down only the first line of each resolution. He missed Douglas after the debate, but on reaching Chicago, where he wrote out his report, he sent an assistant to the files to find the platform adopted at the Springfield Convention. It was brought, but when Mr. Hitt began to transcribe it he saw at once that it was widely different from the one Douglas had read. There was great excitement in the office, and the staff, ardently Republican, went to work to discover where the resolutions had come from. It was found that they originated at a meeting of radical abolitionists with whom Lincoln had never been associated.

The "Press and Tribune" announced the "forgery," as it was called, in a caustic editorial, "The Little Dodger Cornered and Caught." Within a week even the remote school-districts of Illinois were discussing Douglas's action, and many of the most important papers of the nation had made it a subject of editorial comment.

Almost without exception Douglas was condemned. No amount of explanation on his part helped him. "The particularity of Douglas's charge," said the Louisville "Journal," "precludes the idea that he was simply and innocently mistaken." Lovers of fair play were disgusted, and those of Douglas's own party who would have applauded a trick too clever to be discovered could not forgive him for one which had been uncovered. Greeley came out bitterly against him, and before long wrote to Lincoln and Herndon that Douglas was "like the man's boy who (he said) didn't weigh so much as he expected and he always knew he wouldn't."

Douglas's error became a sharp-edged sword in Lincoln's hand. Without directly referring to it, he called his hearers' attention to the forgery every time he quoted a document by his elaborate explanation that he believed, unless there was some mistake on the part of those with whom the matter originated and which he had been unable to detect, that this was correct. Once when Douglas brought forward a document, Lincoln blandly remarked that he could scarcely be blamed for doubting its genuineness since the introduction of the Springfield resolutions at Ottawa.

"THE FREEPORT DOCTRINE."

It was in the second debate, at Freeport, that Lincoln made the boldest stroke of the contest. Soon after the Ottawa debate, in discussing his plan for the next encounter, with a number of his political friends,—Washburne, Cook, Judd, and others,—he told them he proposed to ask Douglas four questions, which he read. One and all cried halt at the second question. Under no condition, they said, must he put it. If it were put, Douglas would answer it in such a way as to win the senatorship. The morning of the debate, while on the way to Freeport, Lincoln read the same questions to Mr. Joseph Medill. "I do not like this second question, Mr. Lincoln," said Mr. Medill. The two men argued to their journey's end, but Lincoln was still unconvinced. Even after he reached Freeport several Republican leaders came to him pleading, "Do not ask that question." He was obdurate; and he went on the platform with a higher head, a haughtier step than his friends had noted in him before. Lincoln was going to ruin himself, the committee said despondently; one would think he did not want the senatorship.

The mooted question ran in Lincoln's notes: "Can the people of a United States territory in any lawful way, against the wish of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from its limits prior to the formation of a State constitution?" Lincoln had seen the irreconcilableness of Douglas's own measure of popular sovereignty, which declared that the people of a territory would be left to regulate their domestic concerns in their own way subject only to the constitution, and the decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case that slaves, being property, could not under the constitution be excluded from a territory. He knew that if Douglas said *no* to this question, his Illinois constituents would never return him to the Senate. He believed that if he said *yes*, the people of the South would never vote for him for President of the United States. He was willing himself to lose the senatorship in order to defeat Douglas for the Presidency in 1860. "I am after larger game; the battle of 1860 is worth a hundred of this," he said confidently.

The question was put, and Douglas answered it with rare artfulness. "It matters not," he cried, "what way the Supreme Court may hereafter decide as to the abstract question whether slavery may

or may not go into a territory under the constitution; the people have the lawful means to introduce it or exclude it as they please, for the reason that slavery cannot exist a day or an hour anywhere unless it is supported by local police regulations. Those police regulations can only be established by the local legislature, and if the people are opposed to slavery, they will elect representatives to that body who will, by unfriendly legislation, effectually prevent the introduction of it into their midst. If, on the contrary, they are for it, their legislation will favor its exten sion."

His Democratic constituents went wild over the clever way in which Douglas had escaped Lincoln's trap. He now practically had his election. The Republicans shook their heads. Lincoln only was serene. He alone knew what he had done. The Freeport debate had no sooner reached the pro-slavery press than a storm of protest went up. Douglas had betrayed the South. He had repudiated the Supreme Court decision. He had declared that slavery could be kept out of the territories by other legislation than a State constitution. "The Freeport doctrine," or "the theory of unfriendly legislation," as it became known, spread month by month, and slowly but surely made Douglas an impossible candidate in the South. The force of the question was not realized in full by Lincoln's friends until the Democratic party met in Charleston, S. C., in 1860, and the Southern delegates refused to support Douglas because of the answer he gave to Lincoln's question in the Freeport debate of 1858.

"Do you recollect the argument we had on the way up to Freeport two years ago over the question I was going to ask Judge Douglas?" Lincoln asked Mr. Joseph Medill, when the latter went to Springfield a few days after the election of 1860.

"Yes," said Medill, "I recollect it very well."

"Don't you think I was right now?"

"We were both right. The question hurt Douglas for the Presidency, but it lost you the senatorship."

"Yes, and I have won the place he was playing for."

LINCOLN'S GOOD-NATURE IN THE DEBATES.

From the beginning of the campaign Lincoln supplemented the strength of his arguments by inexhaustible good-humor. Douglas, physically worn, harassed by the trend which Lincoln had given the discussions, irritated that his adroitness and eloquence could not so cover the fundamental truth of the Republican position but that it would up again, often grew angry, even abusive. Lincoln answered him with most effective raillery.

"I am informed," he said at Havana, where he spoke the day after Douglas, "that my distinguished friend yesterday became a little excited—nervous, perhaps—and he said something about *fighting*, as though referring to a pugilistic encounter between him and myself. Did anybody in this audience hear him use such language? [Cries of "Yes."] I am informed further, that somebody in *his* audience, rather more excited and nervous than himself, took off his coat, and offered to take the job off Judge Douglas's hands, and fight Lincoln himself. Did anybody here witness that warlike proceeding? [Laughter and cries of "Yes."] Well, I merely desire to say that I shall fight neither Judge Douglas nor his second. I shall not do this for two reasons, which I will now explain. In the first place, a fight would prove *nothing* which is in issue in this contest. It might establish that Judge Douglas is a more muscular man than myself, or it might demonstrate that I am a more muscular man than Judge Douglas. But this question is not referred to in the Cincinnati platform, nor in either of the Springfield platforms. Neither result would prove him right nor me wrong; and so of the gentleman who volunteered to do this fighting for him. If my fighting Judge Douglas would not prove anything, it would certainly prove nothing for me to fight his bottle-holder.

"My second reason for not having a personal encounter with the judge is, that I don't believe he wants it himself. He and I are about the best friends in the world, and when we get together he would no more think of fighting me than of fighting his wife. Therefore, ladies and gentlemen, when the judge talked about fighting, he was not giving vent to any ill feeling of his own, but merely trying to excite—well, *enthusiasm* against me on the part of his audience. And as I find he was tolerably successful, we will call it quits."

More difficult for Lincoln to take good-naturedly than threats and hard names was the irrelevant matters which Douglas dragged into the debates to turn attention from the vital arguments. Thus Douglas insisted repeatedly on taunting Lincoln

because his zealous friends had carried him off the platform at Ottawa. "Lincoln was so frightened by the questions put to him," said Douglas, "that he could not walk." He tried to arouse the prejudice of the audience by absurd charges of abolitionism. Lincoln wanted to give negroes social equality; he wanted a negro wife; he was willing to allow Fred Douglass to make speeches for him. Again he took up a good deal of Lincoln's time by forcing him to answer to a charge of refusing to vote supplies for the soldiers in the Mexican War. Lincoln denied and explained, until at last, at Charleston, he turned suddenly to Douglas's supporters, dragging one of the strongest of them—the Hon. O. B. Ficklin, with whom he had been in Congress in 1848—to the platform.

"I do not mean to do anything with Mr. Ficklin," he said, "except to present his face and tell you that he personally knows it to be a lie." And Mr. Ficklin had to acknowledge that Lincoln was right.

"Judge Douglas," said Lincoln in speaking of this policy, "is playing cuttlefish—a small species of fish that has no mode of defending himself when pursued except by throwing out a black fluid which makes the water so dark the enemy cannot see it, and thus it escapes."

THE EFFECT OF LINCOLN'S ARGUMENT.

The question at stake was too serious, in Lincoln's judgment, for platform jugglery. Every moment of his time which Douglas forced him to spend answering irrelevant charges he gave begrudgingly. He struggled constantly to keep his speeches on the line of solid argument. Slowly but surely those who followed the debates began to understand this. It was Douglas who drew the great masses to the debates in the first place; it was because of him that the public men and the newspapers of the East, as well as of the West, watched the discussions. But as the days went on it was not Douglas that made the impression.

During the hours of the speeches the two men seemed well mated. "I can recall only one fact of the debates," says a correspondent,* "that I felt *so* sorry for Lincoln while Douglas was speaking, and then to my surprise I felt *so* sorry for Douglas when Lincoln replied." The disinterested, to whom it was an intellectual game, felt the power and charm of both men. Partisans had each reason enough to cheer. It was afterwards, as the debates were talked over by auditors as they lingered at the country store or were grouped on the fence in the evening, or when they were read in the generous reports which the newspapers of Illinois and even of other States gave, that the thoroughness of Lincoln's argument was understood. Even the first debate at Ottawa had a surprising effect. "I tell you," says Mr. George Beatty of Ottawa,* "that debate set people thinking on these important questions in a way they hadn't dreamed of. I heard any number of men say: 'This thing is an awfully serious question, and I am about concluded Lincoln has got it right.' My father, a thoughtful, God-fearing man, said to me, as we went home to supper, 'George, you are young, and don't see what this thing means, as I do. Douglas's speeches of "squatter sovereignty" please you younger men, but I tell you that with us older men it's a great question that faces us. We've either got to keep slavery back or it's going to spread all over the country. That's the real question that's behind all this. Lincoln is right.' And that was the feeling that prevailed, I think, among the majority, after the debate was over. People went home talking about the danger of slavery getting a hold in the North. This territory had been Democratic; La Salle County, the morning of this day of the debate, was Democratic; but when the next day came around, hundreds of Democrats had been made Republicans, owing to the light in which Lincoln had brought forward the fact that slavery threatened."

It was among Lincoln's own friends, however, that his speeches produced the deepest impression. They had believed him to be strong, but probably there was no one of them who had not felt dubious about his ability to meet Douglas. Many even feared a fiasco. Gradually it began to be clear to them that Lincoln was the stronger. Could it be that Lincoln really was a great man? The young Republican journalists of the "Press and Tribune"—Scripps, Hitt, Medill—began to ask themselves the question. One evening as they talked over Lincoln's arguments a letter was received. It came from a prominent Eastern statesman. "Who is this man that is replying to Douglas in your State?" he asked. "Do you realize that no greater speeches have been made on public questions in the his-

* Mrs. William Crotty of Seneca, Illinois.

* Interview with Mr. Beatty, held for this Magazine.

tory of our country; that his knowledge of the subject is profound, his logic unanswerable, his style inimitable?" Similar letters kept coming from various parts of the country. Before the campaign was over Lincoln's friends were exultant. Their favorite was a great man, "a full-grown man," as one of them wrote in his paper.

The country at large watched Lincoln with astonishment. When the debates began there were Republicans in Illinois of wider national reputation. Judge Lyman Trumbull, then Senator, was better known. He was an able debater, and a speech which he made in August against Douglas's record called from the New York "Evening Post" the remark: "This is the heaviest blow yet struck at Senator Douglas since he took the field in Illinois; it is unanswerable, and we suspect that it will be fatal." Trumbull's speech the "Post" afterwards published in pamphlet form. Besides Trumbull, Owen Lovejoy, Oglesby, and Palmer were all speaking. That Lincoln should not only have so far outstripped men of his own party, but should have out-argued Douglas, was the cause of comment everywhere. "No man of this generation," said the "Evening Post" editorially, at the close of the debate, "has grown more rapidly before the country than Lincoln in this canvass." As a matter of fact, Lincoln had attracted the attention of all the thinking men of the country. "The first thing that really awakened my interest in him," says Henry Ward Beecher, "was his speech parallel with Douglas in Illinois, and indeed it was that manifestation of ability that secured his nomination to the Presidency."

LINCOLN IS DEFEATED.

But able as were Lincoln's arguments, deep as was the impression he had made, he was not elected to the senatorship. Douglas won fairly enough; though it is well to note that if the Republicans did not elect a senator they gained a substantial number of votes over those polled in 1856.

Lincoln accepted the result with a serenity inexplicable to his supporters. To him the contest was but one battle in a "durable" struggle. Little matter who won now, if in the end the right triumphed. From the first he had looked at the final result—not at the senatorship. "I do not claim, gentlemen, to be unselfish," he said at Chicago in July. "I do not pretend that I would not like to go to the United States Senate; I make no such hypocritical pretense; but I do say to you that in this mighty issue, it is nothing to you, nothing to the mass of the people of the nation, whether or not Judge Douglas or myself shall ever be heard of after this night; it may be a trifle to either of us, but in connection with this mighty question, upon which hang the destinies of the nation perhaps, it is absolutely nothing."

The intense heat and fury of the debates, the defeat in November, did not alter a jot this high view. "I am glad I made the late race," he wrote Dr. A. G. Henry. "It gave me a hearing on the great and durable question of the age which I would have had in no other way; and though I now sink out of view and shall be forgotten, I believe I have made some marks which will tell for the cause of civil liberty long after I am gone."

At that date perhaps no one appreciated the value of what Lincoln had done as well as he did himself. He was absolutely sure he was right and that in the end people would see it. Though he might not rise, he knew his cause would. "Douglas had the ingenuity to be supported in the late contest both as the best means to break down and to uphold the slave interest," he wrote. "No ingenuity can keep these antagonistic elements in harmony long. Another explosion will soon occur." His whole attention was given to conserving what the Republicans had gained,—"We have some one hundred and twenty thousand clear Republican votes. That pile is worth keeping together;" to consoling his friends,—"You are feeling badly," he wrote to N. B. Judd, Chairman of the Republican Committee, "and this too shall pass away, never fear;" to rallying for another effort,—"The cause of civil liberty must not be surrendered at the end of one or even one hundred defeats."

LINCOLN BECOMES A NATIONAL FIGURE.

If Lincoln had at times a fear that his defeat would cause him to be set aside, it soon was dispelled. The interest awakened in him was genuine, and it spread with the wider reading and discussion of his arguments. He was besieged by letters from all parts of the Union, congratulations, encouragements, criticisms. Invitations for lectures poured in upon him, and he became the first choice of his entire party for political speeches. In response to these

demands he visited Ohio in September, 1859, speaking at Columbus and Cincinnati. In December he made a series of speeches in Kansas. In February, 1860, he spoke in New York, at the Cooper Institute. From New York he went to New England, where he spoke several times. He found suddenly that the nation was interested in him and was studying him.

Never in the history of the United States has a man become a national figure in a more logical and intelligent way. At the beginning of the struggle against the repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1854, Abraham Lincoln was scarcely known outside of his own State. Even most of the men whom he had met in his brief term in Congress had forgotten him. Yet in four years he had become one of the central figures of his party; and now, by worsting the greatest orator and politician of his time, he had drawn the eyes of the nation to him.

It had been a long road he had travelled to make himself a national figure. Twenty-eight years before he had deliberately entered politics. He had been beaten, but had persisted; he had succeeded and failed; he had abandoned the struggle and returned to his profession. His outraged sense of justice had driven him back, and for six years he had travelled up and down Illinois trying to prove to men that slavery extension was wrong. It was by no one speech, by no one argument that he had wrought. Every day his ceaseless study and pondering gave him new matter, and every speech he made was fresh. He could not repeat an old speech, he said, because the subject enlarged and widened so in his mind as he went on that it was "easier to make a new one than an old one." He had never yielded in his campaign to tricks of elocution—never played on emotions. He had been so strong in his convictions of the right of his case that his speeches had been arguments pure and simple. Their elegance was that of a demonstration in Euclid. They persuaded because they proved. He had never for a moment counted personal ambition before the cause. To insure an ardent opponent of the Kansas-Nebraska bill in the United States Senate, he had at one time given up his chance for the senatorship. To show the fallacy of Douglas's argument, he had asked a question which his party pleaded with him to pass by, assuring him that it would lose him the election. In every step of this six years he had been disinterested, calm, unyielding, and courageous. He knew he was right, and could afford to wait. "The result is not doubtful," he told his friends. "We shall not fail—if we stand firm. We shall not fail. Wise counsels may accelerate or mistakes delay it; but, sooner or later, the victory is sure to come."

The country, amazed at the rare moral and intellectual character of Lincoln, began to ask questions about him, and then his history came out; a pioneer home, little schooling, few books, hard labor at all the many trades of the frontiersman, a profession mastered o' nights by the light of a friendly cooper's fire, an early entry into politics and law—and then twenty-five years of incessant poverty and struggle.

The homely story gave a touch of mystery to the figure which loomed so large. Men felt a sudden reverence for a mind and heart developed to these noble proportions in so unfriendly a habitat. They turned instinctively to one so familiar with strife for help in solving the desperate problem with which they felt the nation must soon grapple. And thus it was that, at fifty years of age, Lincoln became a national figure.

NOTE.—An interesting fact in connection with this paper is that at Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois, where the fifth of the Lincoln-Douglas debates occurred, they will on October 7 formally celebrate the thirty-eighth anniversary of the event. Knox College has always been especially loyal to Lincoln. Dr. Newton Bateman, for many years its president, was Lincoln's close personal friend, and it was the first institution to recognize Lincoln's greatness by conferring upon him an honorary degree. It has lately decided to add a new and more enduring testimony of its reverence in the establishment of the Abraham Lincoln School of Practical Arts and Science, for which, under the leadership of Mr. S. S. McClure, funds are now being raised for endowment.

The debate at Galesburg was held October 7, 1858. Each candidate came supported by delegations from the surrounding counties and towns, who carried banners of varied device and motto in tribute to their respective favorites. Douglas came by rail, escorted by a large crowd. Lincoln was brought in by wagon from an adjoining town, the wagon being loaded with rails. The speakers stood upon an improvised stage, erected at the east end of the Old College building, and looked out upon an audience of between ten and twenty thousand. It is planned to place in one of the walls of this building a tablet commemorating the debate, and its unveiling will furnish the occasion for the celebration of this particular anniversary day by the college. The building stands as it stood then, and on the very spot from which Lincoln and Douglas spoke Dr. Chauncey M. Depew, of New York, will pronounce the oration of the day. Among the other speakers whose presence is expected are: Ex-Minister Robert T. Lincoln, ex-Governor Price of Iowa, and Congressman Hitt, who was present at the debate in 1858 and made a stenographic report of it.

CHOLERA CAMP.

By Rudyard Kipling.

We've got the cholerer in camp—it's worse than forty fights;
We're dyin' in the wilderness the same as Isrulites.
It's before us, an' be'ind us, an' we cannot get away:
An' the doctor's just reported we've ten more to-day!

Oh strike your camp an' go, the bugle's callin',
The Rains are fallin'—
The dead are bushed an' stoned to keep 'em safe below;
The Band's a-doin' all she knows to cheer us;
The Chaplain's gone and prayed to Gawd to 'ear us—
To 'ear us—
O Lord, for it's a-killing of us so!

Since August, when it started, it's been sticking to our tail,
Tho' they've 'ad us out by marches an' they've sent us back by rail;
But it runs as fast as troop-trains, an' we cannot get away;
An' the sick-list to the Colonel makes ten more to-day.

There ain't no fun in women, nor there ain't no bite to drink;
It's much too wet for shootin'; we can only march and think;
An' at evenin', down the *nullahs*, we can 'ear the jackals say:
"Get up, you rotten beggars, you've ten more to-day!"

'Twould make a monkey cough to see our way o' doin' things—
Lieutenants takin' companies an' Captains takin' wings,
An' Lances actin' Sergeants—six file to obey—
Ho! We've lot's o' quick promotion on ten deaths a day!

Our Colonel's white an' twitterly—'e gets no sleep nor food,
But mucks about in 'orspital, where nothing does no good.
'E sends us 'eaps o' comforts, all bought from 'is pay—
But there aren't no comfort 'andy on ten deaths a day.

Our Chaplain's got a banjo, an' a skinny mule 'e rides,
An' the stuff 'e says an' sings us, Lord, it makes us split our sides;
With 'is black coat-tails a-bobbin' to *Ta-ra-ra Boom-der-Ray*,
'E's the proper kind o' *padre* for ten deaths a day.

An' Father Victor 'elps 'im with our Roman Catholicks—
He knows an 'eap of Irish songs an' rummy conjurin' tricks;
An' the two they works together when it comes to play or pray:
So we keep the ball a-rollin' on ten deaths a day.

We've got the cholerer in camp—we've got it 'ot an' sweet;
It ain't no Christmas dinner, but it's 'elped an' we must eat.
We've gone beyond the funkin', cause we've found it doesn't pay;
An' we're rockin' round the District on ten deaths a day!

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Then strike your camp an' go, the Rains are fallin',
The bugle's callin',
The dead are bushed an' stoned to keep 'em safe below!
An' them that do not like it they can lump it,
An' them that cannot stand it they can jump it.
We've got to die somewhere—some way—some 'ow—
We might as well begin to do it now.
Then, Number One, let down the tent-pole slow,
Knock out the pegs, an' 'old the corners—so!
Fold in the flies, furl up the ropes, an' stow!
Oh strike—oh strike—your camp and go!
(Gawd 'elp us!)

A CENTURY OF PAINTING.

NOTES DESCRIPTIVE AND CRITICAL.—RECEPTION OF PICTURES AT THE SALON.—AIMÉ MOROT.—A TYPICAL WAR PICTURE.—MARIANO FORTUNY AND HIS INFLUENCE.—BELGIAN AND ENGLISH ART IN PARIS.—FREDERICK WALKER.—LAURENS.—DAGNAN-BOUVERET.—CAZIN.—FRITZ VON UHDE AND THE MODERN RELIGIOUS PICTURE.

By Will H. Low.

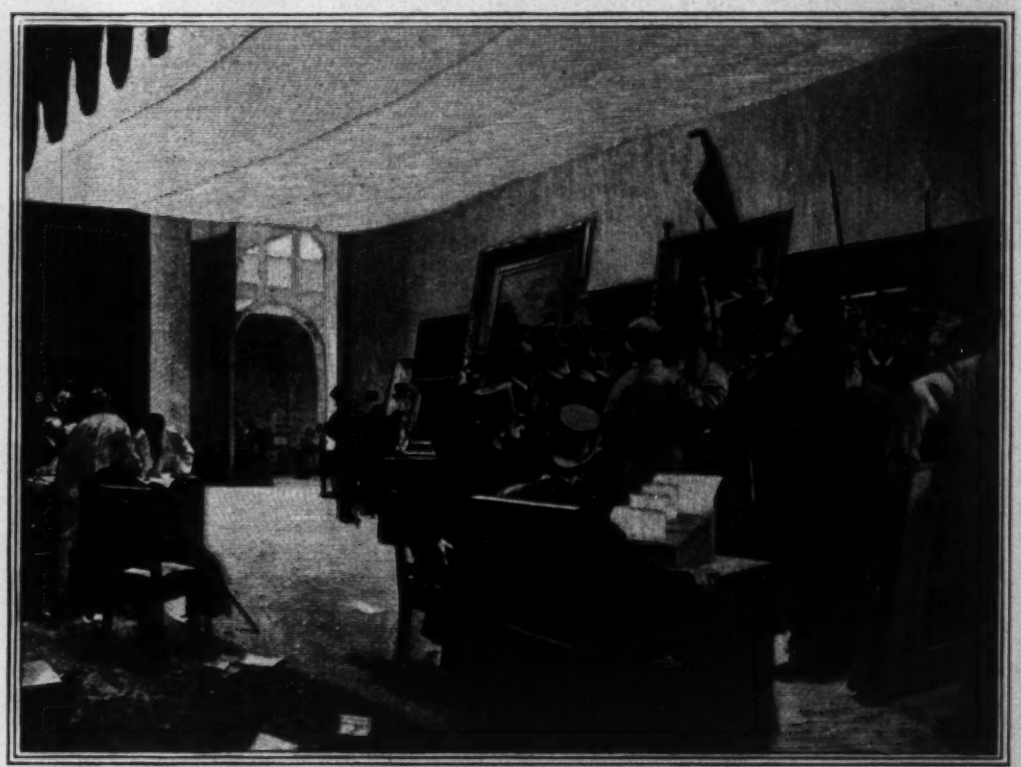
WITH the coming of spring a species of contained activity settles upon artistic Paris. The *cafés* in the students' quarter no longer resound to the merry warfare of opponents determined to decide once for all some mooted point of art. The leaders have deserted the open field, and in the seclusion of their studios are occupied in producing for the coming Salon their annual contribution to their country's art. The twentieth of March marks the term of this period of production. By the close of that day all paintings and sculpture must be delivered at the Palais de l'Industrie in readiness for the judgment to be passed upon them by jurors duly elected from the artists who are no longer eligible for medals, having received them all. Over ten thousand works of art are offered each year, of which three-fourths are returned to their respective authors, and only one-fourth considered acceptable for exhibition. The morning of the twentieth, therefore, finds the studios awake early. In a building or a quarter where there are many artists, the carman who comes by appointment to take the picture to the exhibition finds himself besieged with entreaties to go to this, that, or the other studio first, in order that a last final touch may be added to the precious canvas on which, in the case of the neophyte, so much depends. The caricature which represents the painter finishing his picture in an open carriage *en route* to the Salon is hardly exaggerated. No sooner, however, has the van, freighted with so many hopes, left the studio than the painter, if he is young, departs for the Palais de l'Industrie. There, before the great door opens for the reception of pictures, is a motley crowd of painters, students, and models, bent on obtaining a first view of the forthcoming exhibition. Great wagons fantastically laden with pictures of all sizes; *commissionaires*, with the curious wooden rack for carrying burdens, bearing pictures on their backs, closely followed by the artist, anxious lest harm should come to his offering; women, young and old, with tiny frames, threading their way through the confusion,—besiege the gate. The guardians of the Salon, attacked on all sides, but maintaining a stolid indifference born of long habit, receive and enregister the pictures. The sentry, ever present at the doors of all public buildings in France, stands to his post. The city policemen, alternating between laughter and anger, devote their attention to the unruly crowd. As the day wanes, the motley crowd increases in size and audacity. Profiting by a moment's relaxation of vigilance, the people enter the building, and soon the great stairway is lined. A narrow passage is left, through

which the pictures are carried, to a constant accompaniment of impromptu criticisms.

The noise and hubbub are only equalled by the good nature of all concerned. Five or six men, directed with vehemence of gesture and voice by a uniformed guardian, toil up the steps, carrying a immense canvas representing a religious subject, whereupon, with one accord, the crowd breaks into a solemn chant of the church. A hunting scene next appears, and the yelping of all the hounds in Christendom wakes the echoes. Portraits fare ill with the assembled critics, and comments of the most outrageously personal nature are bandied about with a recklessness which makes one hope that the originals portrayed have prudently stayed away. Each picture calls forth some remark, generally of good-natured criticism, though the volatile assemblage is capable of enthusiasm, and sudden and spontaneous applause occasionally breaks forth. Partisans of rival masters are naturally in force, and mingled applause and groans meet their respective and respectable contributions.

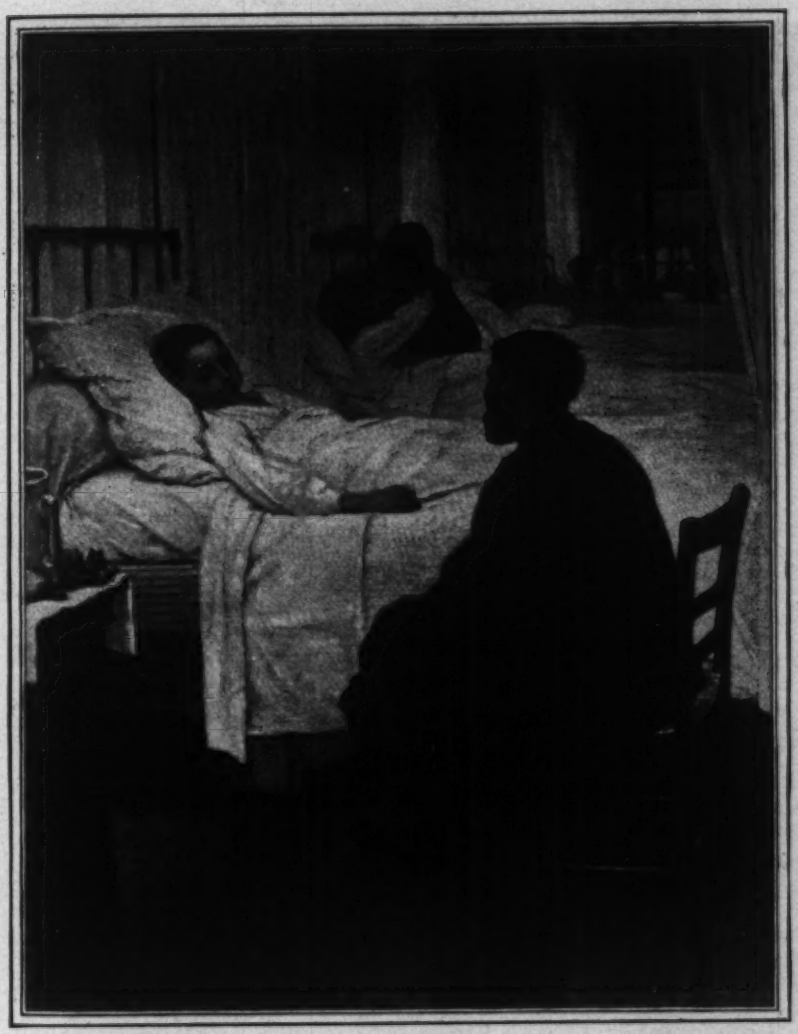
The last half hour before the final closing of the doors against the reception of pictures surpasses pandemonium. The Bourse in a financial crisis may equal, but can hardly surpass, the indescribable confusion caused by belated arrivals, bewildered workmen and guardians, and the crowd of students intoxicated with the license of their freedom of speech. At last comes a forcible ejection; the great doors are closed, the band of students form in line and march down the Champs Elysées, and within the great building the year's production of art is garnered, awaiting the jury which is to separate the wheat from the chaff.

The picture by Henri Gervex, which represents the jury of 1884, shows a number of the most famous of contemporary painters in the midst of this work. The picture is typical of a class which, in the latter years of this century, finds favor with a public whose taste has apparently been formed on the basis of photography. No other period of the world's history has been so truthfully represented; and if superficial truth were the end and aim of art, works like this would assuredly be great. The excess to which realism has



THE SALON JURY, 1884 (SECTION OF PAINTING). FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY HENRI GERVEX, IN THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERY.

The scene is in the Palais de l'Industrie, and among the artists represented are Carolus-Duran, Bouguereau, Henner, Cabanel, Bonnat, Laurens, Lefebvre, Puvis de Chavannes, Cormon, and Constant.



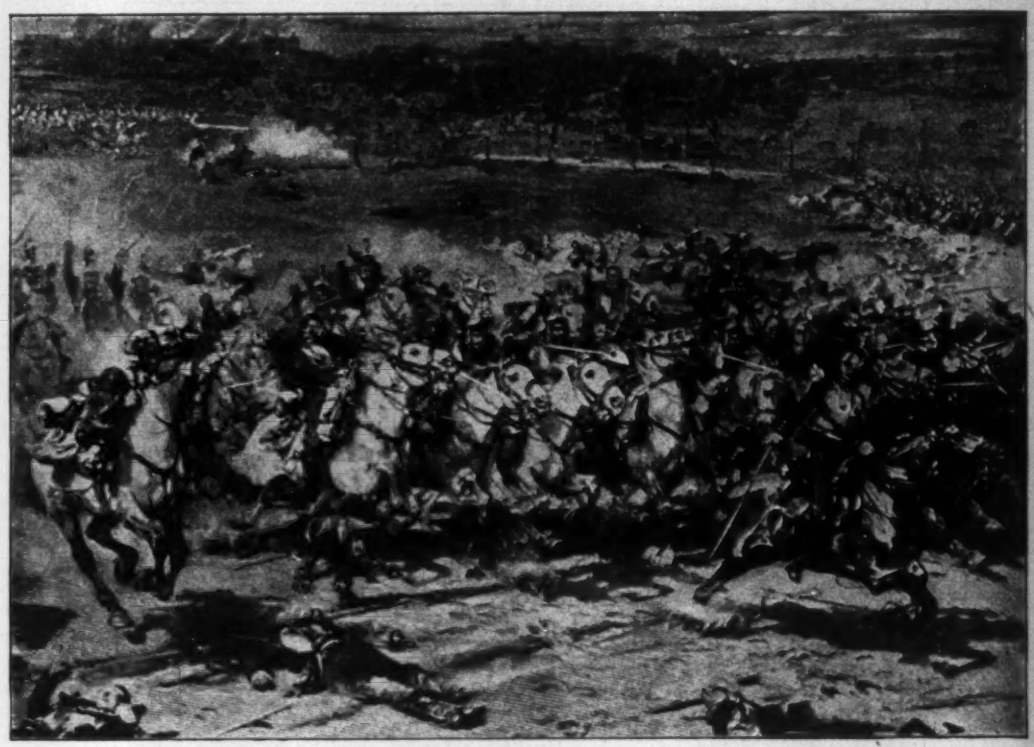
VISITING DAY AT THE HOSPITAL. FROM A PAINTING BY JEAN GEOFFROY, IN THE LUXEMBOURG, PARIS.

An every-day scene in a Paris hospital, a happy proof that extreme realism need not preclude sentiment, which in this case is simple, natural, and free from sentimentality.

carried us in healthy avoidance of the stilted and periwigged portrayal of history in the last century, has had its use technically, and few are the subjects with which a painter thus equipped is not fitted to grapple. When the subject is one which in itself is pictorial, the result is the greater from its superb technical completeness, as in the masterly picture by Aimé Nicolas Morot of the historic "Charge of the Third Dragoons at Reischoffen."

Surely war has never been more truthfully represented than here, and a comparison between this picture and the famous Meissonier, "1807," in the Metropolitan Museum, gives one the contrast between single soldiers minutely studied and superadded one to the other, and a whole regiment painted as a single man. Millet was wont to say that a flock of sheep in painting was "a single animal with a thousand legs,"—*une bête á mille pattes*—and it is thus that Morot has conceived his work. The painter was born at Nancy, June 16, 1850, received the prix de Rome in 1873, and is a typical example of the best result of French art education. He has attempted, always with adequate technical ability, a wide range of subjects, and but for an apparent mental indifference to sentiment would be one of the most remarkable men of his time.

A painter whose indifference to sentiment was marked, but who in the comparative poverty of technical ease of expression had great influence in the early



THE CHARGE OF THE THIRD DRAGOONS AT REISCHOFFEN. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY AIMÉ MOROT.

The picture represents a heroic effort to turn the fortunes of the day in one of the chief battles of the Franco-Prussian war, in which this regiment was decimated.

seventies, was a Spaniard, Mariano Fortuny. As with Regnault, we have become, with the waning years of the century, more and more indifferent to the painter who plays with his art. Craftsman-like capacity to subjugate rebellious pigments to render intention no longer dazzles us; it is with the intention alone that we deal, and by which we have returned to the days of Cimabue, whose picture, carried through the streets of Florence to its final resting-place, has left the impress of its passage in the name of the Street of Joy. Unlike the public of Cimabue, we demand complete technical ability, in order that our impression of the picture may be undisturbed by insufficient workmanship. But twenty-five years ago the evidences of technical ability were hailed with delight, and the means obscured the aim of art.

In 1870 "The Spanish Marriage" was exhibited at Goupil's, in Paris, and the world of art placed Fortuny on a pinnacle. A poor boy, born at Reuss, in Catalonia, June 11, 1838, in his early youth he accompanied his grandfather, who travelled from place to place with a little collection of wax figures. It was Fortuny's cleverness in repairing their little stock in trade, and modelling new figures to add to the collection, that attracted the attention of some person of taste, who prevailed on his native town to make an allowance of eight dollars a month, in order that Fortuny might study. At nineteen, the Academy at Barcelona awarded him the prize which sent him to the Spanish Academy of Rome.

Fortuny's stay in Rome was interrupted by a visit to Morocco, which gave him an insight into Arab life, and this determined the character of his graver work. Endowed with a marvellous facility, it was on small canvases, filled with myriads of figures in brilliantly contrasting costumes, that his first success was won. In Paris, where the artistic domination of Meissonier was felt in the picture mart, the enchanting Fortuny, who joined to the French painter's minute rendering of form a kaleidoscopic charm of color, had success from the first. Up to that time his life had been a hard struggle with poverty. From that time until his death, in Rome, November 21, 1874, collectors contended eagerly to literally cover his pictures with gold. Towards the close of his brief life he made earnest efforts to abandon his somewhat trivial art, and render in sub-

AN ARAB GUARD.

In marked contrast to the seductive glitter of Fortuny's costume pictures are a number of canvases, of which this is one, where the sombre, serious Arab character is depicted with equal mastery.

ject, at least, the life which he saw about him; and his unfinished "Beach at Portici," which was in the late Stewart collection in New York, marked, possibly, the beginning of a more serious effort. I have used the term "enchanting," and there is no other which so fitly applies to him, considered from the technical view of a painter. His influence in the cosmopolitan city of Paris and on French art has passed, but until to-day it has been paramount in Italy and Spain. There promises to be a revival of an art more noble in its tendencies in Italy, as was noted at the Venetian Exhibition of this year; and Spain has endeavored officially, through its academies, to stem the tide of virtuosity, and with some success.

The work of scores of able Belgian painters must regretfully be passed by in

this brief chronicle. Mention must be made of Alfred Stevens, however, who, adopting Paris as his home, has portrayed the *Parisienne* as none of her compatriots have done, though they are by no means insensible to her grace as a subject for painting. Stevens was born in Brussels, May 11, 1828. The picture here reproduced, "The Song," is in the Luxembourg, and is an admirable example of his work. In sentiment, Stevens shows a fine appreciation of the ultra-civilized woman. His women have no other object than to be charming. They are by no means deficient in intelligence, and from the supersensitive creature who has placed herself before a bronze sphinx to ask the riddle of her own existence to the beauty who nonchalantly munches cherries, they are extremely human. The landscapes or seashore backgrounds, when these fair creatures venture out of doors, are painted with consummate skill, and are soberly rich in color, as are the interiors in which they are generally depicted. Stevens has been and is now a painter beloved of painters, than which no greater reward can be desired by an artist.

THE SONG. FROM A PAINTING BY ALFRED STEVENS, IN THE GALLERY OF THE LUXEMBOURG.

This picture, bought by the state in 1890, was painted some years before that date and is one of the most representative of the artist's works.

One of the memories of those days that comes back strongly is the conflicting interests aroused by the cosmopolitan character of the students in the *ateliers*. Each betrayed in his work his own racial characteristics and the influences of his own country's art, brought to bear on him before resorting to the common school of Paris. To these influences must be added those of the dealers' galleries, where in turn the art of Europe passed before our eyes. To-day it was the latest Fortuny at Goupil's; later, at the same place, Michetti charmed us with the magic of his early work. At Durand-Ruels, the most hospitable of galleries to the shabbily dressed student, the large rooms running through from the rue Lafitte to the rue Le Peletier were filled with Millets and Corots, which did not then sell so readily but that one could return often to study them; and side by side with Manet and Degas could be found exquisitely finished Stevenses or robust Courbets.

Of English art little was to be seen, the English having an appreciation of their own men which kept prices at a point where no picture dealer could find a profit, if, indeed, Paris was ready for the appreciation of the best English painters, whom they discovered some years later at the Universal Exposition. No lover of Thackeray, however, among our band of English-speaking students, ignored the charming drawings by Frederick Walker which served to illustrate "Philip" and "Denis Duval." Walker was to live but two years longer when an English student brought in his artistic baggage a photograph of the "Vagrants," which is now in the National Gallery in London. From

THE VAGRANTS. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY FREDERICK WALKER, IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.

A band of English gipsies encamped upon a common. One of the not numerous productions of this artist. This picture, painted in 1868, was purchased for the National Gallery from a fund bequeathed by Mr. John Lucas Walker.

VINTAGE-TIME. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY LÉON LHERMITTE.

One of the series of rustic scenes which are often treated by this artist, who is represented by another picture of the vintage, in the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

SACRAMENTAL BREAD. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY P. A. J. DAGNAN-BOUVERET, IN THE LUXEMBOURG, PARIS.

From the Salon of 1886. The corner of a Breton church, with a group of characteristic figures. In the original the vestments of the altar-boy add a note of vivid red to the otherwise quiet color scheme.

the Englishmen we heard much of Walker, and learned to appreciate his work. Later, in visits to England, it has become evident how much his influence, like that of George Mason, a painter fated like Walker to die young, has done for modern English art.

Frederick Walker was born in London, May 24, 1840. His history is that of so many English and American artists who, from the period of embracing an artistic career, must, in the event of lacking fortune, earn their living by their art. The fortunate youth of countries where art is recognized as a national institution, finds scholarships ready and municipalities willing to aid his early years. In England, as here, private patronage demands only work which shows a certain maturity, and Walker commenced by illustration. He was even for a time apprenticed to a wood engraver, until Thackeray gave him an opportunity to do original work. Of extremely delicate constitution, allied to a nervously sensitive temperament, his life was a long battle, which ended in a quiet village of Perthshire, St. Fillans, where he died June 4, 1875. In no wise allied to the pre-Raphaelites in technical manner, his art bore the marks of the deep sensibility which pervaded their work, and which in literature found its exponent in Tennyson's earlier verse. Essentially English, his work was influenced by those great works

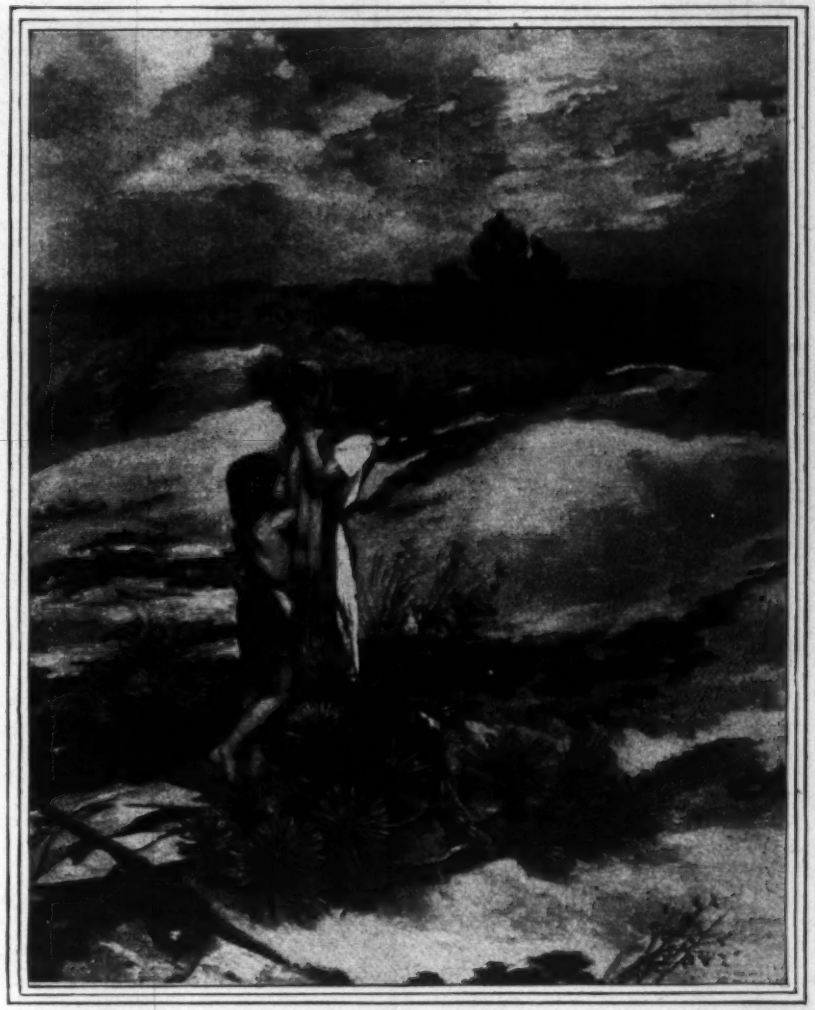
EXCOMMUNICATION OF ROBERT THE PIOUS. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JEAN PAUL LAURENS, IN THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERY.

Robert the Pious, who became King of France in 996, offended the church by his marriage to Bertha, widow of the Count of Blois, and was excommunicated. The clergy are leaving the room after having extinguished and overthrown a candle as a symbol of their decree.

from the Parthenon which are treasured in the British Museum, and which have served English painting in their effect on Albert Moore, Poynter, and Leighton. Walker's themes, however, were taken from the every-day life of the country. His own sentiment embroidered a pattern of grace and sensibility on the heavy forms of village girls and country yokels. Quiet lanes, waterside ferries, wooded borders of upland heaths formed the scenes in which his idealized figures moved, endowed with so much of honest truth that, like Millet's peasants, though less nobly grand, they are typical rather than realistic.

The life of the peasant, which has preoccupied so many of our painters of this later day, has been treated with an idyllic quality by another painter, who, at the time of Millet's death in 1875, was winning his first recognition. Léon Lhermitte, born in the little village of Mont-Saint-Père, January 31, 1844, occupies to-day an honored position in France. His first successes were due to his charcoal drawings, from which, enlarging his themes to life-size figures in oil, there seems to have clung to his style something rugged and angular, like the abrupt accents which lend life to a charcoal drawing. With this technical qualification, his work is essentially large and simple, redolent of the fields in which his figures live. The picture reproduced herewith, representing a moment's pause in the wine-making, is full of robust quality of form and strong opposition of light and shade.

Of the same race, treated with greater delicacy in research of character, are the Breton peasants in church, about to partake of the sacramental bread. Pascal Adolph Jean Dagnan-Bouveret, the painter of this picture, which is in the Luxembourg, was born in Paris, January 7, 1852. Dagnan, as his name was abbreviated in 1873, when he was still a student in Gérôme's *atelier* in the École des Beaux-Arts, is an interesting type of the painter who is ever ready to burn his vessels behind him and venture to new fields of expression. In 1873, while temporarily a student of Gérôme, I remember standing behind his easel and wondering if painstaking imitation of Gérôme could go farther than Dagnan's. Since then he has shown himself facile and clever in the "Manon Lescaut;" almost flippantly Parisian in the "Wedding Party at the Pho-

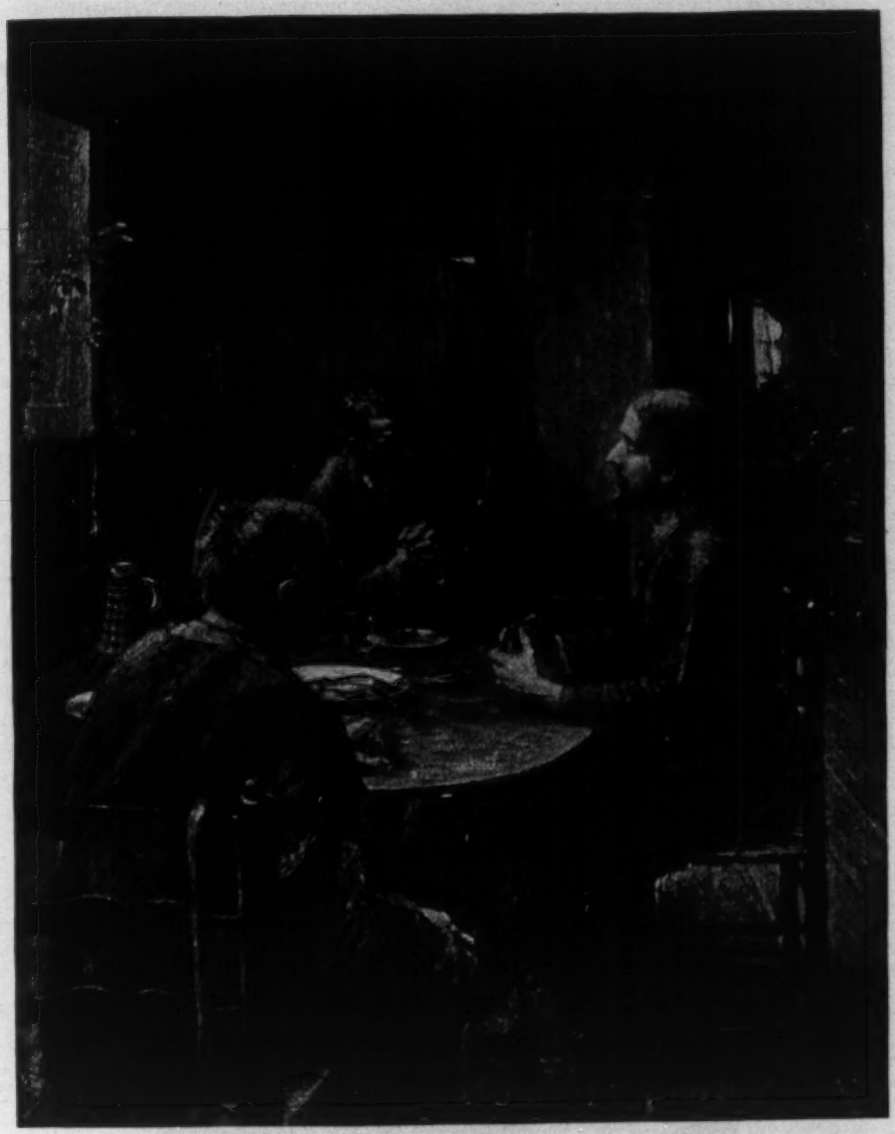


HAGAR AND ISHMAEL. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY JEAN CHARLES CAZIN, IN THE LUXEMBOURG, PARIS.

From the Salon of 1880, where it was greatly admired. This picture entered the Luxembourg, where it has maintained its popularity.

tographer's;" painstakingly realistic in the "Accident," which is in the Walters Gallery in Baltimore; and deeply reverential in sentiment in his well-known "Madonna and Child," standing in checkered sunlight under a trellised arbor. Still a young man, as men are esteemed in France, it is difficult to foretell his future, though he has been able to trim so varied a course through the channel of art without losing his bearings or becoming in any degree superficial.

We reproduce here, as an example of the work of Jean Paul Laurens, "The Excommunication of Robert the Pious." Laurens was born at Fourquevaux (Haute Garonne), March 28, 1838. He is the inventor of the modern historical picture, which seeks not only by wealth of archæological research to render itself plausible, but by the disposition of figures to background to reproduce the actual scene as it must have occurred. This is a far cry from the pyramidal compositions of the last century, and carries more conviction than these stilted canvases could do. In this, as in a solid manner of painting, and a style of drawing that is full of character, they are amongst the remarkable works of the century. That one finds more to admire than to love in his work is a matter of temperament; but at least a mild protest against the great number of historical cadavers and of atrocious incidents of the Inquisition, where Laurens finds his subjects, is permissible.



THE SUPPER AT EMMAUS. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY FRITZ VON UHDE.

An interesting attempt on the part of a modern German painter to infuse a sentiment of every-day life into a Biblical subject.

In the Salon of 1875 there was high on the walls a picture of a shipyard, which to my student taste was strangely attractive, and which was painted by a then unknown man, Jean Charles Cazin. Pointing out this picture to some English *camarades*, I found that its author had attracted some slight attention in England by the decoration of pottery. Some five years later, having in the meanwhile admired an equally modest "Flight into Egypt," I was not surprised that all the Paris world woke to the fact that in Cazin they had found a worthy successor to the Barbizon men. It was the picture of "Hagar and Ishmael,"—here reproduced from the original in the Luxembourg, where it promptly took its place,—which first gave recognition to Cazin (born in 1841, at Samer, Pas-de-Calais). The sentiment of the landscape, taken from an unfamiliar part of the forest of Fontainebleau, the introduction of the almost modern figures, revealed qualities not only of an original mind, but of a pure-blooded painter. Such his numerous pictures painted since that time have proved him to be,—and he occupies in modern art that middle

ground between the traditions of the past and the promises of the future which denotes in itself the attributes of a sane mind.

An example by a stranger within the gates of Paris, which in art, at least, welcomes even her former foes, may serve as a conclusion to this paper. "The Supper at Emmaus," by Fritz von Uhde, is interesting for several reasons. It is an example of the newer German art, which was briefly described in a former paper, and one of the best of the modern efforts at depicting Christ in the surroundings of our every-day life, which have become frequent in late years. Doubtless something of this spirit came from Millet, and was again apparent in Cazin; but its first important example was the "Christ Blessing Little Children" which Von Uhde sent to the Salon about twelve years ago. Here, in the garb of an humble Jew, Christ was seen seated in the interior of a German orphan asylum, in the act of blessing the children gathered about him.

Von Uhde became celebrated through this picture, and it was then learned that until 1877 he had been an officer in the Saxon cavalry, which he had left to become a pupil of Munkacsy. He was born at Wolkenburg, in Saxony, May 22, 1848. "The Supper at Emmaus" is extremely interesting, as it invites comparison with the wonderfully human picture in the Louvre, of the same subject, by Rembrandt. Comparison is, of course, impossible, if only from the fact that the Rembrandt, in the centuries which have elapsed since it was painted, has become a type which is sunken deep in our hearts. The picture by Von Uhde, however, evading the danger of such comparison, is like its predecessor, extremely human. In the company of the humble, removed from them by his spirituality alone, the Man of Galilee takes his place in the composition naturally and simply, and there is little or no feeling of incongruity between his figure and the surroundings. Art such as this, where human emotion goes hand in hand with technical ability, which has for its author a Teuton, and finds its first recognition in Gallic sympathy, can well be called modern. The existence of such art in Germany led me to close a former paper with a roseate prophecy for the future. If such prophecy becomes accomplished fact, Germany will not fail to acknowledge the debt which all civilized people owe to the art of France.

THE FOUNDLING. FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY LOUIS DESCHAMPS, IN THE LUXEMBOURG, PARIS.

LI HUNG CHANG.

From a recent portrait owned by the Hon. George Curzon, London.

LI HUNG CHANG.*

PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS AND RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS ACHIEVEMENTS IN BEHALF OF CHINA.

By Chester Holcombe,

For many years Interpreter, Secretary of Legation, and Acting Minister of the United States at Peking, China, and author of "The Real Chinaman."

IN any attempt to measure a man and determine his size and force, it is essential that he be taken in his native surroundings, and compared, not with alien types and times, but with his own fellows; with the facts and forces which surround him and make for or against him. Fanciful speculations as to what Alexander the Great would have accomplished had he been in the place of the first Napoleon, teach nothing and help no one. While it is not difficult to determine the comparative value of the ethical systems of Confucius and Socrates, yet, in measuring the men themselves, each must be taken in his own home, and his greatness estimated by his ability to mould thought, purpose, and life there. In much the same way, the reader of this sketch of one of the most honored and distinguished of modern Chinese should study him in his native environment, and, so far as may be possible, from a Chinese point of view. It is idle to contrast him, for example, with the great friend of his later years, General Grant, or to measure the one by the other. It is extremely probable that General Grant would, as a Chinese, have accomplished nothing; and the great Oriental statesman who survives him would have been equally a failure in America.

His Excellency, Li Hung Chang, was

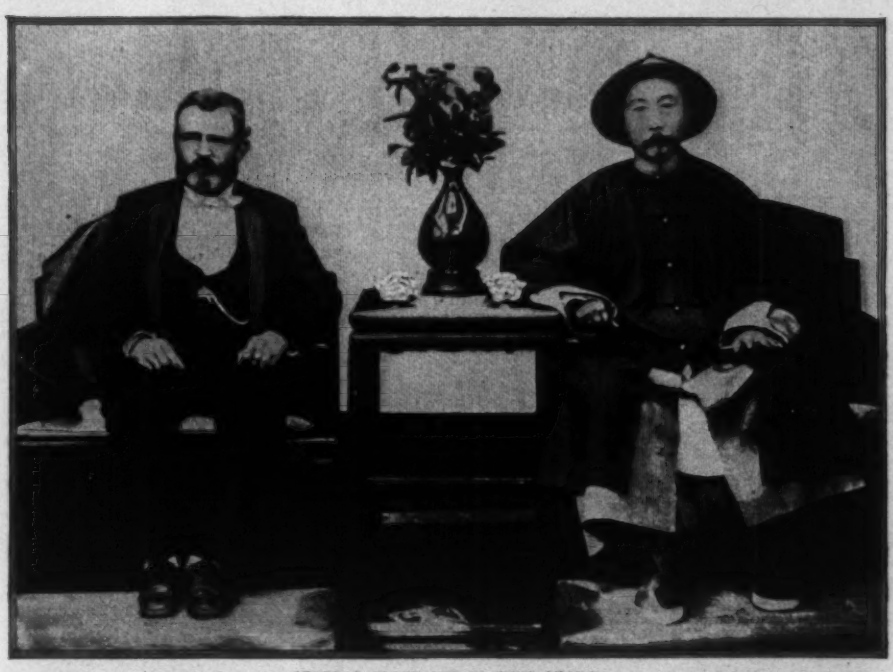
* Pronounced, as nearly as one can indicate it in print, Lee Hoong Shaang.

LI HUNG CHANG IN HIS OWN HOUSE AT TIENTSIN, 1872.

From a copyrighted photograph by John Thomson, F.R.G.S., London.

born in a small city in the province of An Huei, which lies in the centre of China, in 1822. His parents belonged to an ordinary family of the middle class. In his early days he pursued the usual course of Chinese study, and, so far as is known, gave no evidence of preëminence over his associates. He took the several provincial examinations, as other young men did, and gave the first sign of special ability when, at the final triennial examination, held at Peking, he passed with such honors as secured him admission to the Han Lin College, which carries with it immediate official employment and an assurance of rapid promotion.

The first public appearance of Li by which he attracted in any measure the notice of men of the Western world, or came into contact with it, was in connection with the Tai Ping rebellion. As governor of a province which was the scene of the bloodiest battles between the rebels and the imperial troops he took the field in person, and in his conduct of the campaign showed that, although his training and experience had been along purely civil lines, he yet possessed military abilities of a high order. Immediately subordinate to him was a body of men known among foreigners as "Ward's Corps," but dignified by a Chinese title of which the English equivalent

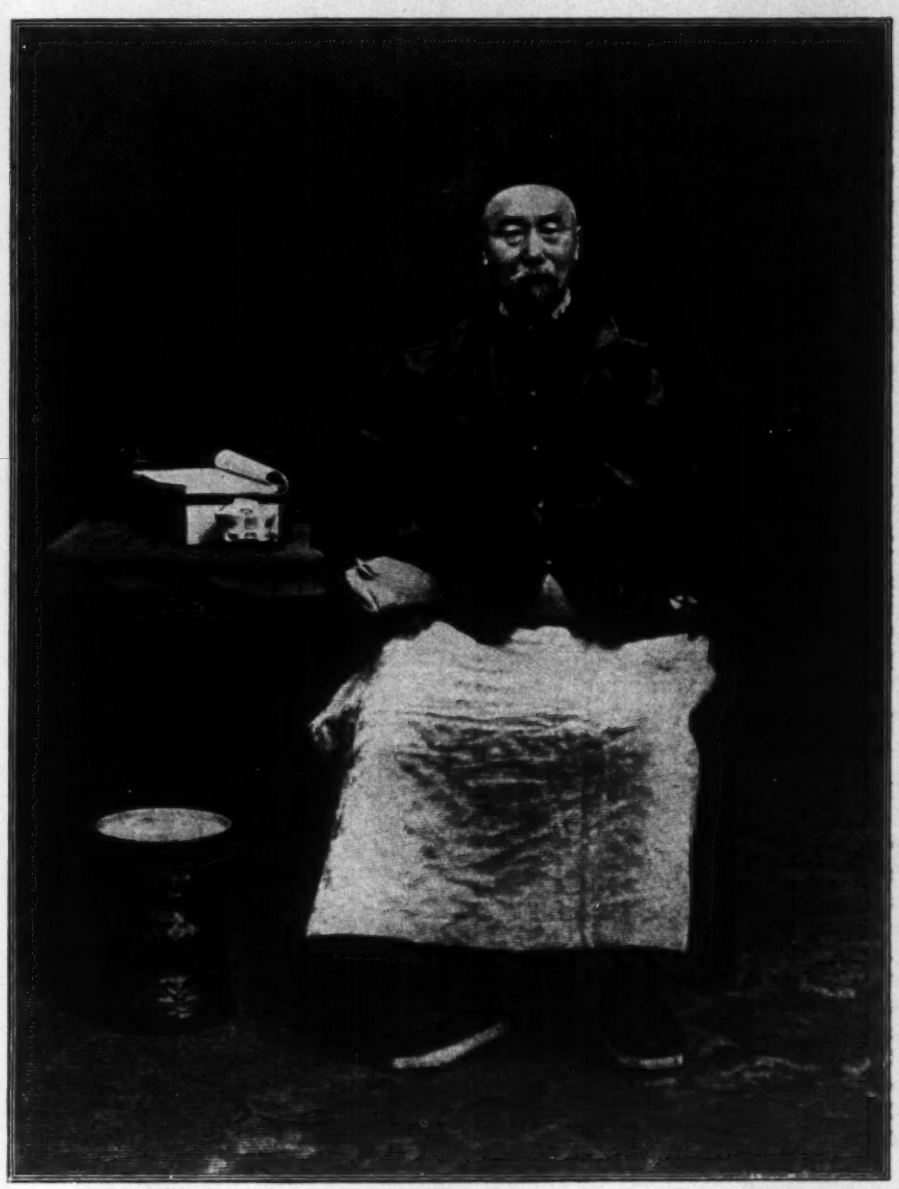


GENERAL GRANT AND LI HUNG CHANG.

From a photograph taken in June, 1879, during General Grant's visit to China, in the course of his journey around the world.

is "The Ever-Victorious Army." This body was composed of Chinese troops, drilled and equipped in modern style, and officered by foreigners. It was originally organized and raised to a high state of efficiency by an American named Ward, who had many of his countrymen associated with him in minor positions in the corps. After the death of General Ward, Gordon, later a distinguished British officer, but then an unknown major in an English regiment stationed at Shanghai, was detached, and permitted to take command of the corps. There appears to have been almost constant friction between Governor Li and Major Gordon. The latter repeatedly resigned, and as repeatedly resumed command. In certain letters of Major Gordon's to friends and to his official superiors in the British army, which have been published, he complains that Governor Li evidently desired to make every possible use of his foreign subordinate, but would never give him his confidence ; and that while Li was willing that the foreign-drilled corps should do its full share of fighting, he was careful to claim more than a fair share of the credit for his own Chinese troops. Gordon also charged Li with jealousy, suspicion, and distrust.

Without attempting to decide upon the justice of these charges, it should be said that Governor Li was well aware that, with the single exception of Major Gordon himself, the foreign officers in the Ward corps were fighting, not for the sake of patriotism or glory, but for dollars. They were not of the best class of foreigners. They were often insubordinate, mutinous, and not a few of them had deserted to the rebels : some, indeed, having deserted, returned and were forgiven, only to repeat the same routine a second and even a third time. And Governor Li never forgot a fact of which Major Gordon often reminded him, that the latter was, first, last, and always, a British officer ; that his sole loyalty was due to the queen ; and that, while he labored for what he considered to be the best interests of China, those interests were never allowed to hold more than a secondary or subordinate position in his mind. He had no sympathy with the idea, "China for the Chinese," which dominated Li's thoughts and purposes ; but looked at every question from the standpoint of a British subject. In other words, he would have fought for the rebels as bravely as he fought against them, had he been convinced that their victory would have better promoted the interests of Great Britain, which, to him, were coincident with the interests of civilization throughout the earth. It is not to be wondered at that



LI HUNG CHANG IN 1894. AGE 72.

under such circumstances Governor Li used Major Gordon, but did not give him his confidence.

Other circumstances which happened about the same time, and of which the Chinese governor was fully informed, may well have both intensified, and to a great degree justified, his reserve. A British subject employed by the Chinese government in the customs service had been sent by it to England with funds for the purchase or construction of a number of gunboats, as a first step toward the establishment of a Chinese navy. He brought back to China a fine fleet, larger and far more expensive than his instructions had called for, officered exclusively by Englishmen, and having a distinguished British naval officer as its admiral. The fact was developed almost at once, upon the arrival of the fleet in Chinese waters, that a provision existed in the contract under which this admiral had consented to serve, that he would obey no orders given by any Chinese authority, the emperor himself not excepted, unless such orders were countersigned by the agent who engaged him ; and the agent bound himself to countersign no such orders unless in his judgment they were "reasonable." It is hardly neces-

sary to add that this fleet was at once broken up, the admiral returned to Europe by an early steamer, and the agent who proposed to seat himself above the emperor found no further scope for his services in China.

The military skill shown by Li in the suppression of the Tai Ping rebellion and in crushing out the last scattered bands of the insurgents, and the energy, good sense, and administrative ability manifested by him in restoring order and prosperity to the devastated districts, largely increased his influence at court, and made his promotion to the highest offices in the state a certainty.

LI HUNG CHANG IN 1895. UNDER THE LEFT EYE IS THE MARK MADE BY AN ASSASSIN'S BULLET.

It was not, however, until the summer of 1870, that the pressure of events induced the Chinese government to summon Li to the high post which, until recently, he has continuously held, and where he has been, in the eyes of the Western world, at once the exponent and leader of progress in China. A fearful massacre had occurred at Tientsin in June of that year, in which the lives of twenty-three foreigners, including the French consul and his wife, had been taken, under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, and, as was well known, with the connivance and open encouragement of the highest local authorities of the city. The viceroy of the province was Tseng Kuo Fan, one of the ablest of Chinese statesmen, and the patron, instructor, and lifelong friend of Li Hung Chang. He was broken in health because of advancing years and of continuous and exhausting service to his country. He was unequal to the task of satisfying the demands of foreign governments for punishment and reparation for the massacre and restoring order; and, at his own request and suggestion, he was transferred to a less arduous post, and his pupil, Li, was appointed viceroy of Chihli in his stead. This viceroyalty, though the least lucrative of any in the empire, is the most sought after and the most honorable of any, since the capital is located within its limits, and hence the viceroy becomes guardian of the person of His Imperial Majesty. Tientsin, distant eighty-five miles from Peking, is the seaport of the capital, though situated not upon the sea, but upon a navigable river; and here, since the massacre of 1870, has been located the residence of the viceroy.

This office, however honorable, is still purely local, and would, by itself, have given to Li neither the scope nor opportunity for the exercise of the great abilities of which he is possessed. He has held, in point of fact, four offices almost continuously since 1870, of which the viceroyalty is by far the least in importance. They are as follows:

Viceroy of Chihli.

Secretary to the Grand Council of State.

Superintendent of Foreign Trade for the Northern Ports.

Superintendent of Coast Defence for the Northern District.

In addition to and continuous with these he has held various other offices—such, for example, as Senior Guardian of the Heir Apparent—which, being mainly honorary, and important only as marks of imperial favor, need not be considered here.

A moment's consideration will show the enormous burden of responsibility thus placed upon the shoulders of one man

under the Chinese system, where duties legislative, executive, judicial, military, and naval are commonly combined, and often confused. It will also serve to exhibit the almost limitless range of opportunity afforded for the exercise of his powers. As Secretary to the Grand Council of State, all questions of national import, whether referring to the internal administration of affairs, the outlying dependencies of the empire, or the foreign policy of the government, came under his review, required his study, and called for decision at his hands. It was Li's duty to prepare the roads for the burial of a dead emperor in 1875, and to give counsel and aid in resistance to French encroachments in Cochin China in 1883; to attend to the transport of four sticks of timber from the sea to Peking, where they were to serve as lantern poles in the Temple of Heaven, in 1880, and in the same year to adjust the Kuldja question, which at the time threatened to bring on war between China and Russia; to receive the complaint of a vice-consul that he had been called bad names by a naughty boy upon the street and soothe his wounded feelings, and to turn from that to the question of succession to the imperial throne.

LI HUNG CHANG'S VISITING CARD. THE CARD BEARS SIMPLY THE NAME LI HUNG CHANG.

As Superintendent of Foreign Trade for the Northern Ports, Li's opportunities and responsibilities were hardly less than those barely hinted at above. All questions of commercial intercourse, of treaty interpretation, and of regulations for traffic under the treaties, came to him as a matter of course. Treaty-making itself formed no inconsiderable portion of his duties, and it is probable that within the quarter of a century since his appointment to Tientsin, he has concluded more treaties than the Chinese Foreign Office at Peking; while it is practically certain that his advice has been sought, and in a large degree followed, in regard to every such convention negotiated by the latter body.

In his position as Superintendent of Coast Defence for the northern half of the empire, Li Hung Chang found himself practically forced to play the *rôle* of creator, and here he doubtless found his responsibilities and opportunities most thoroughly in line with his tastes. Unless account be taken of a few earthworks mounted with antique guns, valuable only to a collector of relics of a past age, and of an immense number of harmless war junks, nothing existed that could be called a defence of the most vital part of the empire. Everything was to be built up from the foundation. And the only limitation to the opportunity of the Superintendent was his own exceedingly limited knowledge of modern military and naval systems, the total absence of trained subordinates qualified to aid and advise him, and the fact that the exceedingly liberal allowance of funds placed within his control for these purposes still was exhaustible.

Such were the duties, briefly outlined, which "the great viceroy" took upon his shoulders when, more than a quarter of a century ago, he obeyed the command of his imperial master, and established himself at Tientsin. The mere mention of such widely diversified and enormous labors appears sufficient to convince any person of their impracticability during an ordinary lifetime when undertaken by a single individual, even though every circumstance were unqualifiedly favorable. That anything of moment was accomplished implies an almost superhuman versatility of talent, a capacity for labor without rest, a power of organization and an executive ability almost without limit. Compared with such a task the labors of Hercules sink into the merest child's play.

It must not be imagined that Li carried

on his patriotic efforts without opposition. He was hampered, interfered with, and deceived on every hand. Superstition, ignorance, self-interest, and hostile political influence, each singly, or all in combination, were brought to bear against him and his plans. Some of his own subordinates were incompetent to perform the duties intrusted to them, because of ignorance. Others sold their opinion to the highest bidder, and, having received their price, delivered this bought advice to their superior. And still others, having failed to secure a purchaser of their favor, either wilfully misused or maliciously destroyed the articles bought, and then reported upon them as having been originally worthless.

Nor, if one is to speak with candor and fairness, can the native subordinates of the viceroy be held alone responsible for the difficulties placed in his way. Guns purchased abroad at an extremely liberal price proved, on trial, to have been manufactured exclusively for the Chinese market, and could be safely guaranteed to explode at the first discharge. And, naturally, the shocking accidents which resulted from such dishonesty became the basis for complaints against the viceroy by his political enemies. Foreigners engaged to enter the Chinese service at high salaries and for a term of years proved, on reaching their post of duty, to have such extremely lordly views as to render their employment impossible. After having performed no more serious labor for many months than signing a monthly receipt for their salaries, it became necessary to hire them to cancel their contracts and return whence they came. Combinations, either selfish or dishonest, were formed among foreigners or natives, or both, by which the mind of the viceroy was poisoned against other foreigners invited to enter his service who were both honest and competent, with the result that their employment was prevented. And a similar course was often and successfully pursued to destroy the effect of sound and judicious advice given by those not in the viceroy's service, whose only object was to render him friendly and unselfish aid. Still others, both native and foreign, who were actuated by no improper motives, yet lacked the courage to give sound advice which might prove unpalatable, and took what they thought the course safer for themselves, that of encouraging and confirming the viceroy in mistaken ideas.

Two or three illustrations of the opposition, difficulties, and dishonesty which surrounded Li may be of interest. Only those are recited which have come within the immediate knowledge of the writer of this article. The viceroy having placed expensive machinery in the Kai Ping coal mines, with a view to furnish supplies of coal for the naval and mercantile marine, a high official at Peking appealed to the throne, asking that the mines might be closed and the viceroy held guilty and punished for sacrilege, upon the ground that the extraction of coal by machinery disturbed the bones of His Imperial Majesty's ancestors, then calmly reposing in the imperial cemetery, some forty miles distant from the mines. Another official, upon a different occasion, besought the emperor to command Li to cease all his modern innovations and to report himself for punishment, upon the ground that the introduction by him of foreign arts and appliances had angered the imperial dragon, thus causing the unusually heavy rains of that summer, which had resulted in floods, with large loss of property and life. Of a large consignment of heavy guns bought in England, three exploded upon being fired for the first time, killing and wounding nearly forty Chinese soldiers. An examination of the remaining guns proved that each had been dishonestly constructed and was worthless and dangerous. This catastrophe was made the basis of a very serious charge against the viceroy of Peking.

Two French naval officers were engaged for a term of five years, at salaries largely in excess of any amount they could hope to receive in their own service, to instruct Chinese young men in naval matters and generally to aid in the development of a Chinese navy. Upon arrival at Tientsin they made such preposterous demands as to their rank and authority as rendered their employment out of the question. The viceroy appealed to the French diplomatic and consular authorities, who substantially supported the claims of their countrymen. He then sought to reach a compromise by which their contracts might be cancelled upon payment of a moderate sum, but was informed, again with the sanction and support of the French authorities, that the contract would be surrendered only upon payment of the full sum promised for five years' service. The discussion of the question dragged on for nearly two years, during which the French officers did no duty beyond drawing their salaries regularly, when the viceroy, disgusted and weary, paid the full amount claimed and homeward travelling expenses.

Thereupon the Frenchmen departed. The late Admiral Shufeldt was invited in 1880 to come to Tientsin by the viceroy, and to take entire charge of the organization and development of the Chinese navy. He accepted the invitation, and reached Tientsin in the summer of 1881. Shortly after his arrival he was waited upon by a foreign subordinate of the viceroy, who proposed a partnership and division of the spoils, with a frank warning that, if his offer was refused, nothing should come of the admiral's visit to China. Admiral Shufeldt's only answer was to show his visitor to the door. The visitor's threat was made good, and nothing came of the viceroy's offer.

And it will do no harm to say that the adoption of modern ways and implements has not always been devoid of ludicrous results. The writer will not soon forget one instance of this. The viceroy had provided himself with a military band of Chinese musicians, who had been patiently drilled and taught by an American musician until they could play a considerable range of martial and miscellaneous foreign music with a fair measure of success. One bright afternoon in midwinter the viceroy came to a hotel in Tientsin to call upon the writer. His Excellency came in his official chair, preceded and followed by a military escort of cavalry and infantry, his entire staff mounted, numerous bearers of red umbrellas and other insignia of rank, the whole extensive cortege being led by the Chinese military band. Banners waved; uniforms, swords, and gun-barrels glittered in the sunlight; the musical instruments were well cared for and highly polished; and everything caught and fascinated the eye. But to the ear the result was different; for the musicians were blowing away with all their might, and "the man with the big bass drum" was beating out that once familiar but undignified air, "Tommy, make room for your uncle."

It must not be assumed that Li was exclusively surrounded by men who were either entirely ignorant, selfish, or corrupt. While there were far too many of such about him, he still had a large number of devoted, unselfish assistants. Had this not been the case, any substantial progress would have been impossible. And what was of equally vital importance, he was always fully sustained in all essential points by the authorities at Peking. In spite of almost constant memorials and complaints, his course was approved, full power and authority given him, and as liberal supplies of funds as the revenues of the empire would allow. There is no reason to believe that Li ever lost the confidence and approval of the emperor and cabinet, excepting, possibly, for a short time during the recent disastrous war with Japan. The Tartar monarch trusted fully in the intelligence, devotion, and patriotism of his Chinese servant, and well has that trust been deserved. No servant was ever more devoted and loyal.

Upon the other hand, Li has not received at the hands of Western governments and their representatives that cordial sympathy and support in his efforts to build up a modern China capable of self-defence and self-development, which he would naturally feel that he might reasonably expect. Great Britain, until recently at least the leader in influence in China, while keenly watchful to extend and develop her commerce, has always sought to discourage China and the Chinese from undertaking manufacturing industries; going, indeed, to the extent of refusing to sustain her own subjects in efforts to establish factories there, upon the ground that the introduction of modern methods of manufacture in China would lessen her own trade. While such a policy may be consistent, it hardly deserves to be described as friendly. The other European powers which have any practical interest in Chinese affairs, as a rule, make no secret of the fact that their policy is not to aid China in the development of her resources, and a consequent increase of strength, but rather to keep her in her present condition. Even the United States has not always followed the line nor shown the sympathy which might naturally have been expected. In 1875 the viceroy Li requested a distinguished officer of our army, then in China, to prepare for him a scheme for the establishment of a Chinese military school of similar scope and purpose to our own establishment at West Point. The request was gladly complied with. But when these facts were reported by our diplomatic agent at Peking to the Department of State, the distinguished gentleman then at the head of our foreign affairs mildly rebuked his subordinate in China, with the remark that it was the policy of the United States to aid and encourage China only in the peaceful arts of commerce.

A more serious illustration of what the writer believes to have been a mistaken line of policy on our part came later. Probably the most wise and practical step taken in modern times by China was that of send-

ing a large number of her young men to this country to be thoroughly educated. While the credit of originating this scheme belongs to the Honorable Yung Wing, himself a graduate of Yale College, it owed its adoption to Viceroy Li. Its acceptance by him, and approval by the Peking authorities, was due to the fact that it opened the way, as they believed, to the admission of a considerable number of the brightest and best of those young men, after the necessary preliminary study, to our military and naval schools at West Point and Annapolis. It is safe to say that not a boy would have been sent to this country, except for that belief, and that by this means they hoped to secure trained naval and military officers of their own race. When the proper time arrived, formal application for this favor was made and repeated without success for three years, when, disheartened by failure, the students were all withdrawn to China. Li and the Peking authorities always fully understood that no assurance or encouragement had been given that Chinese students would be admitted to our schools. But Japanese students were then and have repeatedly since been admitted to the Naval Academy, some of whom showed the results of their training in the battle off the mouth of the Yalu River, in the summer of 1894. The viceroy may well be pardoned for an inability to discover the reason for the exclusion of his own students and the coincident admission of those from an equally alien and rival nation.

To one who watched the progress of the recent deplorable conflict between China and Japan with interest and any degree of intelligence, it seems impossible to resist the conclusion that the most fatal mistake made by the distinguished viceroy at Tientsin in his efforts for the past twenty-five years to enable China to defend herself, was his failure to establish, at the very beginning of his course of reform, thoroughly equipped naval and military schools for the training of officers. No effort should have been shirked, no expense refused, to accomplish this; for, without these schools, all other preparations for defence or attack are practically worthless. There is reason to believe that the viceroy, in a measure at least, realized this fact, but that upon this one point he failed to secure the necessary endorsement from Peking. Had such schools been established, or had our government consented to the training of, say, forty Chinese young men in our schools, the result of the recent war would have been far different, or, what is more likely, it would not have taken place.

The Corean question has played so prominent a part in recent events in the East, the outcome of which appears to have been so disastrous to China, and personally to Li, that it deserves some extended notice here. A glance at the map will show that the autonomy of the Corean kingdom is important, if not essential, to any continued peace between China and Japan. Neither could hold it without at least being suspected of menacing the rights of the other. Its possession by any European power ought not to be admitted by either of those great Oriental nations, since such possession would threaten the integrity of both. The temptation furnished by the weakness of Corea and its peculiar strategic position, which might lead to its seizure by Russia, was long since recognized by both China and Japan. In 1884 a distinguished Japanese official proposed, in an informal conversation with the writer, that this danger might best be guarded against by a tripartite alliance between the United States, Japan, and China, which should guarantee the independence of Corea. He was recommended to seek such an alliance between his own government and China, but informed that the United States would probably refuse to burden itself with such responsibility. And he declared that Japan would gladly enter upon such a compact with the Chinese.

The last named power had, for many centuries, held peculiar relations with the peninsular kingdom, which, in default of any more accurate term to describe them, have been regarded as those of suzerain and vassal. Such they most decidedly were not, whatever else they may have been. The Chinese themselves have always described this relationship as that of elder to younger brother in the old patriarchal system which really forms the basis of their own form of government. Substantially, the Chinese position was that they did not purpose to interfere with Corea themselves, and would allow no one else to do so: a position similar in many points to the Monroe Doctrine, of which much is being heard. When, therefore, China had her suspicions aroused regarding the designs of Russia upon Corea, she, moved largely by the advice of Li Hung Chang, decided to advise her weaker neighbor, as one measure of protection, to enter into treaty relations with the principal Western nations. Li was appointed general adviser to the Corean government, a position which he has since

continuously held, and the United States government was chosen with which to make the first treaty. Duly authorized commissioners were sent by the King of Corea in January, 1882, to Tientsin; the writer of this sketch, as directed by the Department of State, went there to aid in the negotiation, and the treaty, article by article, and word by word, was discussed and arranged between him and the Chinese viceroy. The line of action desired by Li was an exceedingly delicate one, and involved him in no easy task. He knew that governments made treaties with other equally independent powers only. He desired to arrange for the admission of Corea into the family of nations, at the same time not only preserving that peculiar relationship between Corea and his own government, but to go a step farther, and secure an admission of that relationship in the text of each treaty. Accordingly, at an early point of the negotiations, he presented the draft of an article, carefully drawn by himself, which recited in substance that while for many hundred years China had exercised peculiar relations toward Corea (the exact phrase is untranslatable into English), yet she never interfered either in the domestic affairs or foreign relations of Corea, and hence the existence of those relations was a matter of no concern to the United States. He was at once informed that such an article could find no place in the proposed treaty. A discussion lasting, with some interruptions, for nearly two weeks followed, and Li only gave up the point upon being informed that if he persisted no treaty could be made. But the shrewd Oriental diplomat, beaten at one point, essayed another; and upon the signing of the treaty by Admiral Shufeldt at Chemulpo, in Corea, some two months later, he was presented with an autograph letter from the King of Corea to the President of the United States, which was found to contain precisely the same phrase which Li had vainly sought to have incorporated in the text of the treaty. It need not be said that President Arthur's reply to this letter gave no occasion to either Coreans or Chinese to hope that in establishing treaty relations with the former we would recognize any connection between her and the imperial power upon her western border other than that of good neighborliness and friendship.

When the establishment of conventions with Corea was followed by the appointment of diplomatic agents to reside at Seoul, Li Hung Chang, in whose hands the management of affairs between China and Corea had been left, appointed a *protégé* of his own to represent him at the Corean capital. Unless he has been sadly maligned, this gentleman, by his overbearing and arrogant manners, and by open hostility to and secret intrigue against the Japanese, whose interests in the country largely exceeded all others, did much to render a delicate situation dangerous and to provoke a power not averse to a trial of strength with China, to a declaration of war. The burden of the war fell, therefore, with natural yet peculiar heaviness, upon Li.

It is unnecessary to catalogue the number or variety of lines of improvement which Li Hung Chang has followed, or the new ideas which he has brought before the officials and people of China. While naturally his first thought and the will of the government were in the line of defence, and hence his greatest efforts were given to military and naval affairs, the range of his labors has extended far beyond any such boundaries, and includes nearly everything which bears upon the welfare of human kind. Schools, hospitals, refuges in which victims of the opium habit may be cured, a model farm, a new seed or plant, new bridges, good roads—all these have been brought before his people, and their benefits and advantages made apparent by practical object lessons.

Of necessity his failures have been many, and some of them serious. Yet the wonder is that he met with any degree of success; and no prophet would have been found sufficiently venturesome, a quarter of a century ago, to predict the transformation which Li, almost single-handed, has wrought in the attitude of his people towards modern ideas, and the amount of practical progress made by them.

It is far too soon to wisely estimate the final value of the services of Li Hung Chang to his race and nation. The world of to-day may well bow the head to him as to a hero who has fought a magnificent fight and, almost unaided, broken the path for his people to a new and grander national development. Future generations of his countrymen, long after his ashes have been placed beside his ancestors in An Huei, will rightly and finally determine the value of his labors, and give him fitting place in the long line of their patriots and statesmen. To them may be safely left this duty.

THE PICKETS.

By Robert W. Chambers,

Author of "The King in Yellow" and "The Red Republic."

"We be of one blood, you and I!"
—Kipling.

"HI, Yank!"

"Shut up!" replied Alden, wriggling to the edge of the rifle-pit. Connor also crawled a little higher and squinted through the chinks of the pine logs.

"Hey, Johnny!" he called across the river, "are you that clay-eatin' Cracker with green lamps on your pilot?"

"O Yank! Are yew the U. S. mewl with a C. S. A. brand on yewr head-stall?"

"Shut up!" replied Connor, sullenly.

A jeering laugh answered him from across the river.

"He had you there, Connor," observed Alden, with faint interest.

Connor took off his blue cap and examined the bullet-hole in the crown.

"C. S. A. brand on my head-stall, eh!" he repeated, savagely, twirling the cap between his dirty fingers.

"You called him a clay-eating Cracker," observed Alden; "and you referred to his spectacles as green lanterns on his pilot."

"I'll show him whose head-stall is branded," muttered Connor, shoving his smoky rifle through the log-crack.

Alden slid down to the bottom of the shallow pit, and watched him apathetically. He gasped once or twice, threw open his jacket at the throat, and stuffed a filthy handkerchief into the crown of his cap, arranging the ends as a shelter for his neck.

Connor lay silent, his right eye fastened upon the rifle-sight, his dusty army shoes crossed behind him. One yellow sock had slipped down over the worn shoe-heel and laid bare a dust-begrimed ankle-bone.

Suddenly Connor's rifle cracked; the echoes rattled and clattered away through the woods; a thin cloud of pungent vapor slowly drifted straight upward, shredding into filmy streamers among the tangled branches overhead.

"Get him?" asked Alden, after a silence.

"Nope," replied Connor. Then he addressed himself to his late target across the river:

"Hello, Johnny!"

"Hi, Yank!"

"How close?"

"Hey?"

"How close?"

"What, sonny?"

"My shot, you fool!"

"Why, sonny!" called back the Confederate, in affected surprise, "was yew a-shootin' at me?"

Bang! went Connor's rifle again. A derisive catcall answered him, and he turned furiously to Alden.

"Oh, let up," said the young fellow; "it's too hot for that."

Connor was speechless with rage, and he hastily jammed another cartridge into his long hot rifle; but Alden roused himself, brushed away a persistent fly, and crept up to the edge of the pit again.

"Hello, Johnny!" he shouted.

"That you, sonny?" replied the Confederate.

"Yes; say, Johnny, shall we call it square until four o'clock?"

"What time is it?" replied the cautious Confederate; "all our expensive gold watches is bein' repaired at Chickamauga."

At this taunt Connor showed his teeth, but Alden laid one hand on his arm and sang out: "It's two o'clock, Richmond time; Sherman has just telegraphed us from your State-house."

"Wall, in that case this crool war is over," replied the Confederate sharp-shooter; "we'll be easy on old Sherman."

"See here!" cried Alden; "is it a truce until four o'clock?"

"All right! Your word, Yank!"

"You have it!"

"Done!" said the Confederate, coolly rising to his feet and strolling down to the river bank, both hands in his pockets.

Alden and Connor crawled out of their ill-smelling dust-wallow, leaving their rifles behind them.

"Whew! It's hot, Johnny," said Alden, pleasantly. He pulled out a stained pipe, blew into the stem, polished the bowl with his sleeve, and sucked wistfully at the end. Then he went and sat down beside Connor, who had improvised a fishing outfit from his ramrod, a bit of string, and a rusty hook.

The Confederate rifleman also sat down on his side of the stream, puffing luxuriously

on a fragrant corncob pipe. Alden watched him askance, sucking the stem of his own empty pipe. After a minute or two, Connor dug up a worm from the roots of a beech tree with his bayonet, fixed it to the hook, flung the line into the muddy current, and squatted gravely on his haunches, chewing a leaf stem.

Presently the Confederate soldier raised his head and looked across at Alden.

"What's yewr name, sonny?" he asked.

"Alden," replied the young fellow, briefly.

"Mine's Craig," observed the Confederate; "what's yewr regiment?"

"Two Hundred and Sixtieth New York; what's yours, Mr. Craig?"

"Ninety-third Maryland, *Mister* Alden."

"Quit that throwin' sticks in the water!" growled Connor. "How do you s'pose I'm goin' to catch anythin'?"

Alden tossed his stick back into the brush-heap and laughed.

"How's your tobacco, Craig?" he called out.

"Bully! How's yewr coffee 'n' tack, Alden?"

"First rate!" replied the youth.

After a silence he said, "Is it a go?"

"You bet," said Craig, fumbling in his pockets. He produced a heavy twist of Virginia tobacco, laid it on a log, hacked off about three inches with his sheath-knife, and folded it up in a big green sycamore leaf. This again he rolled into a corn-husk, weighted it with a pebble; then, stepping back, he hurled it into the air, saying, "Deal square, Yank!"

The tobacco fell at Alden's feet. He picked it up, measured it carefully with his clasp-knife, and called out: "Two and three-quarters, Craig. What do you want, hard-tack or coffee?"

"Tack," replied Craig; "don't stint!"

Alden laid out two biscuits. As he was about to hack a quarter from the third, he happened to glance over the creek at his enemy. There was no mistaking the expression in his face. Starvation was stamped on every feature.

When Craig caught Alden's eye, he spat with elaborate care, whistled a bar of the "Bonny Blue Flag," and pretended to yawn.

Alden hesitated, glanced at Connor, then placed three whole biscuit in the corn-husk, added a pinch of coffee, and tossed the parcel over to Craig.

That Craig longed to fling himself upon the food and devour it was plain to Alden, who was watching his face. But he didn't; he strolled leisurely down the bank, picked up the parcel, weighed it critically before opening it, and finally sat down to examine the contents. When he saw that the third cracker was whole and that a pinch of coffee had been added, he paused in his examination and remained motionless on the bank, head bent. Presently he looked up and asked Alden if he had made a mistake. The young fellow shook his head and drew a long puff of smoke from his pipe, watching it curl out of his nose with interest.

"Then I'm obliged to yew, Alden," said Craig; "'low I'll eat a snack to see it ain't pizened."

He filled his lean jaws with the dry biscuit, then scooped up a tin cup full of water from the muddy river and set the rest of the cracker to soak.

"Good?" queried Alden.

"Fair," drawled Craig, bolting an unchewed segment and choking a little. "How's the twist?"

"Fine," said Alden; "tastes like stable-sweepings."

They smiled at each other across the stream.

"Sa-a-y," drawled Craig, with his mouth full, "when yew're out of twist, jest yew sing out, sonny."

"All right," replied Alden. He stretched back in the shadow of a sycamore and watched Craig with pleasant eyes.

Presently Connor had a bite and jerked his line into the air.

"Look yere," said Craig, "that ain't no way for to ketch red-horse. Yew want a ca'tridge on foh a sinker, sonny."

"What's that?" inquired Connor, suspiciously.

"Put on a sinker."

"Go on, Connor," said Alden.

Connor saw him smoking, and sniffed anxiously. Alden tossed him the twist, telling him to fill his pipe.

Presently Connor found a small pebble and improvised a sinker. He swung his line again into the muddy current, with a mechanical sidelong glance to see what Craig was doing, and settled down again on his haunches, smoking and grunting.

"Enny news, Alden?" queried Craig after a silence.

"Nothing much; except that Richmond has fallen," grinned Alden.

"Quit foolin'," urged the Southerner; "ain't there no news?"

"No. Some of our men down at Mud Pond got sick eating catfish. They caught them in the pond. It appears you Johnnys used the pond as a cemetery, and our men got sick eating the fish."

"That so?" drawled Craig; "too bad. Lots of yewr men was in Long Pond too, I reckon."

In the silence that followed two rifle-shots sounded faint and dull from the distant forest.

"'Nother great Union victory," drawled Craig. "Extry! Extry! Richmond is took!"

Alden laughed and puffed at his pipe.

"We licked the boots off of the 30th Texas last Monday," he said.

"Sho!" drawled Craig; "what did you go a lickin' their boots for—blackin'?"

"Oh, shut up!" said Connor from the bank; "I can't ketch no fish if you two fools don't quit jawin'."

The sun was dipping below the pine-clad ridge, flooding river and wood with a fierce radiance. The spruce needles glittered, edged with gold; every broad, green leaf wore a heart of gilded splendor, and the muddy waters of the river rolled onward like a flood of precious metal, heavy, burnished, noiseless.

From a balsam bough a thrush uttered three timid notes; a great, gauzy-winged grasshopper drifted blindly into a clump of sun-scorched weeds, click! click! cr-r-r-r!

"Purty, ain't it," said Craig, looking at the thrush. Then he swallowed the last morsel of muddy hard-tack, wiped his beard on his cuff, hitched up his trousers, took off his green glasses, and rubbed his eyes.

"A he catbird sings purtier, though," he said, with a yawn.

Alden drew out his watch, puffed once or twice, and stood up, stretching his arms in the air.

"It's four o'clock," he began, but was cut short by a shout from Connor.

"Gee whiz!" he yelled, "what have I got on this here pole?"

The ramrod was bending, the line swaying heavily in the current.

"It's four o'clock, Connor," said Alden, keeping a wary eye on Craig.

"That's all right!" called Craig; "the time's extended till yewr friend lands that there fish."

"Pulls like a porpoise," grunted Connor. "I bet it busts my ramrod!"

"Does it pull?" grinned Craig.

"Yes, a dead weight!"

"Don't it jerk kinder this way an' that," asked Craig, much interested.

"Naw," said Connor; "the bloody thing jest pulls steady."

"Then it ain't no red-horse; it's a catfish!"

"Huh!" sneered Connor; "don't I know a catfish? This ain't no catfish, lemme tell yer!"

"Then it's a log," laughed Alden.

"By gum! here it comes," panted Connor; "here, Alden, jest you ketch it with my knife; hook the blade, blame ye!"

Alden cautiously descended the red bank of mud, holding on to roots and branches, and bent over the water. He hooked the big-bladed clasp-knife like a scythe, set the spring, and leaned out over the water.

"Now!" muttered Connor.

An oily circle appeared upon the surface of the turbid water,—another and another. A few bubbles rose and floated upon the tide.

Then something black appeared just beneath the bubbles, and Alden hooked it with his knife and dragged it shoreward. It was the sleeve of a man's coat.

Connor dropped his ramrod and gaped at the thing. Alden would have loosed it, but the knife-blade was tangled in the sleeve.

He turned a sick face up to Connor.

"Pull it in," said the older man. "Here, give it to me, lad——"

When at last the silent visitor lay upon the bank, they saw it was the body of a Union cavalryman. Alden stared at the dead face, fascinated; Connor mechanically counted the yellow chevrons upon the blue sleeve, now soaked black. The muddy water ran over the baked soil, spreading out in dust-covered pools; the spurred boots trickled slime. After a while both men turned their heads and looked at Craig. The Southerner stood silent and grave, his battered cap in his hand. They eyed each other quietly for a moment, then, with a vague gesture, the Southerner walked back into his pit and presently reappeared, trailing his rifle.

Connor had already begun to dig with his bayonet, but he glanced up sharply at the rifle in Craig's hands. Then he looked searchingly into the eyes of the Southerner. Presently he bent his head and quietly continued digging.

It was after sunset before he and Alden finished the shallow grave, Craig watching them in silence, his rifle between his knees. When they were ready they rolled the body into the hole and stood up.

Craig also rose, raising his rifle to a "present." He held it there while the two Union soldiers shovelled the earth into the grave. Then Alden went back and lifted the two rifles from the pit, handed Connor his, and waited.

"Ready!" growled Connor. "Aim!"

Alden's rifle came to his shoulder. Craig also raised his rifle.

"Fire!"

Three times the three shots rang out in the wilderness, over the unknown grave. After a moment or two Alden nodded good-night to Craig across the river, and walked slowly toward his rifle-pit. Connor shambled after him. As he turned to lower himself into the pit he called across the river, "Good-night, Craig!"

"Good-night, Connor," said Craig.

TO A WEED.

By Gertrude Hall.

You bold thing! thrusting 'neath the very nose
Of her fastidious majesty, the rose,
Ev'n in the best ordained garden-bed,
Unauthorized, your smiling little head!

The gardener,—mind,—will come in his big boots
And drag you up by your rebellious roots,
And cast you forth to shrivel in the sun,
Your daring quelled, your little weed's life done.

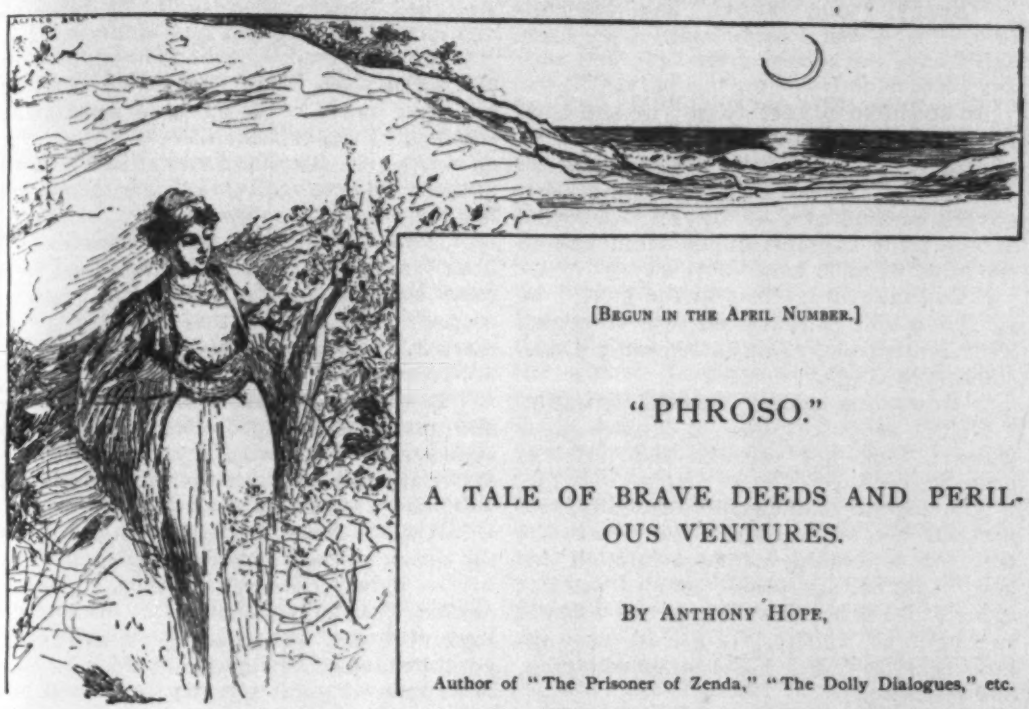
And when the noon cools and the sun drops low,
He'll come again with his big wheelbarrow
And trundle you,—I don't know clearly where,—
But *off*—outside the dew, the light, the air.

Meantime—ah, yes! the air is very blue,
And gold the light, and diamond the dew,—
You laugh and courtesy in your worthless way,
And you are gay—ah, so exceeding gay!

You argue in your manner of a weed,
You did not make yourself grow from a seed,
You fancy you've a claim to standing-room,
You dream yourself a right to breathe and bloom.

The sun loves you, you think, just as the rose;
He never scorned you for a weed,—*he knows*,
The green-gold flies rest on you, and are glad,
It's only cross old gardeners find you bad.

You know, you weed, *I quite agree with you;*
I am a weed myself, and I laugh too,—
Both, just as long as we can shun his eye,
Let's sniff at the old gardener trudging by!



[Begun in the April Number.]

"PHROSO."

A TALE OF BRAVE DEEDS AND PERILOUS VENTURES.

By Anthony Hope,

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Dolly Dialogues," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

A PUBLIC PROMISE.

ON the evening of the next day I was once again with my faithful friends on board the little yacht. Furious at the trick Mouraki had played them, they rejoiced openly in his fall and mingled their congratulations to me with hearty denunciations of the dead man. In sober truth, we had every reason to be glad. Our new master was of a different stamp from Mouraki; he was a proud, reserved, honest gentleman, with no personal ends to serve. He had informed me that I must remain on the island till he received instructions concerning me, but he encouraged me to hope that my troubles were at last over. Indeed, I gathered from a hint or two which he let fall that Mouraki's end was not likely to be received with great regret in exalted circles. In fact, I have never known a death greeted with more general satisfaction. The soldiers regarded me with quiet approval; to the people of Neopalia I became a hero; everybody seemed to have learnt something at least of the story of my duel with the pasha, and everybody had been (so it now appeared) on my side.

I could not walk up the street without a shower of benedictions; the islanders fearlessly displayed their liking for me by way of declaring their hatred for Mouraki's memory and their exultation in his fitting death. In these demonstrations they were not interfered with, and the captain went so far as to shut his eyes judiciously when, under cover of night, they accorded Demetri the tribute of a public funeral. To this function I did not go, although I was informed that my presence was confidently expected; but I sought out Panayiota and told her how her lover died. She heard the story with Spartan calm and pride.

Yet there were shadows on our new-born prosperity. Most lenient and gracious to me, the captain preserved a severe and rigorous attitude toward Phroso. He sent her to her own house—or my house, as with amiable persistence he called it—and kept her there under guard. Her case would also be considered, he said, and he had forwarded my exoneration of her, together with the account of Mouraki's death; but he feared very much that she would not be allowed to remain in the island: she would be a centre of discontent there. As for my proposal to restore the island to her, he assured me that it would not be listened to for a moment. If I declined to keep the island, a proper and loyal lord would probably be selected, and Phroso would be deported.

"Where to?" I asked.

"Really, I don't know," said the captain. "It is but a small matter, my lord, and I have not troubled my superiors with any recommendation on the subject."

As he spoke he rose to go; he had been paying us a visit on the yacht, where, in obedience to his advice, I had taken up my abode. Denny, who was sitting near, gave a curious sort of laugh. I frowned fiercely; the captain looked from one to the other of us in bland curiosity.

"You take an interest in the girl?" he said, in a tone in which surprise struggled with civility; and again came Denny's half-smothered laugh.

"An interest in her?" said I irritably. "Well, I suppose I do. It looked like it when I took her through that infernal passage, didn't it?"

The captain smiled apologetically, and pursued his way towards the door. "I will try to obtain lenient treatment for her," said he, and passed out. I was left alone with Denny, who chose at this moment to begin to whistle. I glared most ill-humoredly at him. He stopped whistling, and remarked:

"By this time to-morrow our friends at home will be taking off their mourning; they will read in the papers that Lord Wheatley is not dead of fever at Neopalia, and they will not read that he has fallen a victim to the misguided patriotism of the islanders. In fact, they will be prepared to kill the fatted calf for him."

It was all perfectly true, both what Denny said and what he implied without saying. But I found no answer to make to it.

"What a happy ending it is," said Denny.

"Uncommonly," I growled, lighting a cigar.

After this there was a long silence. I smoked, Denny whistled. I saw that he was determined to say nothing more explicit unless I gave him a lead, but his whole manner exuded moral disapproval. The consciousness of his feelings kept me obstinately dumb.

"Going to stay here long?" he asked at last, in a wonderfully careless tone.

"Well, there's no hurry, is there?" I retorted aggressively.

"No; only I should have thought—well, nothing."

Again silence. Then Watkins opened the door of the cabin and announced the return of the captain. I was surprised to see him again so soon. I was more surprised when he came at me with outstretched hand and a smile of mingled amusement and reproof on his face.

"My dear lord," he exclaimed, seizing my defenceless hand. "Is this treating me quite fairly? So far as a word from you went, I was left completely in the dark. Of course, I understand now, but it was an utter surprise to me." And he shook his head with playful reproach.

"If you understand now, I confess you have the advantage of me," I returned with some stiffness. "Pray, sir, what has occurred? No doubt, it is something remarkable; I have learned to rely on Neopalia for that."

"It was remarkable in my eyes, I admit, and rather startling. But of course I acquiesced. In fact, my dear lord, it materially alters the situation. As your wife, she will be in a very different—"

"Hullo!" cried Denny, leaping up from the bench where he had been sitting.

"In a very different position, indeed," pursued the captain blandly. "We should have, if I may say so, a guarantee for her good behavior. Then we should have you to look to—a great security, as I need not tell you."

"My dear sir," said I, in exasperated pleading, "you don't seem to think you need tell me anything. Pray inform me of what has occurred and what this wonderful thing is that makes so much change."

"Indeed," said he, "if I had surprised a secret, I would apologize. But it is evidently known to all the islanders."

"Well, but I'm not an islander," I cried in growing fury.

The captain sat down, lit a cigarette very deliberately, and observed:

"It is perhaps stupid of me not to have thought of it. She is, of course, a beautiful girl, but hardly, if I may say so, your equal in position, my lord."

I jumped up and caught him by the shoulder. He might order me under arrest if he liked, but he should tell me what had happened first.

"What has occurred?" I reiterated. "Since you left us—what?"

"A deputation of the islanders, headed by their priests, came to ask my leave for the inhabitants to go up to the house and see their lady."

"Yes, yes. What for?"

"To offer her their congratulations on her betrothal—"

"What?"

"And their assurances of loyalty to her and to her husband for her sake. Oh, it simplifies the matter very much."

"Does it? And did you tell them they might go?"

"Was there any objection? Certainly. Certainly I told them they might go, and I added that I heard with great gratification that a marriage so—"

What the captain had said to the deputation I did not wait to hear. No doubt it was something highly dignified and appropriate, for he was evidently much pleased with himself. But before he could possibly have finished so ornate a sentence I was on the deck of the yacht. I heard Denny push back his chair; whether merely in wonder or in order to follow me I did not know. I leapt from the yacht on to the jetty, and started to run up the street nearly as quickly as I had run down it on the day that Mouraki was kind enough to send my friends a-fishing. At all costs I must stop the demonstrations of delight which the inconvenient innocence of these islanders was preparing.

Alas, the street was a desert! The movements of the captain were always leisurely; the impetuous islanders had wasted no time; they had got a start of me, and running up the hill after them was no joke. Against my will I was at last obliged to drop into a walk, and thus pursued my way doggedly, thinking in gloomy despair how everything conspired to push me along the road which my honor and my pledged word closed to me. Was ever man so tempted? Did ever circumstances so conspire with his own wishes, or fate make duty seem more hard?

I turned the corner of the road that led to the old house. It was here that I had first heard Phroso's voice in the darkness; here where, from the window of the hall, I had seen her lithe, graceful figure, when she came in her boy's clothes to raid my cows. A little further on was where I had said farewell to her when she went back, the grant of Neopalia in her hand, to soften the hearts of her turbulent countrymen; and where Mouraki had tried her with his guile, and intimidated her with his harshness. And there was the house where I had declared to the pasha that she should be my wife. How sweet that saying sounded in my remembering ears! Yet I swear I did not waver. Many have called me a fool for it since. I know nothing about that. Times change, and people are very wise nowadays. My father was a fool, I dare say, to give thousands to his spendthrift schoolfellow, just because he happened to have said he would.

I saw them now, the bright, picturesque crowd that thronged round the door of the house; and on the step of the threshold I saw her, standing there, tall and slim, with one hand resting on the arm of Kortes's sister. A loud cry rose from the people; she did not seem to speak. With set teeth I walked on. Now some one in the circle caught sight of me. There was another eager cry, a stir, shouts, gestures; then they turned and ran to me; and, before I could move or speak, a dozen strong hands were about me. They swung me up on their shoulders and carried me along; the rest waved their hands and cheered; they blessed me and called me their lord; the women laughed and the girls shot merry, shy glances at me. Thus they bore me in triumph to Phroso's feet. Surely I was indeed a hero in Neapolia to-day, for they had heard that through me their lady should be left to them and their island escape the punishment they feared. So they sang One-Eyed Alexander's chant no more, but burst into a glad hymn—an epithalamium—as I knelt at Phroso's feet and did not dare to lift my eyes to her fair face.

"Here's a mess!" I groaned, wondering what they had said to my poor Phroso.

Then a sudden silence fell on them. I looked up in wonder, and I saw that Phroso had raised her hand and was about to speak to them. She did not look at me; nay, she did not look at them. Her eyes were fixed on the sea that she loved. Then her voice came low, but clear:

"Friends—for all are friends here, and there are no strangers—once before in the face of all of you I have told my love for my lord, and my lord did not know that it was true; and I have not told him that it was true till I tell him here to-day. But you talk foolishly when you greet me as my lord's bride. For in his country he is a great man, and owns great wealth. But Neopalia is very small and poor. I am but a poor girl to him, though you call me your lady."

Here she paused an instant, and then went on, her voice sinking a little lower, and growing almost dreamy, as if she let herself drift idly on the waves of fancy.

"Is it strange to speak to you—to you, my brothers and sisters of our island? I do not know—I love to speak to you all. For poor as I am and as our island is, I think sometimes that had my lord come here a free man he would have loved me. But his heart was not his own, and the lady he loves waits for him at home, and he will go to her. So wish me joy no more on what cannot be."

Then, very suddenly, before I or any of them could move or speak, she withdrew inside the threshold, and the sister of Kortes swiftly closed the door. I was on my feet as it shut, and I stood facing it, my back to the islanders.

Among them at first there was an amazed silence, but soon voices began to be heard. I turned round and met their gaze. The strong yoke of Mouraki was off them; their fear had gone, and with it their meekness; they were again in the fierce, impetuous mood of St. Tryphon's day; they were exasperated at their disappointment, enraged to find the plan which left Phroso to them and relieved them of the threatened advent of a government nominee brought to nothing.

"They will take her away," said one.

"They will send us a rascally Turk," cried another.

"He shall hear the death chant then," menaced a third.

Then their anger, seeking a victim, turned on me. I do not know that I had the right to consider myself an entirely innocent victim.

"He has won her love by fraud," muttered one to another, with evil-disposed glances and ominous frowns.

I thought they were going to handle me roughly, and I felt for the revolver which the captain had been kind enough to restore to me. But a new turn was given to their thoughts by a tall fellow with long hair and flashing eyes, who leapt out from the middle of the throng, crying loudly:

"Is not Mouraki dead? Why need we fear? Shall we wait idle while our lady is taken from us? To the shore, islanders. Where is fear, since Mouraki is dead?"

His words lit a torch that blazed up furiously. In an instant they were aflame with the mad notion of attacking the soldiers and the gunboat. No voice was raised to point out the hopelessness of such an attempt, the certain death and the heavy penalties that must wait on it. The death chant broke out again, mingled with exhortations to turn and march against the soldiers, with encouragements to the tall fellow—Orestes they called him—to put himself at their head. He was not loth.

"Let us go and get our guns and our knives," he cried; "and then to the shore!"

"And this man?" called half a dozen, pointing at me.

"When we have driven out the soldiers we will deal with him," said Master Orestes. "If our lady will have him for a husband he shall wed her."

A shout of approval greeted this arrangement, and they drew together, in a sort of rude column, the women making a fringe to it. But I could not let them march on their destruction without a word of warning. I sprang on to the raised step where Phroso had stood, just outside the door, and cried:

"You fools! The guns of the ship will mow you down before you can touch a hair of the head of a single soldier."

A deep, derisive groan met my attempt at dissuasion.

"On, on!" they cried.

"It's certain death," I shouted; and now I saw one or two of the women hesitate and look first at me and then at one another with doubt and fear. But Orestes would not listen, and called again to them to take the road. Thus we were when the door behind me opened, and Phroso was again by my side. She knew how matters went, and her eyes were wild with terror and distress.

"Stop them, my lord; stop them!" she implored.

For answer I took my revolver from my pocket, saying, "I'll do what I can."

"No, no, not like that! That would be your death as well as theirs."

"Come," cried Orestes, in the pride of his sudden elevation to leadership, "come, follow me. I will lead you to victory."

"You fools, you fools!" I groaned. "In an hour half of you will be dead!"

No, they would not listen. Only the women now laid imploring hands on the arms of husbands and brothers—useless loving restraints angrily flung off.

"Stop them, stop them," prayed Phroso. "By any means, my lord, by any means."

"There is only one way," said I.

"Whatever the way may be," she urged; for now the column was facing round toward the harbor. Orestes had taken his place, swelling with importance and eager to display his prowess. In a word, Neopalia was in revolt again, and the death chant threatened to swell out in all its barbaric, simple savagery at any moment.

There was nothing else for it. I must temporize, and that word is generally, and was in this case, the equivalent of a much shorter one. I could not leave these mad fools to rush on ruin. A plan was in my head and I gave it play. I took a pace forward, raised my hand, and cried:

"Hear me before you march, Neopalians. For I am your friend."

My voice gained me a minute's silence and the column stood still, though Orestes chafed impatiently at the delay.

"You are in haste, men of Neopalia," said I. "Indeed, you are always in haste. You were in haste to kill me who had done you no harm. You are in haste to kill yourselves by marching into the mouth of the great gun of the ship. In truth, I wonder that any of you are still alive. But here in this matter you are most of all in haste; for having heard what the Lady Phroso said, you have not asked nor waited to hear what I say, but have at once gone mad, all of you, and chosen the maddest among you and made him your leader."

I do not think that they had quite expected this style of speech; they had looked for passionate reproaches or playful entreaties. Cool scorn and chaff put them rather at a loss, and my reference to Orestes, who looked sour enough, won me a hesitating laugh.

"And then, all you mad together, off you go, leaving me here, the only sane man in the place! For am not I sane? Aye, not mad enough, at least, to leave the fairest lady in the world when she says she loves me." I took Phroso's hand and kissed it. It lay limp and cold in mine. "For my home," I went on, "is a long way off, and it is long since I have seen the lady of whom you have heard; and a man's heart will not be denied." Again I kissed Phroso's hand, but I dared not look her in the face.

My meaning had dawned on them now. There was an instant's silence, the last relic of doubt and puzzle. Then a sudden loud shout went up from them. Orestes alone was sullen and mute, for my surrender deposed him from his brief eminence. Again and again they shouted in joy. I knew that their shouts must reach nearly to the harbor. Men and women crowded round me and seized my hand; nobody seemed to make any bones about the "lady who waited" for me. They were single-hearted patriots, these Neopalians.

I had observed that virtue in them several times before, and their behavior now confirmed my opinion of them. But there was, of course, a remarkable difference in the manifestation. Before, I had been the object, now I was the subject; for, by announcing my intention of marrying Phroso, I took rank as a Neopalian. Indeed, for a minute or two I was afraid that the post of generalissimo, made vacant by Orestes's deposition, would be forcibly thrust upon me.

Happily, their enthusiasm took a course which was more harmless, although it was hardly less embarrassing. They made a ring round Phroso and me, and insisted on our embracing one another in the glare of publicity. Yet somehow, I forgot them all for a moment—them all and more than them all—while I held her in my arms.

Now it chanced that the captain, Denny, and Hogvardt chose this moment for appearing on the road, in the course of a leisurely approach to the house, and they beheld Phroso and myself in a very sentimental attitude on the doorstep, with the islanders standing around in high delight. Denny's amazed "Hallo!" warned me of what had happened. The islanders, their enmity toward the suzerain power allayed as quickly as it had been roused, ran to the captain to impart the joyful news. He came up to me and bestowed his sanction by a shake of the hand.

"But why did you behave so strangely, my lord, when I wished you joy an hour or two ago on the boat?" he asked; and it was a very natural question.

"Oh, the truth is," said I, "that there was a little difficulty in the way then."

"A lovers' quarrel?" he smiled.

"Well, something like it," I admitted.

"Everything is quite right now, I hope," he said politely.

"Well, very nearly," said I, and then I met Denny's eyes.

"Am I also to congratulate you?" said Denny coldly.

There was no opportunity of explaining matters to him, the captain was too near.

"I shall be very glad if you will," I said. "And if Hogvardt will also."

Hogvardt shrugged his shoulders, raised his brows, smiled, and observed:

"I trust you are acting for the best, my lord."

Denny made no answer at all. He kicked the ground with his foot. I knew very well what was in Denny's mind. Denny was of my family on his mother's side; and Denny's eye asked, "Where is the word of a Wheatley?" All this I realized fully, and I read his mind then more clearly than I could read my own. For had we been alone and had he put to me the plain question, "Do you mean to make her your wife, or are you playing another trick?" by heaven, I should not have known what to answer! I had begun a trick; the plan was to persuade the islanders into dispersing quietly by my pretence,

and then to slip away quietly myself, trusting to their good sense—although a broken reed, yet the only resource—to make them accept an accomplished fact. But was that my mind now, since I had held Phroso in my arms and her lips had met mine in the kiss that the islanders hailed as the pledge of our union?

I did not know. I saw Phroso turn and go into the house again. The captain spoke to Denny. I saw him point up to the window of the room which Mouraki had occupied. He went in. Denny motioned Hogvardt to his side, and they also went into the house, without asking me to accompany them. Gradually the throng of islanders dispersed. Orestes flung off in sullen disappointment; the men, those who had the knives carefully hiding them, walked down the road like peaceful citizens; the women went away laughing, chattering, gossiping, delighted, as women always are with a love affair. Thus I was left alone in front of the house. It was late afternoon and the clouds had gathered over the sea. The air was very still and no sound struck my ear, except the wash of the waves on the shore. There I stood, fighting the battle, for how long I do not know; the struggle within me was very sore. On either side seemed now to lie a path that it soiled my feet to tread; on the one was a broken pledge, on the other a piece of trickery and knavishness. The joy of a love that could be mine only through dishonor was imperfect joy; yet, if that love could not be mine, life seemed too empty a thing to live. The voices of the two sounded in my ear—the light, merry prattle and the calmer, sweeter voice. Ah, this island of mine! what things it put upon a man!

At last I felt a hand laid on my shoulder; I turned, and in the quick-gathering dusk of the evening I saw Kortes's sister. She looked long and earnestly into my face.

"Well?" said I. "What is it now?"

"She must see you, my lord," answered the woman. "She must see you now and at once."

I looked again at the harbor and the sea, trying to quell the tumult of my thought and to resolve what I would do. I could find no course and settle on no resolution.

"Yes, she must see me," said I at last, and I could say nothing else.

The woman moved away, a strange bewilderment showing in her kind eyes. Again I was left alone to my restless self-communings. I heard people moving to and fro in the house. I heard the window of Mouraki's room, where the captain was, closed with a decisive hand. Then I became aware of some one approaching me. I turned and saw Phroso's white dress gleaming through the gloom, and her face nearly as white above it.

Yes, the time had come; but I was not ready.

CHAPTER XXI.

A WORD OF VARIOUS MEANINGS.

She came up to me swiftly, and without hesitation. I had looked for some embarrassment, but there was none in her face. She met my eyes full and square, and began to speak to me at once.

"My lord," she said, "I must ask one thing of you. I must lay one more burden on you. After to-day, I dare not be here when my countrymen learn how they are deluded, for I should be ashamed to face them; and I dare not trust myself to the Turks, for I do not know what they would do with me. Will you take me with you, to Athens, or to some other port from which I can reach Athens? I can elude the guards here; I shall be no trouble. You need only tell me when your boat will start, and give me a corner to live in on board. Indeed, I grieve to ask more of you, for you have done so much for me; but my trouble is great, and—what is it, my lord?"

I had moved my hand to stop her. She had acted in the one way in which, had it been to save my life, I could not have. She put what had passed utterly out of the way, treating it as the merest trick. My part in it was to her the merest trick; of hers she said nothing. Had hers, then, been a trick also? My blood grew hot at the thought; I could not endure it.

"When your countrymen learn how they have been deluded!" said I, repeating her words. "Deluded in what?"

"In the trick we played on them, my lord, to—to persuade them to disperse."

I took a step towards her, and my voice shook as I said:

"Was it all a trick, Phroso?" For at this moment I set above everything else in the world a fresh assurance of her love. I would force it from her, sooner than not have it.

She answered me with questioning eyes and a sad little smile.

"Are we then betrothed?" she said, in mournful mockery.

I was close by her now. I did not touch her, but I bent a little, and my face was near her.

"Was it a trick to-day, and a trick on St. Tryphon's day also?" I asked.

She gave one startled glance at my face, and now her eyes dropped to the ground. She made no answer to my question.

"Was it all a trick, Phroso?" I asked, in entreaty, in insistence, in the wild longing to hear her love declared once, here, to me alone, where nobody could hear, nobody impair its sweet secrecy.

Phroso's answer came now, set to the accompaniment of the saddest, softest murmuring laugh.

"Ah, my dear lord, must you hear it again? Am I not twice shamed already?"

"Be shamed yet once again," I whispered; and then I saw the light of gladness master the misty sorrow in her eyes, as I had seen once before. And I greeted it, whispering:

"Yes, a thousand times; a thousand times!"

"My dear lord," she said, but then she sprang back, and the brightness was clouded again, as she stood aloof regarding me in speechless, distressed puzzle.

"But, my lord," she murmured, so low that I scarcely heard. Then she took refuge in a return to her request: "You won't leave me here, will you? You will take me somewhere where I can be safe? I—I'm afraid of these men, even though the pasha is dead."

I took no notice of the request she repeated. I seemed unable to speak or to do anything else but look into her eyes; and I said, a tone of awe in my voice, "You have the most wonderful eyes in all the world, Phroso."

"My lord," murmured Phroso, dropping envious lids. But I knew she would open them soon again, and so she did.

"Yes, in all the wide world," said I, "and I want to hear it again."

As we talked we had moved little by little, and now we were at the side of the house, in the deep, dull shadow of it. Yet the eyes I praised pierced the gloom and shone in the darkness, and suddenly I felt arms about my neck, clasping me tightly. Her breath was on my cheek, coming quick and unevenly; and she whispered:

"Yes, you shall hear it, again and again and again, for I am not ashamed now. For I know; yes, I know. I love you, I love you, ah, how I love you!" Her whispers found answers in mine, and I held her as though against all the world; and all the world was in that moment and there was nothing else than that moment in all the world. Had a man told me then that I had felt love before, I would have laughed in his face—the fool!

But then Phroso drew back again; the brief rapture, free from all past or future, all thought or doubt, left her, and, in leaving her, forsook me also; and she stood again over against me, murmuring:

"But, my lord—"

I knew well what she would say, and for an instant I stood silent; the world hung for us on the cast of my next words.

"But, my lord, the lady who waits for you over the sea?" There sounded a note of fear in the softly breathed whisper that the night carried to my ear. In an instant, before I could answer, Phroso came near to me, and laid one hand on my arm, and spoke gently and quickly. "Yes, I know, I see, I understand," she said, "and I thank you, my lord; and I thank God, my dear lord, that you told me, and did not leave without showing me your love. For though I must be very unhappy, yet I shall be proud; and in the long nights I shall think of this dear island and of you, though you will both be far away. Yes, I thank heaven you told me, my dear lord." And she bent her head, that should have bent to no man, and kissed my hand.

But I snatched my hand hastily away, and I sprang to her and caught her again in my arms, and again kissed her lips, for my resolve was made. I would not let her go. Yet I spoke no word, and she did not understand, but thought that I kissed her in farewell, for the tears were on her face and wetted my lips; and she clung to me as though something were tearing her from me and must soon sunder us apart—so greedy was her grasp on me. And then I opened my mouth to whisper in her ear the words that would bid defiance to the thing that was tearing her away and rivet her life to mine.

But hark! There was a cry, a startled exclamation, and the sound of footsteps. My name was shouted loud and eagerly. I knew Denny's voice. Phroso slid from my relaxed arms and drew back into the deepest shadow.

"I'll be back soon," I whispered, and with a last pressure of her hand, that was warm now and answered to my grasp, I stepped out of the shelter of the wall and stood in front of the house. Denny was on the doorstep; the door was open, and the light from the lamps in the hall flooded the night and fell full on my face as I

walked up to him. And on sight of me he seemed to forget his own errand and his own eagerness, for he caught me by the shoulder and stared at me, crying:

"Heavens, man, you're as white as a sheet! Have you seen a ghost? Does Constantine walk—or Mouraki?"

"Fifty ghosts would be a joke to what I've been through. My God, I never had such a time! What do you want? What did you call me for? I can't stay. She's waiting." For now I did not care; Denny and all Neopalia might know now.

"Yes, but she must wait a little," he said. "You must come into the house and come up stairs."

"I can't," I said obstinately. "I—I—I can't, Denny."

"You must. Don't be a fool, Charley. It's important; the captain is waiting for you."

His face seemed big with news—what it might be I could not tell—but the hint of it was enough to make me catch hold of him, crying: "What is it? I'll come."

"That's right. Come along." And he turned and led the way rapidly through the old hall, and up the stairs I followed him, my mind whirling through a cloud of possibilities.

The quiet, businesslike aspect of the room into which Denny led the way did something to sober me. I pulled myself together, seeking to hide my feelings under a mask of carelessness. The captain sat at the table with a mass of papers surrounding him; he appeared to be examining them, and, as he read, his lips curved in surprise or contempt.

"This Mouraki was a cunning fellow," said he, "but if anyone had chanced to get hold of this box of his while he was alive he would not have enjoyed even so poor a post as he thought his governorship. Indeed, Lord Wheatley, had you been actually a party to his death I think you need have feared nothing when some of these papers had found their way to the eyes of the government. We are well rid of him, indeed! But then, as I always say, these Armenians, though they are clever dogs—"

But I had not come to hear a Turk discourse on Armenia, and I broke in, with an impatience that I could not altogether conceal:

"I beg your pardon, but is that all you wanted to say to me?"

"I should have thought that it was of some importance to you," he observed.

"Certainly," said I, regaining my composure a little. "But your courtesy and kindness had already reassured me."

He bowed his acknowledgments, and proceeded in a most leisurely tone, sorting the papers and documents before him into orderly heaps.

"On the death of the pasha, the government of the island having temporarily devolved on me, I thought it my duty to examine his Excellency's—curse the dog! —his Excellency's despatch box, with the result that I have discovered very remarkable evidence of the schemes which he dared to entertain. With this, however, I need not, perhaps, trouble you."

"I would not intrude into it for the world," I said.

"I also discovered," he pursued, in undisturbed leisure and placidity, "among the pasha's papers a letter addressed to—"

"Me!" And I sprang forward.

"No; to your cousin—to this gentleman. Pursuing what I conceived to be my duty—and I must trust to Mr. Swinton to forgive me—" Here the exasperating fellow paused, looked at Denny, waited for a bow from Denny, duly received it, duly and with ceremony returned it, sighed as though he were much relieved at Denny's complaisance, cleared his throat, arranged a little heap of papers on his left hand, and at last—oh, at last—went on.

"This letter, I say, in pursuance of what I conceived to be my duty—"

"Yes, yes, your duty, of course. Clearly your duty! Yes?"

"I read. It appeared, however, to contain nothing of importance."

"Then, why the deuce— I—I mean— I beg your pardon."

"But merely matters of private concern. But I am not warranted in letting it out of my hands. It will have to be delivered to the government with the rest of the pasha's papers. I have, however, allowed Mr. Swinton to read it. He says that it concerns you, Lord Wheatley, more than himself. I therefore propose to ask him to read it to you (I can decipher English but not speak it with facility) in my presence." With this, he handed an envelope to Denny. We had got to it at last.

"For heaven's sake be quick about it, my dear boy," I cried, and I seated myself on the table, swinging my leg to and fro in a fury of restless impatience. The captain eyed my agitated body with profound disapproval.

Denny took the letter from its envelope and read: "London, May 21." Then he

paused and remarked: "We got here on the 7th, you know." I nodded hastily, and he went on: "My dear Denny.—Oh, how awful this is! I can hardly bear to think of it! Poor, poor fellow! Mamma is terribly grieved, and I of course even more. Both mamma and I feel that it makes it so much worse somehow that this news should come only three days after he must have got mamma's letter. Mamma says that it doesn't really make any difference, and that if her letter was wise then, this terrible news can't alter that. I suppose it doesn't really, but it seems to, doesn't it? Oh, do write directly and tell me that he wasn't very unhappy about it when he had that horrible fever. There's a big blot—because I'm crying! I know you thought I didn't care about him, but I did—though not (as mamma says) in one way, really. Do you think he forgave me? It would kill me if I thought he didn't. Do write soon. I suppose you will bring poor dear Charley home? Please tell me he didn't think very badly of me. Mamma joins with me in sincerest sympathy.—Yours most sincerely, Beatrice Kennett Hipgrave. P. S. Mr. Bennett Hamlyn has just called; he is awfully grieved about poor dear Charley. I always think of him as Charley still, you know. Do write."

There was a long pause. Then Denny observed, in a satirical tone:

"To be thought of still as 'Charley' is, after all, something."

"But what the devil does it mean?" I cried, leaping from the table.

"'I suppose you will bring poor dear Charley home,'" repeated Denny, in a meditative tone. "Well, it looks rather more like it than it did a few days ago, I must admit."

"Denny, Denny, if you love me, what's it all about? I haven't had any letter from—"

"Mamma? No, we've had no letter from mamma. But then, we haven't had any letters from anybody."

"Then I'm hanged if I—" I began in bewildered despondency.

"But, Charley," interrupted Denny, "perhaps mamma sent a letter to—Mouraki Pasha!"

"To Mouraki?"

"This letter of mine found its way to Mouraki."

"All letters," observed the captain, who was leaning back quietly, and staring at the ceiling, "would pass through his hands, if he chose to make them."

"Good heavens!" I cried, and I sprang forward. The hint was enough. In an instant my busy, nervous, shaking hands were ruining the neat piles of documents which the captain had so carefully reared in front and on either side of him. I dived, tossed, fumbled, rummaged, scattered, strewed, tore; the captain, incapable of resisting my excited energy, groaned in helpless despair at the ruin of his evening's work. And Denny, having watched me for a few minutes, suddenly broke out into a peal of laughter. I stopped for an instant, to glare reproof of his ill-timed mirth, and turned to my wild search again.

The search seemed useless; either Mouraki had not received a letter from Mrs. Bennett Hipgrave or he had done what I myself always did with the good lady's communications—destroyed it immediately after reading it. I examined every scrap of paper, official documents, private notes (the captain was very nervous when I insisted on looking through these for a trace of Mrs. Hipgrave's name), lists of stores, in a word, the whole contents of Mouraki's despatch boxes.

"It's a blank!" I cried, stepping back at last, in disappointment.

"Yes, it's gone; but, depend upon it, he had it," said Denny.

A sudden recollection flashed across me—the remembrance of the subtle, amused smile with which Mouraki had spoken of the lady who was most anxious about me, my future wife. He must have known then, he must even have had Mrs. Hipgrave's letter in his possession. He had played a deliberate trick on me by suppressing the letter; hence his fury when I announced my intention of disregarding the ties that bound me, a fury that had for the moment conquered his cool cunning and led him into violent threats. At that moment, when I realized the man's audacious villainy, when I thought of the struggle he had caused to me and the pain to Phroso—well, just then, I came near to canonizing Demetri, and nearer still to grudging him his exploit.

"What was in the letter, then?" I cried to Denny.

"Read my letter again," said he, and he threw it across to me.

I read it again. I was cooler now, and the meaning of it stood out plain and not to be doubted. Mrs. Bennett Hipgrave's letter, her wise letter, had broken off my engagement to her daughter. The fact was plain; all that was missing, destroyed by the caution or the carelessness of Mouraki Pasha, was the reason; and the reason

I could supply for myself. I reached my conclusion and looked again at Denny.

"Allow me to congratulate you," said Denny ironically.

Man is a curious creature. I may have made that reflection before. I offer no apology for that; the more I see of myself and of my friends the more convinced I grow of it. Here was the thing for which I had been hoping and praying, the one great thing that I asked of fate, the single boon which fortune enviously withheld. Here was freedom—divine freedom! Yet what I actually said to Denny, in reply to his felicitations, was:

"Hang the girl! She's jilted me!" And I said it with considerable annoyance.

The captain, who studied English in his spare moments, here interposed, asking suavely:

"Pray, my dear Lord Wheatley, what is the meaning of that word—jilted?"

"The meaning of jilted?" said Denny. "He wants to know the meaning of jilted, Charley."

I looked from one to the other of them; then I said:

"I think I'll go and ask," and I started for the door. The captain's expression accused me of rudeness. Denny caught me by the arm.

"It's not decent yet," said he, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"It happened nearly a month ago," I pleaded. "I've had time to get over it, Denny; a man can't wear the willow all his life."

"You old humbug!" said Denny, but he let me go.

I was not long in going. I darted down the stairs. I suppose a man deceives himself, and will find excuses for himself where others may only find matter for laughter; but I remember congratulating myself on not having spoken the final words to Phroso before Denny interrupted us. Well, I would speak them now; I was free to speak them now; and suddenly, in this thought, the vexation at being jilted vanished.

"It amounts," said I to myself, as I reached the hall, "to no more than a fortunate coincidence of opinion." And I passed through the door and turned sharp round to the left.

She was there waiting for me, and waiting eagerly, it seemed; for before I could speak she ran to me, holding out her hands, and she cried in a low, urgent whisper full of entreaty:

"My lord, I have thought. I have thought while you were in the house. You must not do this, my lord. Yes, I know—now I know—that you love me, but you must not do this. My lord's honor must not be stained for my sake."

I could not resist it. And I cannot justify it. I assumed a terribly sad expression.

"You have really come to that conclusion, Phroso?" I asked.

"Yes. Ah, how difficult it is! But my lord's honor—ah, don't tempt me! You will take me to Athens, will you not? And then—"

"And then," said I, "you will leave me?"

"Yes," said Phroso, with a little catch in her voice.

"And what shall I do, left alone?"

"Go back," murmured Phroso almost inaudibly.

"Go back—thinking of those wonderful eyes?"

"No, no, thinking of—"

"The lady who waits for me over the sea?"

"Yes. And, my lord, I pray that you will find happiness."

There was a moment's silence. Phroso did not look at me, but then I did look at Phroso.

"Then you refuse, Phroso, to have anything to say to me?"

No answer at all reached me. I came nearer, being afraid that I might not have heard her answer.

"And what am I to do for a wife, Phroso?" I asked forlornly. "For, Phroso—"

"Ah, my lord, why do you take my hand again?"

"Did I, Phroso? Because, Phroso, the lady who waits over the sea—it is a charmingly poetic phrase, upon my word!"

"You laugh!" murmured Phroso in aggrieved protest and wonder.

"Did I really laugh, Phroso? Well, I am happy, so I may laugh."

"Happy?" she whispered; and then at last her eyes were drawn to mine in mingled hope and anguish of questioning.

"The lady who waited over the sea," said I, "waits no longer, Phroso."

The wonderful eyes grew more wonderful in their amazed widening; and Phroso, laying a hand gently on my arm, said:

"She waits no longer! My lord, she is dead?"

This confident inference was extremely flattering. There was evidently but one

thing that could end the patient waiting of the lady who waited!

"On the contrary, she thinks that I am. Constantine spread news of my death."

"Ah, yes."

"He said that I died of fever."

"And she believes it?"

"She does, Phroso; and she appears to be really very sorry."

"Ah, but what joy will be hers when she learns—"

"But, Phroso, before she thought I was dead she had made up her mind to wait no longer."

"To wait no longer? What do you mean, my lord? Ah, tell me what you mean."

"What has happened to me here, in Neopalia, Phroso?"

"Many strange things, my lord—some most terrible."

"And some most—most what, Phroso? One thing that has happened to me has, I think, happened also to the lady who waited."

Phroso's hand—the one I had not taken—was suddenly stretched out, and she spoke in a voice that sounded half stifled:

"Tell me, my lord, tell me; I cannot endure it longer."

Then I grew grave and said:

"I am free. She has given me my freedom."

"She has set you free?"

"She loves me no longer, I suppose, if she ever did."

"Oh, but, my lord, it is impossible!"

"Should you think it so? Phroso, it is true—true that I can come to you now."

She understood at last. For a moment she was silent; and I, silent also, pierced through the darkness to her wondering face. Once she stretched out her arms; then there came a little, long, low laugh, and she put her hands together and thrust them, thus clasped, between mine that closed on them.

"My lord, my lord, my lord," said Phroso.

Suddenly I heard a low, mournful chant coming up from the harbor, the moan of mourning voices. The sound struck across the stillness that had followed her last words.

"What is that?" I asked. "What are they doing down there?"

"Did you not know? The bodies of my cousin and of Kortes came forth at sunset from the secret pool into which they fell; and they bring them now to bury them by the church. They mourn Kortes because they loved him; and Constantine also they feign to mourn, because he was of the house of the Stefanopouloi."

We stood for some minutes listening to the chant that rose and fell and echoed among the hills. Its sad cadences, mingled here and there with the note of sustained hope, seemed a fitting end to the story—to the stormy days that were rounded off at last by peace and joy to us who lived and by the embraces of the all-hiding, all-pardoning earth for those who had fallen. I put my arm round Phroso and, thus at last together, we listened till the sounds died away in low echoes and silence fell again on the island.

"Ah, the dear island!" said Phroso, softly. "You will not take me away from it forever? It is my lord's island now, and it will be faithful to him, even as I myself; for God has been very good, and my lord is very good."

I looked at her, and her cheeks were again wet with tears. As I watched a drop fall from her eyes, I said to her softly:

"That shall be the last, Phroso, till we part again."

A loud cough from the front of the house interrupted us. I advanced, beckoning to Phroso to follow, and wearing, I am afraid, the apologetic look usual under such circumstances. I found Denny and the captain.

"Are you coming down to the yacht, Charley?" asked Denny.

"Er—in a few minutes, Denny."

"Shall I wait for you?"

"Oh, I think I can find my way."

Denny laughed, and caught me by the hand. Then he passed on to Phroso. I do not, however, know what he said to her, for at this moment the captain touched my shoulder and demanded my attention.

"I beg your pardon," said he, "but you never told me the meaning of that word."

"What word, my dear Captain?"

"Why, the word you used of the lady's letter—of what she had done."

"Oh, you mean 'jilted'?"

"Yes, that's it."

"It is," said I, after a moment's reflection, "a word of very various meanings."

"Ah," said the captain, with a comprehending nod.

"Yes, very various. In one sense it means to make a man miserable."

"Yes, I see. To make him unhappy."

"And in another to make him—to make him, Captain, the luckiest beggar alive."

"It is a strange word," observed the captain meditatively.

"I don't know about that," said I. "Good night."

CHAPTER XXII.

ONE MORE RUN.

THE next morning came bright and beautiful, with a pleasant, fresh breeze. It was just the day for a run in the yacht. So I thought when I mounted on deck at eight o'clock in the morning. Watkins was there, staring meditatively at the harbor and the street beyond. Perceiving me, he touched his hat and observed:

"It's a queer little place, my lord."

My eyes followed the direction of Watkins's, and I gave a slight sigh.

"Do you think the island is going to be quiet now, Watkins?" I asked.

I do not think that he quite understood my question, for he said that the weather looked like being fine. I had not meant the weather; my sigh was paid to the ending of Neopalia's exciting caprices; for though the end was prosperous, I was a little sorry that we had come to the end.

"The Lady Phroso will come on board about ten, and we are going for a little run," I said. "Just look after some lunch."

"Everything will be ready for your lordship and her ladyship," said Watkins. Hitherto he had been rather doubtful about Phroso's claim to nobility, but the news of last night planted her firmly in the status of "ladyship." "Has your lordship heard," he continued, "that the launch is to carry the governor's body to Constantinople? There she is by the gunboat."

"Ah, yes, I see. They seem to be giving the gunboat a rub down, Watkins."

"Not before it was necessary, my lord. A dirtier deck I never saw."

The gunboat was evidently enjoying a thorough cleaning; the sailors, half-naked, were scouring her decks, and some of the soldiers were assisting lazily.

"The officers have landed to explore the island, my lord. When Mouraki was alive, they were not allowed to land at all."

"Mouraki's death makes a good many differences, eh, Watkins?"

"That it does, my lord," rejoined Watkins, with a decorous smile.

I left him, and having landed, strolled up to the house. The yacht was to have her steam up ready to start by the time that I returned. I strolled leisurely through the street, such of the islanders as I met saluting me in a most friendly fashion. Times were certainly changed for me in Neopalia, and I chided myself for the ingratitude expressed in my sigh. Neopalia in its new placidity was very pleasant.

Very pleasant, also, was Phroso, as she came to meet me from the house, radiant and shy. We wasted no time there, but at once returned to the harbor, for the dancing water tempted us. Thus we found ourselves on board an hour before the appointed time, and I took Phroso down below to show her the cabin, in which, under the escort of Kortes's sister, she was to make the voyage. Denny looked in on us for a moment, announced that the fires were getting up and that we could start in half an hour. Hogvardt appeared with his account of expenditure—and disappeared far more quickly. Meanwhile we talked as lovers will—and ought—about things that do not need record; for not being worth remembering, they are ever remembered, as is the way of this perverse world.

Presently, however, Denny hailed me, telling me that the captain desired to see me. I told Phroso to stay where she was—I should be back in a moment—and went on deck. The captain was there, and he began to draw me aside. Perceiving that he had something to say, I proposed to him that we should go to the little smoking-room forward. He acquiesced, and as soon as we were seated, and Watkins had brought coffee and cigarettes, he turned to me with an aspect of sincere gratification, as he said:

"My dear Lord Wheatley, I am rejoiced to tell you that I was quite right as to the view likely to be taken of your position. I have received by the launch instructions telegraphed to Rhodes, and they enable me to set you free at once. In point of fact, there is no disposition in official quarters to make any trouble concerning your share in recent events. You are, therefore, at liberty to suit your own convenience entirely, and I need not detain you an hour."

"My dear captain, I am infinitely obliged to you. I am much indebted for your good offices."

"Indeed, no. I merely reported what had occurred. Shall you leave to-day?"

"Oh, no, not for a day or two. To-day, you see, I'm going for a little pleasure ex-

pedition. I wish you'd join us." For I felt in a most friendly mood towards him.

"Indeed, I wish I could," said he, with equal friendliness. "But I am obliged to go up to the house at once."

"To the house. What for?"

"To communicate to the Lady Euphrosyne my intentions concerning her."

I was about to put a cigarette to my lips, but I stopped, suspending it in mid air.

"I beg your pardon," said I, "but have you instructions concerning her?"

He smiled and laid a hand on my arm with an apologetic air.

"I do not think that there is any cause for serious uneasiness," said he; "though the delay will, I fear, be somewhat irksome to you. I must say, also, that it is impossible—yes, I admit that it is impossible—altogether to ignore the serious disturbances which have occurred. And these Neopalians are old offenders. Still, I am confident that the lady will be most leniently treated, especially in view of the relation in which she now stands to you."

"What are your instructions?" I asked shortly.

"I am instructed to bring her with me, as soon as I have made provisional arrangements for the order of the island, and to carry her to Smyrna, where I am ordered to sail. From there she will be sent home, to await the result of an inquiry. But pray do not be uneasy. I have no doubt at all that she will be acquitted of blame, or at least escape with a reprimand or a nominal penalty. The delay is really the only annoying matter. Annoying to you, I mean, Lord Wheatley."

"The delay? Is it likely to be serious?"

"Well," admitted the captain with a candid air, "we do not move hastily in these matters; no, our procedure is not rapid. Still, I should say that a year, or, well, perhaps eighteen months, would see an end to it. Oh, yes, I really think so."

"Eighteen months?" I cried aghast. "But she'll be my wife long before that; in eighteen days, I hope."

"Oh, no, no, my dear lord," said he, shaking his head soothingly. "She will certainly not be allowed to marry you until these matters are settled. But do not be vexed. You are young. You can afford to wait. What, after all, is a year or eighteen months at your time of life?"

"It's a great deal worse," said I, "than at any other time of life." But he merely laughed, and gulped down the remainder of his coffee. Then he went on, in his quiet, placid way:

"So I'm afraid I can't join your little excursion. I must go up to the house at once, and acquaint the lady with my instructions. She may have some preparations to make, and I must take her with me the day after to-morrow. As you see, my ship is undergoing some trifling repairs and cleaning, and I can't be ready to start before then."

I sat silent for a moment or two, smoking my cigarette, and I looked at the placid captain out of the corner of my eye.

"I really hope you are not much annoyed, my dear Lord Wheatley," said he, after a moment or two.

"Oh, it's vexatious, of course," I returned carelessly, "but I suppose there's no help for it. But, captain, I don't see why you shouldn't join us to-day. We shall be back in the afternoon, and it will be plenty of time then to inform the Lady Phroso. She's not a fashionable woman who wants forty-eight hours to pack her gowns."

"It is certainly a lovely morning for a little cruise," said the captain longingly.

"And I want to point out to you the exact spot where Demetri killed the pasha."

"That would certainly be very interesting."

"Then you'll come?"

"You are certain to be back in time for—"

"Oh, you'll have plenty of time to talk to Phroso. I'll see to that. You can send a message to her now, if you like."

"I don't think that's necessary. If I see her this afternoon—"

"I promise you that you shall."

"But aren't you going to see her to-day? I thought you would spend the day with her."

"I shall hope to see her also; you won't monopolize her, you know. Just now I'm for a cruise."

"You're a philosophical lover," he laughed, and I laughed also, shrugging my shoulders.

"Then, if you'll excuse me—no, don't move, don't move—I'll give orders for our start, and come back for another cigarette with you."

"You are most obliging," said he, and sank back on the seat that ran round the little saloon.

At what particular point in the conversation which I have recorded my resolution was definitely taken I cannot say; but it

was complete and full-blown before the captain accepted my invitation. The certainty of a separation of such monstrous length from Phroso, and the chance of her receiving harsh treatment, were more than I could consent to contemplate. I must play for my own hand. The island meant to be true to its nature to the last, and my departure from it was to be an escape, not a decorous leave-taking. I was almost glad; yet I hoped that I should not get my good friend the captain into serious trouble. Well, better the captain than Phroso, anyhow; and I laughed to myself when I thought of how I should redeem my promise, and give him plenty of time to talk to Phroso.

I ran rapidly up to the deck; Denny and Hogvardt were there.

"How soon can you have full steam up?" I asked in an urgent, cautious whisper.

"In ten minutes now," said Hogvardt, suddenly recognizing my eagerness.

"Why, what's up, man?" asked Denny.

"They're going to send Phroso to Constantinople to be tried; anyhow, they'd keep her there a year or more. I don't mean to stand it."

"Why, what will you do?"

"Do? Go. The captain's on board; the gunboat can't overtake us. Besides, they won't suspect anything on board of her. Denny, run and tell Phroso not to show herself till I bid her. The captain thinks she's up at the house. We'll start as soon as you're ready, Hog."

"But, my lord—"

"Charley, old man—"

"I tell you I won't stand it. Are you game or aren't you?"

Denny paused for a moment, poising himself on his heels.

"What a lark," he then exclaimed. "All right. I'll put Phroso up to it," and he disappeared in the direction of her cabin.

I stood for a moment lookin at the gunboat, where the busy operations went on undisturbed, and at the harbor and street beyond. I shook my head reprovingly at Neopalia; the little island was always leading me into indiscretions. Then I turned and made my way back to where my unsuspecting victim was peacefully consuming cigarettes. Mouraki Pasha would not have been caught like this! Heaven be thanked! I was not dealing with Mouraki Pasha.

"Demetri had some good in him, after all," I thought, as I sat down by the captain and told him that we should be under way in five minutes. He exhibited much satisfaction at the prospect.

The five minutes passed. Hogvardt, who acted as our skipper, gave his orders. We began to move. The captain and I came up from below and stood on deck. He looked seaward, anticipating his excursion; I landward, reviewing mine. A few boys waved their hands, a woman or two their handkerchiefs; the little harbor began to recede; the old gray house on the hill faced me in its renewed tranquillity.

"Well, good-by to Neopalia!" I had said with a sigh before I knew it.

"I beg your pardon, Lord Wheatley?" said the captain, wheeling round.

"For a few hours," I added, and I went forward and began to talk with Hogvardt; I had some things to arrange with him. Presently Watkins appeared, announcing luncheon. I rejoined the captain.

"I thought," said I, "that we'd have a run straight out first and look at Mouraki's death-place on our way home."

"I am entirely in your hands," said he most courteously, and with more truth than he was aware of.

Denny, he, and I went down to our meal. I plied the captain with the best of our cheer. In the safe seclusion of the yacht, champagne cup, mixed as Watkins alone could mix it, overcame his religious scruples; the breach once made grew wider, and the captain grew merry. With his coffee came placidity, and on placidity followed torpor. Meanwhile the yacht bowled merrily along.

"It is nearly two o'clock," said I. "We ought to be turning. I say, captain, wouldn't you like a nap? I'll wake you long before we get to Neopalia."

Denny indiscreetly smiled at this form of promise, and I covertly nudged him into gravity.

The captain received my proposal with apologetic gratitude. We left him curled up on the seat, and went on deck. Hogvardt was at the wheel, and a broad smile spread over his face.

"At this rate, my lord," said he, "we shall make Cyprus early to-morrow."

"Good," said I; and I did two things. I called Phroso, and I loaded my revolver; a show of overwhelming force is, as we often hear, the surest guarantee of peace.

Denny now took a turn at the wheel, old Hogvardt went to eat his dinner; Phroso appeared, and she and I sat down in the stern watching where Neopalia lay, now a

little spot on the horizon. Then I myself told Phroso in my own way why I had so sorely neglected her all the morning, for Denny's explanation had been summary and confused. She was fully entitled to my excuses, and had come on deck in a state of delightful resentment, too soon, alas, banished by surprise and apprehension.

An hour or two thus passed very pleasantly, for the terror of Constantinople soon reconciled Phroso to every risk; her only fear was that she would never again be allowed to land in Neopalia. For this also I tried to console her, and was, I am proud to say, succeeding very tolerably when I looked up at the sound of footsteps. They came evenly towards us, then they suddenly stopped dead. I felt for my revolver, and I observed Denny carelessly strolling up, having been relieved again by Hogvardt. The captain stood motionless, three yards from where Phroso and I sat together. I rose with an easy smile.

"I hope you have enjoyed your nap, Captain," said I, and at the same moment I covered him with my barrel.

He was astounded, and indeed well he might be. He stared helplessly at Phroso and at me. Denny was at his elbow now, and took his arm in tolerant good humor.

"You see we've played a little game on you," said Denny. "We couldn't let the lady go to Constantinople. It isn't at all a fit place for her, you know."

I stepped up to the amazed man and told him briefly what had occurred.

"Now, captain," I went on, "resistance is quite useless. We're running for Cyprus, and shall be there to-morrow. It belongs to you, I believe, in a sense—I'm not a student of foreign affairs—but I think we shall very likely find an English ship there. Now, if you'll give me your word to hold your tongue when we are at Cyprus, you may lodge as many complaints as you like directly we leave; indeed, I think you'd be wise, in your own interests, to make a protest. Meanwhile we can enjoy the cruise in good fellowship."

"And if I refuse?" he asked.

"If you refuse," said I, "I shall be compelled to get rid of you—oh, don't misunderstand me. I shall not imitate your governor. But it's a fine day; we have an excellent gig; and I can spare you two hands to row you back to Neopalia, or wherever else you may choose to go."

"You would leave me in the gig?"

"With the deepest regret," said I, bowing. "But I am obliged to put this lady's safety above the pleasure of your society."

The unfortunate man had no alternative, and, true to the creed of his nation, he accepted the inevitable. Taking the cigarette from between his lips, he remarked, "I give my promise, but nothing more," bowed to Phroso, and, going up to her, said very prettily, "Madame, I congratulate you on a resolute lover."

Now hardly had this happened when our lookout man called twice, in quick succession, "Ship ahead!" At once we all ran forward, and I snatched Denny's binocular from him. There were two vessels visible, one approaching on the starboard bow, the other right ahead. They appeared to be about equally distant. I scanned them eagerly through the glass, the others standing round and waiting my report. Nearer they came and nearer.

"They're both ships of war," said I, without taking the glass from my eyes. "I shall be able to see the flags in a minute."

A hush of excited suspense witnessed to the interest of my news. I found even the impassive captain close by my elbow, as though he were trying to get one eye on to the lens of the glass.

My next remark did nothing to lessen the excitement.

"The Turkish flag, by Jove!" I cried; and quick as thought followed from the captain:

"My promise did not cover that, Lord Wheatley."

"Shall we turn and run for it?" asked Denny in a whisper.

"They'd think that queer," cautioned Hogvardt, "and if she came after us we shouldn't have a chance."

"The English flag, by Jupiter!" I cried a second later, and I took the glass from my strained eyes. The captain caught eagerly at it and looked; then he also dropped it and said:

"Yes, Turkish and English; both will come within hail of us."

"It's a race, by heaven," cried Denny.

The two vessels were now approaching us almost on the same course, for each had altered half a point, and both were about half a point on our starboard bow. They would be very close to one another by the time they came up with us; it would be almost impossible for us, by any alteration of our course, to reach one before the other.

"Yes, it's a race," said I, and I felt

Phroso's arm passed through mine. She knew the meaning of the race. Possession is nine points of the law, and in a case so doubtful as hers, it was very unlikely that the ship which got possession of her would surrender her to the other. Which ship was it to be?

"Are we going to cause an international complication?" asked Denny in a longing tone.

"We shall very likely run into a nautical one if we don't look out," said I.

However, the two approaching vessels seemed to become aware of this danger, for they diverged from one another so that, if we kept a straight course, we should now pass them by, one on the port side and one on the starboard. But we should pass within a couple of hundred yards of both, and that was well in earshot on such a day. I looked at the captain, and the captain looked at me.

"Shall we take him below and smother him?" whispered Denny.

I did not feel at liberty to adopt the suggestion, much to my regret. The agreement I had made with the captain precluded any assault on his liberty. I had omitted to provide for the case which had occurred. Well, that was my fault, and I must stand the consequences of it—my word was pledged to him that he should be treated "in all friendliness" on one condition, and that he had satisfied. Now, to act as Denny suggested would not be to treat him in all friendliness. I shook my head sadly. Hogvardt shouted for orders from the wheel.

"What am I to do, my lord?" he cried. "Full speed ahead?"

I looked at the captain. I knew he would not pass the Turkish ship without trying to attract her attention. We were within a quarter of a mile of the vessels now.

"Stop," I called, and I added quickly, "Lower away the gig, Denny."

Denny caught my purpose in a moment; he called a hand, and they set to work. The pace of the yacht began to slacken. I glanced at the two ships; men with glasses were peering at us from either deck, wondering no doubt what our manœuvre meant. But the captain knew as well as Denny what it meant, and he leapt forward suddenly and hailed the Turk in his native tongue. What he said I don't know, but it caused a great pother on deck, and they ran up some signal or other. I never remember the code, and the book was not about me.

But now the gig was down and the yacht motionless. Looking again, I perceived that both the ships had shut off steam, and were reversing to arrest their course the sooner. I seized Phroso by the arm. Then the captain turned for a moment, as though to interrupt our passage.

"It's as much as your life is worth," said I; and he gave way. Then, to my amazement, he ran to the side and, just as he was, leapt overboard and struck out towards the Turk. One instant later I saw why; they were lowering a boat. Alas, our ship was not so eager! The captain must have shouted something very significant.

"Signal for a boat, Hog," I cried, "and then come along. Hi, Watkins, come on! Are you ready, Denny?" And I fairly lifted Phroso in my arms, and ran with her to the side. She was breathing quickly, and a little laugh gurgled from her lips as Denny received her from my arms into his in the gig.

But we were not safe yet. The Turk had got a start, and his boat was springing merrily over the waves towards us. The captain swam powerfully and gallantly, and his fez-covered head bobbed gayly up and down. Ah, now our people were moving! And when they began to move they wasted no time. We wasted no time either, but bent to our oars. For the second time since I reached Neopalia I had a thorough good bucketing. But for the Turk's start we should have managed it easily, as we rowed towards the English boat, and the divergence which the vessels made in their course prevented the two from approaching us side by side; but the start was enough to make matters very equal. Now the boat and the captain met. He was in in a second, with wonderful agility. Picking him up hardly lost them a stroke. They were coming straight at us, the captain standing in the stern, urging them on. But now I saw that the middy in the English boat had caught the idea that there was some fun afoot, for he stood up also, and urged on his crew. The two great ships lay motionless on the water, and gave us all their attention.

"Pull, boys, pull!" I cried. "It's all right, Phroso; we shall do it!"

Should we? And, if we did not, would the English captain fight for my Phroso? I would have sunk the Turk with a laugh for her. But I was afraid that he would not be so obliging as to do it for me.

"The Turk gains," said Hogvardt, who was our coxswain.

"Hang him! Put your backs into it."

On went the three boats, and the two pursuers were now converging close on us.

"We shall do it by a few yards," said Hogvardt.

"Thank God!" I muttered.

"No; we shall be beaten by a few yards," he said, a moment later. "They pull well, those fellows."

But we too pulled well then, though I have no right to say it. And the good little middy and his men did their duty—oh, what a tip these blue jackets should have if they did the trick!—and the noses of all the boats seemed to be tending to one spot on the bright, dancing sea. To one spot indeed they were tending. The Turks were no more than twenty yards off, the English perhaps thirty. The captain gave one last cry of exhortation; the middy responded with a hearty English oath. We strained and tugged for dear life. They were on us now—the Turks a little first. Now they were ten yards off, now five, and the English yet ten!

But for a last stroke we pulled; and then I dropped my oars and sprang to my feet. The nose of the captain's boat was within a yard, and they were backing water so as not to run into us. The middy had given a like order. For a single instant matters seemed to stand still, and we to be poised between defeat and victory. Then, even as the captain's hand was on our gunwale, I bent and caught Phroso up in the arms that she sprang to meet, and I fairly flung her across the narrow strait of water that parted us from the English boat. Six strong and eager arms received her, and a cheer rang out from the English ship; for they saw now that it had been a race, and a race for a lady. And I, seeing her safe, turned to the captain, and said:

"Fetch her back from there, if you can, and good luck to you."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ISLAND IN A CALM.

We did not fight. My friend the captain proposed to rely on his British *confrère's* sense of justice and of the courtesy which should obtain between two great and friendly nations. To this end he accompanied us on board the ship and laid his case before Captain Beverley, R.N. My argument, which I stated with brevity but not without vehemence, was threefold: first, that Phroso had committed no offence; secondly, that if she had it was a political offence; thirdly, was Captain Beverley going to hand over to a crew of dirty Turks the prettiest girl in the Mediterranean? This last point made a decided impression on the officers who where assisting their commander's deliberations, but it won no more from him than a tolerant smile and a glance through his *pince-nez* at Phroso, who sat at the table opposite to him, awaiting the award of justice. After I had, in the heat of discussion, called the Turks "dirty," I had moved round to our friend the captain, apologized humbly, and congratulated him on his gallant and spirited behavior. He received my advances with courtesy, but firmly restated his claim to Phroso. Captain Beverley appeared a little puzzled.

"And, to add to it all," he observed to me, "I thought you were dead." For I had told him my name.

"Not at all," said I resentfully. "I am quite alive, and I'm going to marry this lady."

"You intend to marry her, Lord Wheatley?"

"She has done me the honor to consent and I certainly intend it—unless you're going to send her off to Constantinople or heaven knows where."

Beverley arched his brows, but it was not his business to express an opinion, and I heartily forgave him his hinted disapproval when he said to the captain:

"I really don't see how I can do what you ask. If you had won the tr—I mean, if you had succeeded in taking the lady on board, I should have had no more to say. As it is, I don't think I can do anything but carry her to a British port. You can prefer your claim to extradition before the court there if you are so advised."

"Bravo!" cried Denny.

"Be good enough to hold your tongue, sir," said Captain Beverley.

"At least you will take a note of my demand," urged the Turk.

"With the utmost pleasure," responded Beverley, and then and there he took a note. People seem often to find some mystical comfort in having a note taken, though no other consequence appears likely to ensue. Then the captain, being comforted by his note, took his farewell. I walked with him to the side of the vessel.

"I hope you bear no malice," said I as I held out my hand, "and that this affair won't get you into any trouble."

"Oh, I don't think so," said he. "Your ingenuity will be my excuse."

"You're very good. I hope you will come and see us in Neopalia some day."

"You expect to return to Neopalia?"

"Certainly. It's mine—or Phroso's—I don't know which."

"There's such a thing as forfeiture in our law," he observed, and with this Parthian shot he walked down and got into his boat. But I was not much frightened.

So, the Turk being thus disposed of, Denny and Hogvardt went back to the yacht, while Phroso, Watkins, and I took up our abode on the ship. And when our captain had heard the whole story of our adventures in Neopalia he was so overcome by Phroso's gallant conduct that he walked up and down his own deck with her all the evening, while I, making friends with the mammon of unrighteousness, pretended to look very pleased and recited my dealings with Mouraki to an attentive group of officers. Clothes were produced from somewhere for Phroso—our navy is ready for everything—and thus in the fulness of time we came to Malta. Here the captain had a wife; and she was as delighted as, I take leave to say, all good women ought to be at the happy ending of our story; and at Malta we waited. But nothing happened. No claim was made for Phroso's extradition; and I may as well state here that no claim ever was made. But when we came to London, on board a P. and O. steamer in charge of a benevolent but strict chaperon, I lost no time in calling on the Turkish ambassador, for I desired to put matters on a satisfactory footing at once. He received me with much courtesy, but expressed the opinion that Phroso and I alike had forfeited any claim which she or I, or either, or both of us, might have possessed to the island of Neopalia. I was very much annoyed at this attitude, and I rose and stood with my back to the fire.

"Is it the death of Mouraki Pasha that has so incensed your government?" I ventured to ask.

"He was a very distinguished man," observed the ambassador.

"Practically banished to a very undistinguished office—for his position," I remarked.

"One would not call it banishment," murmured his Excellency.

"One would," I acquiesced, smiling, "of course be particularly careful not to call it banishment."

Something like a smile greeted this speech, but the ambassador shrugged his shoulders.

"Consider," said he, "the scenes of disorder and bloodshed."

"When I consider," I rejoined, "the scenes of disorder and bloodshed which passed before my eyes, when I consider the anarchy, the murder, the terrible dangers to which I, who went to Neopalia under the sanction and protection of your flag, was exposed, I perceive that the whole affair is nothing less than a European scandal."

The ambassador shifted in his arm-chair.

"I shall, of course," said I, "prefer a claim to compensation."

"To compensation?"

"Certainly. My island has been taken from me, and I have lost my money. Moreover, your governor tried to kill me."

"So did your wife," remarked the pasha. "At least the lady who, as I understand, is to be your wife."

"I can forgive my wife. I do not propose to forgive your government."

The ambassador stroked his beard.

"If official representations were made through the proper quarters—" he began.

"Oh, come," I interrupted, "I want to spend my honeymoon there; and I'm going to be married in a fortnight."

"The young lady is the difficulty. The manner in which you left Neopalia—"

"Is not generally known," said I.

The ambassador looked up.

"The tribute," I observed, "is due a month hence. I don't know who'll pay it you."

"It is but a trifling sum," said he contemptuously.

"It is indeed small for such a delightful island."

The ambassador eyed me questioningly. I advanced toward him.

"Considering," said I, "that I have only paid half the purchase money, and that the other half is due to nobody—or to my own wife—I should not resent a proposal to double the tribute."

The ambassador reflected.

"I will forward your proposal to the proper quarter," he said at last.

I smiled, and I said:

"Will that take more than a fortnight?"

"I venture to hope not."

"And, of course, pardon and all that sort of thing will be included?"

"I will appeal to his Majesty's clemency," promised the pasha.

I had no objection to his calling it by that name, and I took my leave, very

much pleased with the result of the interview. But, as luck would have it, while I was pursuing my way across Hyde Park—for Phroso was staying with a friend of Mrs. Beverley's in Kensington—I ran plump into the arms of Mrs. Kennett Hipgrave.

She stopped me with decision; for I confess that I tried to pass by her.

"My dear Lord Wheatley," she cried, with unbounded cordiality, "how charming to meet you again! Your reported death really caused quite a gloom."

"You are too good," I murmured. "Ah—er, I hope Miss Beatrice is well?"

Mrs. Kennett Hipgrave's face grew grave and sympathetic.

"My poor child," she sighed. "She was terribly upset by the news, Lord Wheatley. Of course, it seemed to her peculiarly sad; for you had received my letter only a week before."

"That must have seemed to aggravate the pathos very much," I agreed.

"Not that, of course, it altered the real wisdom of the step I advised her to take."

"Not in the least, really, of course," said I.

"I do hope you agree with me now, Lord Wheatley?"

"Yes, I think I have come to see that you were right, Mrs. Hipgrave."

"Oh, that makes me so happy! And it will make my poor dear child so happy too. I assure you she has fretted very much over it."

"I am sorry to hear that," said I politely. "Is she in town?"

"Why, no, not just now."

"Where is she? I should like to write her a line."

"Oh, she's staying with friends."

"Could you oblige me with the address?"

"Well, the fact is, Lord Wheatley, Beatrice is staying with—with a Mrs. Hamlyn."

"Oh, a Mrs. Hamlyn? Any relation, Mrs. Hipgrave?"

"Well, yes. In fact, an aunt of our common friend."

"Ah, an aunt of our common friend," and I smiled. Mrs. Hipgrave struggled nobly, but in the end she smiled also; and, after a little pause, I observed:

"I am going to be married myself, Mrs. Hipgrave."

Mrs. Hipgrave grew rather grave again, and she observed:

"I heard something about a—a lady, Lord Wheatley."

"If you had heard it all you'd have heard a great deal about her."

A certain appearance of embarrassment spread over Mrs. Hipgrave's face.

"We are old friends, Lord Wheatley," she said at last, and I bowed in grateful recognition. "I'm sure you won't mind if I speak plainly to you. Now, is she the sort of person whom you would be really wise to marry? Remember your wife will be Lady Wheatley."

"I had not forgotten that would happen," I said.

"I am told," pursued Mrs. Hipgrave, in a somewhat scornful tone, "that she is very pretty."

"But then that is not really of importance, is it?" I murmured.

Mrs. Hipgrave looked at me with just a touch of suspicion; but she went on bravely:

"And one or two very curious things have been said."

"Not to me," I observed with infinite amiability.

"Her family, now—"

"Her family was certainly a drawback; but there are no more of them, Mrs. Hipgrave."

"Then somebody told me that she was in the habit of wearing—"

"Dear me, Mrs. Hipgrave, in these days everybody does that—more or less, you know."

Mrs. Hipgrave sighed pathetically, and added with a slight shudder:

"They say she carried a dagger."

"They will say anything," I reminded her.

"At any rate," said Mrs. Hipgrave, "she will be quite unused to the ways of society."

"Oh, we shall teach her, we shall teach her," said I cheerfully. "After all, it's only a difference of method. When people in Neopalia are annoyed, they put a knife into you—"

"Good gracious, Lord Wheatley!"

"Here," I pursued, "they congratulate you; but it's the same principle. Won't you wish me joy, Mrs. Hipgrave?"

"If you are really bent upon it, I suppose I must."

"And you'll tell the dear children?" I asked anxiously.

"The dear children?" she echoed; and she certainly suspected me by now.

"Why, yes. Your daughter and Bennett Hamlyn, you know."

Mrs. Hipgrave surveyed me from top to toe; her aspect was very severe. And

then she delivered herself of the following remark:

"I can never be sufficiently thankful," she said, with eyes upturned towards the sky, "that my poor dear girl found out her mistake in time."

"I have the utmost regard for Miss Beatrice," I rejoined, "but I will not differ from you, Mrs. Hipgrave."

I must shift the scene again back to the island that I loved. For his Majesty's clemency justified the ambassador's belief in it, and Neopalia was restored to Phroso and me. Thither we went in the spring of the next year, leaving Denny inconsolable behind, but accompanied by old Hogvardt and by Watkins. This time we went straight out by sea from England, and the new crew of my yacht was more trustworthy than when Spiro and Demetri (ah, I had nearly written "poor Demetri"—when the fellow was a murderer!) were sent by the cunning of Constantine Stefanopoulos to compose it. We landed this time to meet no threatening looks; and the death-chant that One-Eyed Alexander wrote was not raised when we entered the old gray house on the hill, looking over the blue waters. Ulysses is fabled by the poet to have—well, to put it plainly—to have grown bored with peaceful Ithaca. I do not know whether I shall prove a Ulysses in that and live to regret the new-born tranquillity of Neopalia.

In candor, the early stormy days have a great attraction, and I love to look back to them in memory; and so strong was this feeling upon me that it led me to refuse a request of my wife's—the only one of hers which I have yet met in that fashion. For when we had been two or three days in the island—I spent one, by the way, in visiting the graves of my dead friends and enemies, a most suggestive and soothing occupation—I saw, as I walked with her through the hall of our house, masons' tools and mortar lying near where the staircase led up and hard by the secret door. And Phroso said to me:

"I'm sure you'd like to have that horrible secret passage blocked up, Charley. Why, it's full of terrible memories."

"My dear Phroso, wall up the passage?"

"We shan't want it now," said she with a laugh—and something else.

"It is true," I admitted, "that I intend, so far as possible, to rule by constitutional means in Neopalia. Still, one never knows. My dearest, have you no romance?"

"No," said Phroso shamelessly. "I've had enough of romance. I want to live quietly; and I don't want to push anyone over into that awful pool where poor Kortes fell."

I stood looking at the boards under the staircase; and presently I knelt down and touched the spring. The boards rolled away, the passage gaped before us, and I put my arm round Phroso, as I said:

"Now, heaven forbid that I should lay a modern sacrilegious hand upon the secret of the Stefanopouloi! For the world makes many circles, Phroso, forward sometimes, sometimes back; and it is something to know that here in Neopalia we are ready; and that if any man attacks our sovereignty, why, let him look out for the secret of the Stefanopouloi! In certain moods, Phroso, I should be capable of coming back from the chasm—alone!"

So Phroso, on my entreaty, spared the passage; and even now, when the shades of middle age (a plague on 'em) are deepening, and the wild doings of the purchaser of Neopalia grow golden in distant memory, I like still to walk to the edge of the chasm, and recall all that it has seen—the contests, the dark tricks, the sudden deaths—aye, to travel back from the fearful struggle of Kortes and Constantine on the flying bridge to that long ago time when the Baron d'Ezonville was so lucky as to be set adrift in his shirt, while Stefan Stefanopoulos's headless trunk was dashed into the dim water, and One-Eyed Alexander, the bard, wrote the chant of death. Ah me! that was two hundred years ago!

THE END.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LITERARY LIFE.

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps,

Author of "The Gates Ajar," "A Singular Life," &c.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.—A BATTLE WITH INSOMNIA.—THE "OLD MAID'S PARADISE" CLOSED FOREVER.—THE HISTORY OF TWO COLLABORATED NOVELS.

DISTINCTLY, in fact almost entirely, with Gloucester I find interwoven my recollections of the poet Edward Rowland Sill—a man of exquisite performance and of superior promise in American letters; still a young man—too soon overtaken by death.

He happened on Eastern Point one summer, or opening autumn, like a bird on the wing, from some foreign land. In truth, there was always, to my fancy, something birdlike about him.

He had that shy eye, that essential reticence united with apparent frankness, that air of a form of creation finer than ours and competent to be critical of us accordingly; yet, from very fineness, pathetically dependent upon our sympathy. He had, at the time I knew him, printed but one thin book, I think—a booklet, he called it. It has, since his death, been republished. The best thing he ever wrote was "The Fool's Prayer." Or perhaps I should hesitate between that and his beautiful poem written for Smith College—that containing the well-known lines:

> "Were women wise, and men all true—
> And one thing more that may not be,
> Old earth were fair enough for me."

He and Mrs. Sill occupied a cottage near me for a few weeks, and it was my good fortune to know something of them in the freedom from constraint which belongs to summer seashore neighborhoods—especially, I sometimes think, to the Gloucester neighborhood.

I had known the poet for some time by correspondence only; he was a wonderful letter-writer. Real literary correspondence—in fact, correspondence of any kind—is a lost art in our scurrying day; and I found his letters pungently stimulating in one long, secluded Andover winter. I only understood how valuable they were when they ceased forever. A certain quaintness in the man used to show itself in the shapes and styles of his letters. I remember receiving quite a number written upon long, narrow coils of white paper; I never decided whether they were the tapes such as the telegrams of an older time used to be inscribed upon and such as stock-brokers still use, or whether they were the foldings from his wife's ribbons. This is the only instance in which I ever received letters by the yard.

I had never seen him, as I say, and I well remember his shy appearance at my cottage. He seemed to shrink unaccountably from the first meeting. "We have an ideal of a person from writing," he said. Whether he feared to lose his of me, or mine of him, he did not divulge; and I did not dare to ask. He was, in most respects, one of the most finely strung human beings whom I have ever known. How easily most of us brush off our ideals! His were the realities of life to him.

He and Mrs. Sill were enthusiastic walkers, and gave much of their time to wandering over the Gloucester downs. I could not join in this pleasure, and my talks with him were fragmentary, but always rich and nutritive. He seldom chatted; he conversed. A talkative feminine fellow-boarder he named, I remember, "The Jabberwock."

Mr. Sill was charmed with Gloucester. He had the Wonson Cottage, with the beautiful lava gorge in front, where the tide rises almost to the piazza, and his favorite way of spending an evening was to go out and sit on the rocks in the dark and swing his feet off. He liked to hang them over the water, he said.

The same moral refinement which marks his poems characterized the man. His personal unselfishness was of a very high

order. To sacrifice himself for the comfort of others was as natural to him as true metre. It was impossible to be in his company a week and not make some discovery in the science of kindness. This is not always preëminently true of the critical temperament—and his was distinctly that. He should have ranked with the foremost of our American critics, if he had given himself to that form of literary expression. I always perceived that he had the right of nature as well as of training to sit in the courts of judgment. His loss has been obvious to me in this respect. His experience as professor of English had made him an invaluable literary friend; for it added patience to power.

On the morning that he was to leave Gloucester for his home in Ohio, Mrs. Sill came running to our cottage for help. Mr. Sill had met with an accident, more serious than it was thought at the time, and had fainted. He remained where he was for some days before being able to move, then pluckily continued his journey. I went with them as far as Boston, where they parted from me; and I never saw him again. He died that winter.

I do not think that the loss to our literature, in missing the full blossom of his powers, has ever been fitly estimated. A few knew, and know, what his value was and would have become. A man so sensitively balanced is always at a painful disadvantage in our calling. He is incapable of urging himself; and too easily swerved from the expostulation of competition.

An editor once wrote to him, carelessly, of a certain contribution which had the appearance of being less popular than others:

"The people are fickle. They want some new thing all the time. It is 'good-by' to you to-day, and welcome somebody else to-morrow!"

Another man might have taken these thoughtless words as lightly as they were given. Mr. Sill was with difficulty persuaded to write again for that magazine. Our editors might learn a lesson from an incident like this: they deal "not with flesh and blood, but with principalities and powers" of select nature; they do well to take even a little troublesome care where they strike, and how. I happened to know that, in this instance, the contributor was held in high honor by the editor; but it was almost impossible, afterwards, to make the poet believe it.

It was the same in the last great ordeal. He died under conditions from which a coarser man would have rallied. "We did not suppose," was the stupefied cry, "we did not know the patient had such an organization as this!"

Fortunately for human happiness, perhaps, such exquisitely ordered natures are so few that the dull, blundering average of us do not know how to treat them. We inflict when we thought to play, and kill where we meant to heal. When it is too late, "We did not suppose," we plead. "Other organizations are not like this!" Of course not. Why should they be? How could they be?

The pages of the Gloucester story turn fast now, and yet I write on, because I shrink from the abrupt termination of that beautiful chapter of my life which dealt with those whom I still find it impossible not to call "my people."

Time and trouble, illness and death, change and chance, have scattered them far; and yet, to me, they always seem to be a little group, affectionate and wistful, waiting for me in the old club-room, and softly singing, "I need Thee every hour," —their chosen hymn and mine—as I come in.

I had been writing "The Story of Avis" during this overwrought time of personal preoccupation at Gloucester. That book came from near my heart, and tore it, perhaps, accordingly. I wrote chiefly in the winters, at Andover; and revised at Gloucester. That last summer, I remember, was pushed with the proof-sheets of this book, crowding in between the needs of my people. Many a morning's work was interrupted by the visits of the "reformed men;" or by the little dissensions and troubles of their club organization; or by signs of the coldness or opposition of those who might have aided us, and who would have done so—I like to believe—if they had ever understood our aims and motives. If there be one lesson above another which experience in moral reforms teaches a fair-minded person, I think it is patience with the averseness of those who do not join in our own particular methods of improving the world. Lack of sympathy with these is quite as likely to signify want of head as want of heart; or simply to indicate a deficient imagination, or one strung below its key.

My own observation leads me to believe that when one has discovered for one's self this profound but subtle truth, one is just about ready to begin to enter upon a course or career of practical beneficence. As a rule, one is far on in such before one

makes this discovery. For myself, the enforced end of my work at Gloucester and that illumination which would have made it so much easier and gentler to the enduring nerves came together.

As I say, "The Story of Avis" may have had its share in the sudden surrender of strength which for a long time put an end to my use of my pen, and to all my hopes and visions of taking any personal part in alleviating the lot of the tempted men and suffering women of my seaport home.

One evening in September, at the end of a worried summer, I came home from a service at the club-room with a strange lightness at the head. The moonlight on the harbor had a look which it never wore before, or since; an expression remote, as familiar scenery may appear, we think, to those about to leave the world forever. In that thrilling harbor-light everything that one was doing, or caring about, took on a small look. Service for humanity itself acquired a vague value, and the fever of soul and body which fed it turned again and rent me.

I sank on my pillow, faintly wishing that I need never leave it again; but perfectly aware that I should get up and go on at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, as usual. Till dawn I watched the harbor throbbing under full moon and full tide. That night the watcher did not sleep; nor the next; nor the next. I closed my house suddenly, and fled to my father's home; where, except in the great, uncontrollable crisis of life, rest had always awaited me. This was no uncontrollable crisis; nor even a crisis at all, that I could see; and I "crawled in," as the grown child does, under a father's roof, confident of peace and healing. Neither came. The next night and the next passed like the others; and then the rack of habitual insomnia closed in.

One slips into the door of the torture chamber, thinking it to be the entrance to some commonplace apartment, perhaps some pleasant room with broad views and easy exit. One turns to step out, on some natural errand—then, behold the bars, the bolts, the locks. Escape? Try the windows. They seem to hang a million feet above the solid earth; their grating is of metal never known before to the prisoner's chemistry, a relentless fibre made from the pillars of the world. Weep, if you will; pray, if you choose. But "God shut the door." You will stay there till He opens it.

It is not my purpose to turn even one chapter of these recollections into an invalid's diary. Up to this point I have refrained from a subject always of so much more importance to the sufferer than to his friends, that one's preference would exile it from these records altogether. Since that is not quite practicable, it seems to me the simpler way to meet it as frankly and as briefly as possible.

Perhaps we all have some plea, more reasonable than others, to account for the absence of the things which we have failed to be or to do. It has always seemed to me that the views taken by persons capable of "the vision and the dream," of the grounds on which they have omitted to reach their ideal, would have an interest far above that of mere biographic personalities. What warning in this experience of wasted aspiration! What stimulus in that! But here we come to the question: Is aspiration ever wasted? Is achievement, or the effort to achieve, the essence of value?

When Sidney Colvin, Stevenson's particular critic, condemned "The Ebb-tide" —to my mind one of the best things Stevenson ever did—the exiled and sinking man wrote pathetically:

"The inherent tragedy of things works itself out from white to black and blacker, and the poor things of a day look ruefully on. Does it shake my cast-iron faith? I cannot say it does. I believe in the ultimate decency of things; ay, and if I woke in hell, should still believe it! But it is hard walking! . . ."

(Observe the cruelty—give me a parenthesis to say it—this comfortable Englishman, tasting the fruits of the world, pouring what he called "criticism" on a dying man, prisoner in an island in the South Seas, where the mails come but once a month, and where a poor fellow might be buried before he could know that his book sold, or his critics repented them of their sins! Facts like this deepen a natural scepticism as to the usefulness of the art of criticism into a fierce pang of resentment for the dying author's sake.)

"I am an idler and a cumberer of the ground," he writes in one of the last letters to which he set his trembling pen. "It may be excused to me, perhaps, by twenty years of industry and ill health, which have taken the cream off the milk. . . . I am almost ready to call the world an error. Because? Because I have not drugged myself with successful work, and there are all kinds of trifles buzzing in my

ear. . . . If I could find a place where I could lie down and give up for (say) two years, and allow the sainted public to support me, if it were a lunatic asylum, wouldn't I go, just! . . . But you men with salaries don't know how a family weighs on a fellow's mind."

Stevenson is our latest and most pathetic specimen of the not inconsiderable list of invalid writers who have been important to the world; and if the rest of them had "spoken out" as bluntly, as quaintly, and as wistfully as he, we might all have been the wiser or the gentler for their candor; at least all but those critics who appropriate wisdom and scorn gentleness, and who will doubtless perceive in these very outcries of genius and of dissolution, wailing over from Samoa, a fault of syntax, or an error in taste, or some pathological inefficiency, to be picked up and sported on the point of an easy pen. The solemn, antique writhing of power overcome by fate; the great attitude, like that of the Laocoon; the grandeur of strength rending its own weakness; the long, touching conflict of spirit with flesh; the massive determination crowding down physical disorder which would have killed a lesser creature twenty times over, twenty years before—who is to rate all this in an estimate of the man's value to literature? No one, absolutely no one, who has not fought the lions of physical disease in the cage of a life bolted by the sharp need of daily bread; no one who has not fought them with the sinew and the nerve of a creative genius!

An invalid or disabled writer does not ask for the sops and gruels of the sick-room; he does not expect his metre to be scanned by his headaches, or his perspicacity to be taken by the physician's thermometer. He is the last man, toiling and suffering, to appeal to the stethoscope against his rhetoric or his construction. He asks nothing but fair play and that fair sense which is the basis of fair play. In a word, he ought to be judged by the presence of a certain quality which suffering only gives, as well as, by the absence of certain others which are the properties of health alone. It is precisely this discrimination which is too often lacking in comfortable folk sitting easily on critics' salaries and dictating through nerves cooled by the critical, not fevered by the creative faculty.

"I have a brave soul in a coward body," said one of our poets when he fainted under a painful accident. How is a champion football player to understand that? Wise was Hazlitt, who wrote of "the insolence of health." Rose Terry Cooke's physician said to her, a few years before she died: "Every time you write, you draw out of the very sources of your life."

"No truly sensitive man," said Longfellow once to me, "can be perfectly well." He might have added that one of the cruellest problems of life is to make the perfectly well understand that he is not perfectly sensitive, and therefore may be disqualified from comprehension of those who are.

Far be it from me—to the farthest limit of good sense—to seem to undervalue by a semitone the supremacy of physical sanity. Next to holiness, nothing is so enviable as health. I am not ashamed to say it, I would rather be well than be Shakespeare. I would rather be a hearty, happy, strapping motorman, or woodchopper, or stoker, than—but would I? How can one tell? "To understand the psychology of sheep," said George Eliot, "one must have been a sheep." To understand the mental attitude of health, one must have been descended of health and chosen of it. Ideally speaking, the robust mind in the robust body *ought* to be the keenest as well as the finest in this world. In point of fact, it often partakes too much of its own muscle; the nerve of perception is bedded a little too deep in the fibre.

A life-long invalid, herself a brave, patient, unselfish woman, absorbed in interests outside of her own suffering, and more useful to the world than most healthy people, said to me the wisest thing which I ever heard upon the subject:

"The sick and the well do not understand each other."

There is philosophy in this which is worth heeding. It has occurred to me that a mediator is needed between health and disease, as there was between heaven and earth, as there is between virtue and vice, and certain other separated quantities or qualities. The physician does not fill this function; nor can he. The reasons why he may not are obvious. Most great human needs create their own supplies; and this one may come, as soon as consciousness of its want reaches the stage of articulation—or, possibly, of clamor.

Life, I believe, teaches most of us some one lesson supremely above all others. The literary artist will make over to the world that illumination which fate has kindled to the fairest flame in his own soul. He may

MR. AND MRS. WARD'S COTTAGE AT EAST GLOUCESTER, AS REBUILT. THE LOW BUILDING AT THE RIGHT IS THE STUDY.

"sketch" or "etch," he may "report" or "photograph," he may be realist or romanticist, he may have the light touch or the strong one—but he will portray what he knows, and little else. Imagination is built upon knowledge, and his dreams will rest upon his facts. He is worth to the world just about what he has learned from it; and no more.

I have sometimes thought that, before I put the shield on my stylographic pen for the last time, I should like to say to that little portion of the world which knows or cares for me at all, such things as I have discovered for myself about the relation of illness to energy, to sympathy, and to fortitude. Some of them seem to me worth saying—though I may be wrong; and even worth suffering to be qualified to say—though on that I do not insist. But when one reflects on the books one never has written, and never may, though their schedules lie in the beautiful chirography which marks the inception of an unexpressed thought upon the pages of one's note-book, one is aware, of any given idea, that the chances are against its ever being offered to one's dearest readers.

Therefore, though this is clearly not the space for a treatise on invalidism (shade of Harriet Martineau forbid! She did it too well in a volume for one to do it worse in a page), yet I may be pardoned if I venture to say:

The world has learned fast how to treat the other defective classes—the criminal, the insane, the shiftless, the pauper—in all these branches of investigation we are developing a race of experts. In the comprehension of the physically disabled, or disordered, it is my conviction that we are behind the age. I do not mean by this to cast any petty or ungrateful fling upon the usefulness of physicians. As a class, I think them men and women of courage and of unselfishness far beyond the line at which most of us exhibit these qualities. But the scalpel will never perform the finer surgery, nor the prescription formulate the hidden therapeutics that I have in mind. The psychology of sickness and of health are at odds; and both the sick and the well suffer from the fact. I believe that great pathological reformations are before us, and that a mass of human misery, now beyond the reach of the kindest patience which handles it, will be alleviated. In truth, I believe that sympathy as a fine

art is backward in the growth of progress, and that the subtlest and most delicate minds of the earth will yet give themselves to its study with a high passion hitherto unknown to us.

In the days of the Most Holy Catholic Inquisition, one form of torture, above all others conceived of the devil, was held in supreme value. This was the torture of enforced sleeplessness. About three to four days and nights of this religious argument were found enough to bring the most obstinate heretic to terms. Where fire and pincers, rack and famine, failed, the denial of sleep succeeded. De Quincey's "Opium-Eater" was a prose poem which stands for all time, one of the greatest pathological contributions of genius and of suffering to literature. There is a vision yet to be recorded—whether in prose or in poetry, in fiction or in philosophy, I sometimes wonder—which shall disclose the action of another drama, not of splendors and horrors, like his who heard the immortal cry, "Everlasting farewells!" in his ruined dreams; but the drama of endurance, resolve, and conquest which goes on unrecognized in so many a brave and patient, obscure life. The abstainer from anodynes who starves for sleep, but does not feed on poison (God forbid that you dare to blame him if he does, though you may safely revere him if he does not!), lacks the gorgeous, narcotined imagination of the great Englishman whereby to tell his story; but if it is ever told, it will be a better one for the world to hear.

There is a light side to most of our grim experiences, and I am glad to record mine in this direction. Acquaintance with insomnia is like acquaintance with grief. When you have learned how to treat your strange foe, he has half ceased to be your foe. Unexpected docilities and amities develop. Where you looked for a battle to the death, you find a truce, and, behold, you live.

Perhaps I may be permitted to say, out of some measure of personal relief from past miseries, that I have learned many things which I may reveal in that day when the writer and the unknown reader who loves her best shall commune together. (I wonder if other authors have the fancy which I have, that such a gracious being exists?) Without waiting for that phantasmagorial appointment, it may be worth while here to suggest to other victims of our overwrought American constitution and overbearing climate these two thoughts—for truth I know, of my faith, is in them:

Avoid dependence upon narcotics as you would that circle in the "Inferno" where the winds blow the lost spirit about forever, and toss him to and fro—returning on his course, and driven back—forever. Take the amount of sleep that God allows you, and go without what He denies; but fly from drugs as you would from that poison of the Borgias which cunningly selected the integrity of the brain on which to feed. Starve for sleep if you must—die for lack of it if you must—I am almost prepared to say, accept the delirium which marks the extremity of fate in this land of despair—but scorn the habit of using anodynes as you hope for healing and value reason. This revelation is sealed with seven seals.

Expect to recover. Sleep is a habit. The habit of not sleeping, once diverged, may at any time swerve back to the habit of rest. The nervous nature is peculiarly hung upon the Law of Rhythm; and the oscillation, having vibrated just about so far, is liable, or likely, to swing back. But, if you are to recover, the chances are that you must do it in your own way, not in other people's ways. To a certain extent, respect your own judgment, if you have any, as to the necessities of your condition.

Cease to trouble yourself whether you are understood, or sympathized with, by your friends or by your physicians. Probably you never will be, because you never can be. At all events, it is of the smallest importance whether you are or not. The expression of sympathy is the first luxury which the sick should learn to go without. This is peculiarly and always true of nervous disorder. A toothache or an influenza, a cough or a colic, calls forth more commiseration than these trifles deserve. Disease of the nervous system is, as a rule, and among enlightened and kindly people, regarded with the instinctive suspicion and coldness natural to a profound ignorance of the subject. Do not be afraid to act for yourself. Define your own conditions of cure. Follow them faithfully. Do not be impatient to be as you were before the liberty of healthy nerves departed from you. It may become needful for you to readjust your life and all that is therein.

Obey the laws which you have discovered for yourself to be good government for you; and probably, by respecting them, you will regain yourself, and receive once more the natural renovation of your soul and body. Common human sleep, once indifferently accepted, like light, or air, or

food, will then become the ecstasy of living. With it, all hardships can be borne; without it, none.

Guy de Maupassant, in his piteous condition at the last, chased, we are told, imaginary butterflies. "Where," he cried, "are my lost thoughts? Who will tell me where to find my thoughts?" Then he beheld them—blue for love, and silver for joy, and black for sorrow—winged creatures, flitting from his grasp, and returning to his hand.

So, I like to think, it will be with all of us who have ever had any thoughts to chase, and who, through the physical disabilities of life, or any of its apparent refusals, have missed certain of our own best possibilities. Our butterflies will all dip on before, and circle round us—the blue and the silver, the rose and the gold—wings of what we might have done, and yet may do. For winged things know their course through space; and life and death alike, I think, are flowers to them.

HERBERT D. WARD.

From a photograph by E. L. Allen, Boston.

"Tragic Gloucester," a friend once called it who resented the effect upon myself of the troubled side of seaport life. But beautiful Gloucester, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever, it remains to me. Her tides may tell the saddest stories to those who have the ears to hear them; but, like many other sad *raconteurs*, they tell the sweetest, too.

The autumn of 1888 brushed the palette of Gloucester Harbor. The face of the leaf and the tint of the lining of the wave took on their own strong colors. The October storms and the October suns, equally welcome to those who love the sea, changed places like figures in a graceful walking-dance; and the first delicate sheath of ice upon the top of the hogshead of rainwater which had always been my thermometer at the châlet and told me when it was time to go back to my father's house, called me to Andover Hill no more.

The Old Maid's Paradise was closed that year forever.

Mr. Alger, in his "Friendships of Women," prudently observes: "A man's best friend is a wife of good sense and good heart, whom he loves, and who loves him." We might well say: A woman's best friend is a husband of intellect and of heart, whom she loves, and who loves her. And I should like to add: A literary woman's best critic is her husband; and I cannot express in these few words the debt which I am proud to acknowledge to him who has never hindered my life's work by one hour of anything less than loyal delight in it; and who has never failed to urge me to my best, of which his ideal is higher than my own.

The great semi-tropical region of the Southern States has many a choice spot hidden away from the glance of the fashionable tourist who cares to do only what his neighbor does; and he whose eyes are fine discovers these winter gardens, and shelters himself in them till they, too, come into the fashion, and are ruined accordingly. Among these luxuriant Edens in 1888 was the village of Summerville, South Carolina. It was, and is, to my mind—and I know something of the South—one of the very best places upon the map below Washington, in which a Northerner may take his turn at the fancy of losing the winter out of his year. Most of us try it, and most of us get over it; and we of New England, in particular, return to our own country by another way, and forthwith develop a respect for it never known before we exchanged the snow-drift for the sand-flats, the northeaster for the soft, weak, stationary thermometer, and the coast pines for the everglades. "An orange-tree is a stick

beside an apple-orchard!" cried one homesick Massachusetts invalid, exiled for dear life to Florida. Though I confess to something of the same prejudice, I must admit that Summerville is a land of lovely dreams, with more conveniences and fewer discomforts, more tonic and less enervation, than any other Southern health or pleasure resort that I have seen. Roses run riot over it; its homes are gardens, and gardens are its homes. There the winds are laid; a blind may hang loosely, half the winter, and will never flap, from dark to dawn, against your rose-wreathed window. There it is always dreamland, and there the knotted northern nerves may relax and rest.

The winter of 1888–89 found us in this kindly place. Longfellow wrote once, to a friend, of his early home life: "We are happy in our own hired house." Our "hired house" was one of the prettiest, I make bold to believe, upon which the American traveller might happen, though he sought from Maryland to Florida. The cottage was set in a bower of roses—the Cherokee, the blush, and the yellow. Japonicas, azaleas, violets, and magnolias blazed across box and myrtle, touched in with the soft lights of Southern garden blossoms whose names I did not know, and never had the intellectual initiative to ask, since, to tell the truth, I liked them the better for my ignorance.

To this cottage, where we sat among the roses, hard at work (for I have never seen the time, yet, when I could manage to take a vacation not absolutely thrust upon me by illness), came down one day the indefatigable editor of this magazine—to whom distance is a myth and topography a plaything.

From that visit resulted the syndicate publication, and, later, the appearance in book form, of the two novels which Mr. Ward and I collaborated, and about which I have a few words to say, here.

We were engaged to write these novels for a special purpose, and with a special cast and coloring. These, like most of the novels written in the present day, were to be adapted to serial publication first and foremost; which means, in a word, rapidity of action and sensitiveness of suspense and more frequent climax than were required by stories of the elder time, peacefully read between covers, of an evening. The one thing which serial publication does *not* require is less art. Personally, I have always found it more difficult than a tale which has no bars or fences, but may run its own will over the country-side, coming to a stop when it gets through.

Partly for this reason, but more because of my own inaptitude for historical study, I was very reluctant to undertake the work in question. Mr. McClure, who was one of the first publishers to recognize my husband's then unproved gifts in this direction, persuaded us; and we wrote.

Our task was to create two novels built upon Scriptural characters, scenery, and history. They must be Oriental to the last adjective. They must treat of life, of love, of action, not as the Occidental looks at these great facts. Saints, villains, heroes, and heroines must think and feel not as the New Yorker, or the Bostonian, or the Londoner of 1890 thinks and feels; but as the Babylonian or the Jew of two thousand or three thousand years ago would have loved and fought and wrought and died. This undertaking involved much study, and of a close and exacting kind. And just here, I would like to say:

The research implied in the construction of these two books must be entirely credited to my collaborateur. I cannot lay claim to any portion whatever of the industry and accuracy which have received the warm recognition of Oriental scholars; and I have always felt a little uncomfortable at the chance of being supposed to be so much "wiser than I am"!

Further, one of these books, from the critic's point of view, succeeded better than the other. I am glad to take this natural opportunity to say, that the one which succeeded should be entirely attributed to Mr. Ward. "The Master of the Magicians" added to a large circulation the cordial welcome of reviewers. "Come Forth" reached the usual comfortable and satisfactory circulation, but did not leap to the further side of that, and—I am told—received at the hands of reviewers a treatment amounting to brutality. Of course, in this case, as is my custom in all others, I have never read these opinions expressed by professional critics about my books; and have never felt any temptation to do so.

It fell to Mr. Ward and myself to collaborate one other story, growing out of our life in South Carolina; and the success of this (which was so fortunate as to take a first prize in the "Youth's Companion" in the only competition of that kind in which I ever engaged) I attribute also, in good measure, to my collaborateur.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

By Morgan Robertson.

HE had started life at sixteen on a small farm in Ohio, had won the heart of the farmer's wife by putting new life and ambition into the disabled old clock during her absence, but had incurred the wrath of the farmer himself by taking apart the threshing machine, which showed signs of wear and which he had sincere intentions of mending. A sound beating caused a vacancy on that farm, and filled a corner of a freight-car with a small boy bound for the West. He never reached that ever-receding section. Hunger brought him out at a small town, and compelled him to beg; and finding this means of livelihood easier than working, he continued at it, and developed in a few years into as picturesque a "tramp" as ever enlivened rural scenery.

He was not vicious, only ignorant and lazy. Sometimes, to relieve ennui, he would work for a few days; but only at labor that brought him into contact with machinery. He was a born mechanic; but this expresses all. He knew by intuition things that successful civil and mechanical engineers would be glad to acquire after years of study, at the same time possessing none of the balance of mind that makes us respectable. He had a bulging forehead, with ears set well back on his head. A phrenologist, in examining such a head, would have described it as showing large imitation, hope, form, and weight; abnormally large causality, comparison, and constructiveness; but sadly deficient in continuity, combativeness, destructiveness, firmness, acquisitiveness, and approbativeness. With a little energy he could easily have earned at least the title of "Jack of all trades," but even this was beyond him. In short, he was a happy-go-lucky vagabond, with an ever increasing repugnance for work, and an ever decreasing community of interest with his fellow-men.

He wandered to New York, and stood with a crowd watching the ascent of a large safe, which men were hoisting by means of a wagon-winch to the upper story of a high building. A man stood on the safe, guiding it. People passed underneath, indifferent to danger, and no one but our "tramp" noticed a slight movement of the rope, just above the wagon, followed by a quick untwisting, as a strand parted.

"Stop!" he yelled, "the rope's breaking."

"Vast heaving," roared the foreman; "stand from under; jump for a window, Tom—jump for your life!"

People scattered to the middle of the street. Among the first were the foreman and his men. The man on the safe frantically climbed the tackle to reach a window just above him. The two remaining strands of the rope quivered under the strain, becoming fuzzy with the ends of yarns that had broken and were forced outward, while the broken strand showed its spiral bulging six feet above the place of fracture. Then the tattered idler on the sidewalk made some very quick movements. Seizing the end of the rope from the wagon, he pulled about eight feet twice around a near-by lamp-post, over and under itself, thus hitching it. Jumping to the wagon with the end, he tied it to the straining rope, as high up as he could reach; then sprang to the ground a second before the overworked remaining strands snapped. Down came the heavy safe a foot or so, and the reinforced rope sank under the sudden tension. The man above barely held his grip on the tackle, and the lamp-post was bent and nearly wrenched from the ground. But the hitch did not slip.

The foreman and his helpers came back with some new ideas. The rope, or rather two ropes knotted together, now led straight to the doubtful lamp-post. Hitching another rope above the first knot, they hove on it, bringing the strain on the winch, and the danger was over.

"Where is that tramp?" asked the foreman. "He's a sailor. I've been there, and know the signs. He's passed a clove hitch on the lamp-post and a rolling hitch on the fall. I'll give him a job."

But the "tramp" had gone.

At Buffalo he fired a stationary engine, on trial, but displayed so keen an interest in the engineer's own work as to lose the job. Later, inspired perhaps by a fleeting self-respect, based on his late usefulness, he secured another, this time as engineer. His employer was suspicious at first of the ragged, unlicensed aspirant;

but he talked glibly of grate surface, eccentrics, valves, pistons, etc. (words picked up in his last service); no other applicant appeared, and the engine must run; so he was accepted.

Instinct, mechanical and other, is inherited knowledge, and the fact that a correct estimate of the tensile strength of red-hot boiler iron in contact with cold water did not form a part of this man's genius was due, no doubt, to the antecedent fact that none of his ancestors had experimented in this line. Indeed, few who so experiment live long enough to transmit to descendants, in the form of instinct, this acquired knowledge. On the second day he sailed over two fences amid a cloud of hot steam, while the shattered boiler went the other way.

He was picked up scalded, disfigured, and unconscious, and sent to the hospital, from which, in three months, he emerged blind in one eye, minus an ear, and with his whole right side shortened and weakened. On a stormy December morning, hungry and cold, he shipped deck-hand on a steam-barge, the mate taking on the forlorn applicant for the same reason that had influenced his last employer: no other appeared. He scrubbed decks, scoured paint-work, and helped trim sail as the shifts of wind demanded, while the steam-barge dragged herself and two tow-barges up the lake. He soon understood the proper angle that sails should bear to the wind and the resultant force exerted on the vessel. He helped the second mate splice a rope, and knew how before the job was half done. He had seen the rudder at the dock, and explained to his fellows the action of the slanting blade on the water. Scrubbing paint on the bridge, he heard the captain say to the mate: "Pull up the centre-board; she gripes;" and being sent to help, asked the good-natured second mate what the centre-board was for, and what griping meant. The mate explained: the centre-board was a movable blade in the bottom to keep the boat from drifting sideways, and "griping" was the carrying of the rudder to one side under the pressure of the wind.

By the time he had assimilated this nautical lore, the boat had reached Point Pelee, near the head of the lake, and here, as though misfortune was still "camped on his trail," he fell overboard.

"Man overboard, rooster," yelled the second mate.

"Which one?" asked the captain, as he rang the stopping-bells.

"The blind one, the cripple."

"Let the tow pick him up," growled the captain, ringing full speed to the engine. But as a salve to his conscience, he blew a few short barks of the whistle, to signify to the barges behind to "Look out."

Our hero, fathoms deep as he thought, barely escaped a blow from the propeller as he was sucked under the quarter, to come to the surface half the length of the tow-line behind. Being no swimmer, he gasped once and sank; then arose, only to be beaten under by the bow of the oncoming tow-barge. When next he appeared, it was behind the first tow-barge, and the second, approaching at a seven-knot speed, was almost upon him.

"Help!" he gurgled. But no one heard or saw him, although a profane but humane second mate was periling his position and blackening his soul with loud, blasphemous objurgations to the barges, and vows of legal vengeance on his superior, the captain, as he peered aft from the steamer's taffrail.

Just as his head disappeared, the outer bobstay of the second barge struck him in the shoulder. He grasped it. Tearing through the water made it hard work to pull himself up; but he got his head out, and rested; then, inch by inch, he dragged his crippled body up the pair of iron chains to the bowsprit, thence in-board to the deck, on to which he tumbled an unconscious heap. He was carried below, stripped, and brought to with much rubbing and copious draughts of whiskey. But not being used to this stimulant lately, he relapsed into a stupor.

That night it snowed so hard that the men steering the tow-barges could not see the steam-barge ahead, and the captains and mates took turns at standing in the bows, and guided by the trend of the tow-lines, bellowing "Starboard," "Port," and "Steady" to the helmsmen. The captain of the steam-barge, too sure of his position to anchor, yet not sure enough to go ahead without sounding, slowed down, took a cast of the lead, and went on, without being able to see through the snow the position the second of the tow-barges had reached. She had crept upon the first barge, but had given her a wide berth; and now, when the tow-line tautened, it bore at right angles—to port.

"Hard-a-starboard!" sang out the mate of the second barge, as he saw the hawser lift from the water.

It was his last speech. The terrific strain broke the iron casting on the bow

through which the hawser led, and the mate, standing on the port cat-head, was struck in the legs by the sweeping recoil of the heavy line and swept overboard. He did not rise. Ropes were thrown out, but the relentless power at the other end of the tow-line carried them away from the spot; the loudest pair of lungs could not penetrate that thick snow; and the mate was given up.

The old captain, much shaken, took the mate's place at the bow, noting, despite his horror, that the port jib-boom guys were torn from their fastenings by the tow-line, which now bore a little forward of the beam, showing that she was straightening up to her course. The tow-post creaked and groaned with the unfamiliar side strain, and she came around, slackening the tow-line with the increased speed acquired in the wide sweep. Then she swung the other way, the strength of the helmsman, a mere boy, not being sufficient to steady her.

As the tow-line tautened, leading now off to starboard, though the brand-new rope held, the rotten tow-post, weakened by its wrenching, did not. Breaking at the deck, it crashed over the bow at the end of the line, catching and carrying away the port bow-sprit shroud as it went; and with her momentum and the wheel still to port, the barge swung around, lost headway, and pointing her nose to the north shore, drifted to leeward, with all the rigging of the bow-sprit and jib-boom gone on the port, or weather, side.

The much-wrought-up old skipper, who had barely escaped the flying tow-post, sprang to the rail, and screamed his curses on the steam-barge. "Think I'm goin' t' anchor, do ye? Anchor in this passage—an' wait for you t' take a night's sleep at th' dock 'fore ye come back? Not much! Ye've carried 'way my head-gear, but I'll find a better place—'f I run t' Buffalo—How's her head?" This to the wheel.

"Nor' by east, sir."

"Bring her east by south, half south, when she'll come. Give her the stay-sail, boys."

This sail was loosed, hoisted half up, and lost in the thick maze to leeward as a sudden puff of the increasing gale blew it to pieces.

With decks awash as the seas boarded the weather rail and spilled out the lee scuppers, and in that blinding snow-storm, the flakes of which were attaining a needle-like sharpness, the gray old skipper was more resolved than ever not to anchor in a dangerous channel, and his men began rigging preventer guys to the bowsprit—for head sail must be carried to bring her before the wind. The boy was told to drop the wheel and lend a hand. The darkey cook was called and sent out on the bowsprit with the rest, as they endeavored to hitch a heavy hawser around the end of the spar. It was icy cold. The waves made hungry licks at their legs as they worked, and their fingers were numb, and the ropes and spar slippery with ice. But they completed the task, and had started in when one of those vicious Lake Erie seas, the first of the three which travel in company, lifted up to windward, a gray, nearly perpendicular wall.

"Look out!" cried the captain; "hang on."

When the sea had passed on, and the captain had straightened up, he saw one dark object clinging to the icy gear under the spar, while from the blanket of snow to leeward came gurgling cries. Then, as the next sea crashed over the bows, he heard, "Help, cappen," as the cook also was swept away.

Unable to save them, and trembling with horror, the old man crawled aft and went below, where he buried his head in his hands on the cabin table. "Great God!" he groaned, "all gone, every man; and all in half an hour!"

He sat there, wet, lonely, and miserable, until daylight shone in on him; then he remembered the deck-hand in the fore-castle, and started forward to arouse him, if he too had not died in the night.

It had stopped snowing, but the snow was replaced by the drift from the sea, which, freezing where it fell, had already encased deck, rail, and rigging in a coating of ice. It was slippery walking, or, rather, creeping, for an old man of seventy, with the craft rolling both rails under, and it is no wonder that an incoming sea swept his legs from under him, bringing him down with a thud on the icy corner of the fore-hatch.

He groaned with the sharp pain in his back, but could not rise. His legs were useless, and he hitched and crawled as best he could, and in time reached the fore-castle hatch, where he called—called until his voice grew weak; then gasped his prayer for help, while the man below slept on, and did not waken even when the masts crashed over the side.

It was high noon when the sleeper opened his eyes—on strange quarters, with an icy ladder leading up to a square of light, blocked by a gray face fringed with icicles,

on which death had stamped the agony of its owner's last moments. He shivered with cold as he turned out. His clothes, nearly dried by the now cold stove, hung on the pawl-post, and he dressed himself, with many upward glances at the gruesome thing above. Then he mounted the slippery ladder, shutting his eyes as he neared the staring face, and not opening them until he had climbed over it and floundered on to the deck beside the body, covered now, like the deck itself, with a frozen mantle.

He made his way aft, and called down the cabin door: "Any one here?"

Hearing no sound, he descended, and opened all the stateroom doors, but found no one. His hunger brought him to the galley, where he partook of some food, and then returned to the deck. It was a situation to appal the heart of even an experienced sailor. The vessel had once been a fine three-masted schooner, degraded later to a barge by sending down her topmasts. Now she was a dismantled hulk, with ice on deck making a curve from the rails inboard to where it raised in hummocks over the hatches. And on this dismantled, ice-bound hulk, rolling in the trough of the sea, somewhere on Lake Erie, he was alone with a dead man. This much he knew. Ahead and astern were two lines of blue, which he took for land. But no sail appeared to cheer him. As he stood in the companion-way, sheltered from the furious blast, the memory of his fall from the steam-barge, his being swept under by the first tow-barge, and his painful climb up the bobstays of the other, came back to him. But he remembered nothing more.

"Somethin' orful's happened," he muttered. "S'pose every one got washed off—or, mebbe, they're in the boat; that's gone. Wonder what killed the man forrard? I've got t' do somethin'."

He noticed the thumping of the spars alongside, where they lay held by the rigging, and concluded to cut them away; they might knock a hole in her. An axe alone would do it. He looked at the frozen deck. Axes suggest wood-piles, and wood-piles suggest stoves. This inductive reasoning brought him to the galley, where he found a hatchet; and with this he chopped at lanyards and running-gear until the spars drifted away. The jib-boom had snapped at the bowsprit end, but the bowsprit still stood; otherwise he would have had to cut through a chain bowsprit-shroud—a thing practically impossible.

He saved as much of the running-rigging as he could; not that he knew why; he had no use for it as yet. He obeyed an instinct,—the same that impelled him to put the hatchet carefully away in an oval-shaped hole in the after part of the cabin. As it was day-time he felt no nervous fears of the dead man forward, and crawled around the deck, inspecting what was left of her fittings. He examined a hummock of ice amidships, showing a black skeleton of iron. "Centre-board winch," he said. Another pillar of ice enclosed the capstan; the steam-barge had carried these things. Creeping aft, he looked over the stern, and discovered the rudder, ice-covered, but free in its movements, which a sailor would have known by the spinning of the wheel.

He was now wet with the drift and chilled through. He went below, and in the mate's room found dry clothing, with which he replaced his wet rags. The captain's room furnished a good pair of rubber boots and a suit of oil-skins. While here, he noticed a bundle of paper rolls, which he examined. "Maps," he said. He found the chart of Lake Erie, and for the first time in his life valued a much neglected accomplishment: he could read.

A cursory glance showed him a long, bag-shaped outline of coast, with Buffalo at one end, and other cities, most of which he had visited, marked on the edges. In one corner was a circle, filled with numerous interlocking stars, which he could not understand. He put the chart away, and clad in his warm, protective clothing, returned to the deck, where he did an hour's hard thinking and experimenting.

"She don't lay even in the holler of the waves," he said. "Why?" He thought of the centre-board. "She drifts sideways, an' if the board's down it makes a point, kinder, an' she'd hang on it. If it's forrard o' the centre, it ud hold that end to the wind a little. I'll see."

The rubber boots gave him good sea-legs. He went to the centre-board winch, measured the distance forward and aft with his eye, and returned for the hatchet. As he took it from the hole in the cabin, he saw a curious, whirling disk inside, which, when it had ceased its gyrations, resembled the diagram on the chart. He had never seen or heard of a compass, but the letters E, S, and W, on the edge of the disk, and the fact that it retained a steady position independent of the yaws of the vessel, were data for later deductions.

"THE WIND FRESHENED TO A GALE, AND BY MIDNIGHT TO A HURRICANE."

He chopped the ice from the winch, and roughened it under his feet; then, little by little, with his feeble strength, hoisted the centre-board. A man can lift a great weight with a worm-geared winch. Going aft, he proved his reasoning: she lay plumb in the trough of the sea.

He chopped the ice from two large, octagon-shaped boxes, abaft the stumps of the fore and main masts, and looked in. They contained heavy hawsers, tackles, etc. He noticed the heavy, cross-plank construction of the covers as he replaced them. A barrel was lashed to the fife-rail around the stump of the foremast. Chopping into it, he found salt, and remarked that where he spilled some on deck the ice crackled and melted to water, which did not freeze again. Then he went aft, and puzzled over the action of the compass, which, not being governed by purely mechanical laws, was beyond his comprehension. But he divined its scope and utility, and out of his environment of screaming wind and heaving water, evolved a plan of salvation,—apparently so wild, so baseless and hopeless, that no sane seafaring man, hampered by experience, would have considered it for an instant. But this man was not a sailor: he was a mechanic, heaven-born.

"She's driftin' 'bout as fast as a man kin walk," he mused. "If she'd point with the wind she'd move faster. How kin I make her? More pressure on one end or less on the other; a sail forrard ud do."

The fore-mast had broken about ten feet from the deck, and the boom and gaff, with

the fore-sail furled to them, lay with the jaws in place on the stump and the after end frozen fast to the ice on deck. The main and mizzen masts had snapped at the deck, and everything pertaining to them was overboard except what he had saved of the running-rigging. Forward, from the bowsprit end, descended an immense icicle, the accretion of ice to the jib-stay, broken aloft and hanging down, while on the bowsprit lay the furled jib—an elongated cone of ice; a solid mass with the spar. He shrank from attempting to chop loose and set this sail to the stump of the mast, and considered the alternative: less pressure aft; he could rig a drag.

His ideas were crystallizing. He searched for and found a well-equipped tool-chest; then spent the rest of the afternoon chopping from the icy deck the ropes he had pulled in, and coiling them, or rather, crushing them, in the cabin, where he sprinkled them with salt from the barrel. Then, building a fire in the stove, he cooked and ate his supper, first bringing all the rope's-ends into the galley to dry.

By the light of the galley lamp he studied the chart, but could make little of it except that he was somewhere on a line, midway between the shores, which he creased with his thumb-nail from Buffalo to the head of the lake. If he could get her before the wind and steer, and the wind should shift, he might make one of the ports on either shore; and in case the wind held as it was, he could not miss Buffalo, for the compass told him the wind was blowing him there. He schemed and planned until sleepy; then "turned in all standing."

Morning showed more ice on deck and a slight change to the northward in the wind, which had been due west, but no lessening of its velocity or of the bitter cold. After breakfast he went to work. His ropes were now pliable and the ends dry. With an auger he bored four holes in the rim of one of the heavy box-covers, into which he inserted the ends of ropes, making a bridle such as boys put on their kites. Weighting one side with a heavy piece of iron, he fastened the end of a hawser from the box to the bridle, and pushed the contrivance over the stern, paying out the line as the vessel drifted away from it. When about a hundred feet were out, he made it fast to the quarter-bitt (a strong post), and watched the effect as the line tautened. It certainly did bring the stern to the wind, but not enough to give the craft headway. He rigged the other box-cover as a drag on the other quarter, and had the satisfaction of seeing the boat pay off and go staggering through the water, and, though yawing right and left, keep a general direction eastward. He hurrahed his delight, and took the wheel, but found that he could make no improvement in the serpentine wake the barge left behind her. Deeply laden and weighted with ice, she now shipped every sea over the stern, and to escape them he went below, satisfied for the time that she was going somewhere at a fairly good rate. Had he been successful at the wheel, he would have cut away the drags to increase her speed, but he feared to. Could he put sail on her, and increase her speed with the drags still out? The sound of the drag ropes, straining on the bitts, gave him an idea of power that he could use—power beyond the strength of a hundred men.

Up he came and surveyed the ground, inspecting first the jib. It was covered with six inches of solid ice. It would be too dangerous to climb out there and chop it loose. Besides, when set, it would show little surface, and would only help to keep her before the wind. He needed a mast and a larger sail. So he inventoried his material. The furled fore-sail was there, with a good boom and gaff; the boxes were filled with strong hawsers, and on top of the coils were tackles, small line, and deck tools. He had a cabinful of running-gear, and, counting the pulley-blocks in reach, found himself possessed of four large double and three large single blocks, all shackled to their places. With salt, hatchet, and tools, he disconnected these and carried them below.

The forward hawser-box was in his way, and he emptied it, coiling the lines in the cabin. Disdaining to chop it clear of ice, he merely scored a rough groove, knotted a heavy rope to the box, and leading this aft, hitched it to one of the drag-lines—with the same knot he had used in New York—and slacked away. The surrounding ice crackled, split, and went to pieces as the heavy box bounded from its bed and rolled about the decks. A friendly sea carried it overboard, and he cut it adrift. He spliced ropes for tackles, and an able seaman could have spliced no better—though, possibly, more quickly; for sailors are made, not born like poets and mechanics. He chopped ice and manipulated tackles—with the drag for power—and by noon had the heavy boom, sail, and gaff on deck, and two holes sunk in the solid bed of ice abaft the stump to receive the jaws when his mast should arise. Salting his work

as he left it, he labored on, perspiring with his efforts, and drenched by the merciless seas which boarded the craft amidships. Ice formed on his back, but he worked with an energy new to him. Was it love of life, or love of mechanics that impelled him?

Late in the afternoon he first felt hunger, and surveyed his work before going aft to eat. The sail was cut away and lay on deck, a frozen cylinder, lashed to the rail. Not wanting the gaff, he had sped it over the side by clever handling of ropes and drag-line. The boom lay nearly amidships with the middle of a brand-new hawser knotted to its after end, the ends of which, equally cut to the length of the boom, he had secured to two strong iron rings in the rails, one each side,—stout shrouds for his new mast. A strong tackle led from the end of the boom to the jagged head of the mast stump. Another from the same end led to the bows, hooking into the still intact dead-eye of the broken fore-stay. The first was to lift his mast until the other could act, which would then complete the work, and when the mast was up, act as a permanent support from forward—a fore-stay. A single block, with a long rope pulled through, was secured to the underside of the boom, close to the end. Although he might not have named it, this rope was his halliard—to hoist his sail. His fertile brain had worked in advance of his crippled body; he had lost no time in planning the next step.

After a hurried lunch he studied his drag-line—his power. Could he lift that mast with one drag? He knew nothing of foot-pounds, horse-power, or mechanical equivalents, but he "guessed" that he could not. So, knotting the ends of both to his last hawser, he threw them overboard, and soon had both drags straining on one rope—a doubling of power, but an unseamanlike waste of good manila. He then led the falls, or hauling parts, of his tackles aft, and hitching the one he was to use first to the drag-line, slacked out until it tautened. But his mast must go up straight as a jack-knife blade from the handle; it must not swing; he needed side guys to steady it. These he rigged from the end of the boom through two blocks hooked in the rails, thence aft to where he could slack away from two iron belaying-pins. Then he was ready.

First, inspecting everything, he payed out carefully, and had the satisfaction of seeing the boom lift amid a shower of crackling ice from the tackle, staggering its way upward, and jerking violently on the guy-ropes as it swayed back and forth. But they soon tautened, and, leading the drag-line across the deck, he slackened these guys alternately, paying out on the drags as he moved back and forth, thus keeping the spar comparatively steady. When the tackle had reached the slippery angle of forty-five degrees, he fastened the fall of the long bow-tackle to the drag-line, and soon got the weight of the boom on this. Then, cutting the other way, he payed out roundly, fearing the guys would part from the merciless tugs they received as the spar, nearly on end, thrashed from side to side. But they held nobly. Soon the heavy shrouds tautened, and the new mast, describing a few jerky circles against the gray sky, settled itself, a rigid mass with the hull, held by its icy socket at the deck, aft by two hawsers to the rail, and forward by a strong four-part tackle to the bow. But he must secure this fore-stay, now depending on the uncertain tension of the drag-line. By the time he had done so, darkness had almost arrived, and the ghastly mound on deck, looking ghastlier in the lessening light, sent him aft for the night. First, however, he salted his halliard, coiled on the fife-rail, and threw the rest of the salt on the frozen cylinder which he was to transform to a sail in the morning. Then dropping the tackles and deck tools down the stairs, he looked around the shortened horizon before following them.

The aspect had not changed. The same black and gray waste of wind-driven cloud and foam-crested sea met his eye; and yet he fancied the darker line of land to the southward looked larger. He went below, wet, benumbed, and exhausted, but feeling within him the exultation of a victor and the strange stirrings of a newly aroused manhood. Dry clothes and supper refreshed him a little, and again he studied the chart. Reaching down the cook's rolling-pin and placing the chart on the floor, he knelt on it.

"Now, that circle in the corner," he said, "can't mean nothin' but to show the way the lake runs. That line on it marked E an' W means east an' west, an' the one crossin' it with S at the bottom means south, an' t'other end must mean north, o' course. An' that thing in the hole upstairs is marked just the same an' allus points the same way—wonder why? Now, le's see.

"In the mornin' I 'spect she'll be pretty close to that shore." And he placed the

"THE SEAS POURED OVER AND DRENCHED HIM, AND ICE FORMED ON HIS BACK AND SHOULDERS."

rolling-pin so that by ranging his eye he struck a line from Buffalo nearly parallel to the south shore and touching it two-thirds of its length from that port.

"Now, I'll jess guess that in the mornin' I'll be somewhere near this line." He rolled his improvised parallel rule; it would not reach the compass diagram in the corner, and he supplemented it with the edge of the chopping-board, which he placed on the centre of the circle and flush with the rolling-pin.

"Eight divisions o' that circle 'tween east an' north," he mused. "This strikes off 'bout two an' a half o' them. Two an' a half divisions north o' the east line. I'll remember."

His sleep was troubled. All night he chopped ice and poked frozen ropes through blocks too small for them, tied hitches that slipped, and spliced ropes that broke. Once he was up. The mast was still in place, and the drag still kept her before the wind. He could not see the compass, but the wind and sea were unquestionably milder. So he turned in again, and aroused at daylight to find himself within two miles of the shore, an angry surf showing, and the wind brisk from the north. But the gale was over.

The barge was heading straight for the nest of breakers, and he must do something quickly. A few moments of dazed thinking and he was awake and himself. With some small dry rope from the cabin, he lashed the forward upper corner of the sail to the foot of the mast; he could not haul it snug to its place, but made it secure. Then with the axe he chopped one of the blocks from the rail, where he had left it, securing it to the same place, and, knotting one end of the halliard into the after upper corner of the sail, he passed the other through this block, and leading it aft, fastened it to the drag-line, not by a hitch—both ropes were icy—but by a firm lashing of small line.

Before paying out to hoist the sail, he took his axe and made mighty dents in the ice which bound it. He chopped, hammered, and pried until he dared wait no longer, and then he threw off the drag-line turns and chopped again, where most needed, as the sail shook itself loose and arose with a thrashing and crackling that was deafening.

He was driven away by the hurling pieces of ice, and ran to the drag-line. Taking a turn, he dubiously watched the sail ascend as he slacked out, not knowing as yet how he was to secure the lower part, until he noticed a ring worked into the edge which was just ready to slip over the side out of his reach. Making fast, he ran below, emerging with some small line and his best tackle, one block of which he hooked to this ring, lashing the hook, and the other to the ring-bolt in the starboard rail, left vacant by the single block. Hauling taut, he secured the tackle, then paying out more drag-line, brought the sail up.

It set beautifully, a picturesque leg-of-mutton above, but sadly blocked the deck with the unused portion below. It in-

creased the barge's speed toward the shore, and he took the wheel to throw her round. She would not come; so, lashing the halliard to the bitt, with some misgivings he cut the drag-line. Then she answered her helm, and soon was clawing off that lee-shore as bravely as though carrying a complete equipment of spars, sails, and able seamen.

He found the course he had selected and held her to it, not steering true, but very well for a novice. When hungry he dropped the wheel, rushed to the galley, and coming back with some bread, found her rounding up to the wind. But she payed off when he put the wheel over, and, munching the bread, he steered on, watching for ports on the south shore. He saw no signs that his judgment approved of, however. The wind was freshening and hauling back to its old quarter, and he resolved to go on; he could not miss Buffalo.

As night came on he reasoned out the necessity of light on the compass, and investigating, found two lamps, one burned out, the other full, approachable from the inside of the cabin. He lighted the full one, and, returning to the wheel, found the vessel in the trough of the sea and threatening to roll his mast out. But it held, and he brought her back to the course, resolved not to leave the wheel again.

Darkness descended, and he steered by compass alone, as the wind freshened to a gale, and by midnight to a hurricane that at times flattened the seas to a level. His lame side ached; his blind eye, inflamed with cold, smarted as though torn with needles; but he bravely made his course good. The seas poured over and drenched him, and ice formed on his back and shoulders, descending as a curtain from the rim of his sou'wester. Working the wheel made his arms and breast perspire, while his feet smarted, burned, and grew numb as the water in his boots congealed. All but engulfed in a liquid world, he felt the torture of thirst until he bit ice from his sleeve. He talked to and about himself.

A bright light flared out on the port bow and went out. It appeared again and again. What was it? He did not know, but it cheered him. It passed astern, and another appeared to starboard. And so he steered on through the night, on the course he had chosen and remembered: northeast by east, half east.

A sleepy life-saver, patrolling the beach, saw a curious craft approaching port in the gray of the morning, making wild, zig-zag yaws, as though undecided which shore to strike. He awakened his comrades and then the nearest tug-captain, and having nothing better to do and with plenty of time, turned out all the tugs moored on his side of the river. Six puffing, snorting, high-pressure tugs ranged up alongside of the shapeless iceberg floundering into port, their captains roaring out requests for a line to the dishevelled creature at the wheel. A vacant stare and a backward wave of the arm were the only answer.

Gayly and noisily the procession passed up Buffalo River, and it was only after the leading craft had torn three vessels from their moorings; after passing the foot of Main Street, black with cheering men, and through the bridge, barely swung in time to save it, that the tugmen managed to get aboard and take lines. The barge was stopped just in time to save a canal boat that lay in her way from a fatal ramming.

She was moored to the dock, and crowds poured aboard and passed comments. And her helmsman and navigator—where was he? In the galley, lighting a fire; he had earned his breakfast and wanted it. Newspaper men sought him and asked questions, which he answered between mouthfuls, mainly by a simple, "Dunno." One brought him a looking-glass, into which he looked, wonderingly; his lips were shrunken and drawn, his face wrinkled, and his hair, which had been dark, was white as the crests of the seas he had conquered.

The captain of a windbound liner appeared and interviewed him. "He's not a sailor," he reported, later; "but he has accomplished the greatest feat of pure seamanship I ever heard of. I met that craft at the head of the lake three days ago. She must have been dismasted that night in the first of the blow. He told me how he found himself alone, rigged drags for power, put a jury-mast in her, and struck off a course with a rolling-pin, and clawed her off a lee-shore, and sailed her down this lake in the wildest hurricane we've ever had here. Yes, sir, it's wonderful; but it's possible. And it's a salvage job, too; he'll get several thousand dollars."

But though every reporter on every paper in Buffalo hunted for him high and low, he did not put in a claim for salvage.

That night a south-bound freight train carried a wrinkled, white-haired, one-eyed "tramp," bound for sunnier climes, where ice and snow were unknown.

A MODEL CRIME.

By W. Pett Ridge.

THE two swollen-eyed men from Bethnal Green rubbed their stubbly chins thoughtfully with the palms of their hands. They glanced at the yellow young man in the armchair, and then out of the window at Jermyn Street. The yellow young man was Mr. P. Rawlings, from San Domingo, and these were his chambers.

"Wot d'ye mike of it, Jimes?"

"It's thick," whispered James, hoarsely. "Vurry thick, Awlbert."

"T'ent as though this gent wanted the other gent abslootly mide off with," urged Albert.

"I should strongly object," interposed young Mr. Rawlings from the armchair, in his thin high voice, "if anything of the kind were done. Understand that once for all. There must be no great harm done to Mr. Burleigh. He is simply to be kept out of the way for a month. He proposes to start shortly for a quiet trip on the Continent, and—"

"Before his merridge," remarked James.

Mr. P. Rawlings threw his black cigar into the fire with an impetuous exclamation.

"Be-fore his merridge," echoed Albert.

"He must be abducted and kept quietly for a space until I give the word," said young Mr. Rawlings.

The two men glanced at each other again.

"He's a biggish chep," remarked Albert.

"Chlorryfom might do it," said James, thoughtfully. "But it's a precious risky job. Do you 'appen to know the lidy he's going to merry, sir?"

It was a most unfortunate question.

"What has that to do with you, man? There is your business. Mind it."

Mr. P. Rawlings was in a great rage. He had started up from his chair, and stood glaring with his small black eyes at the two men.

"No 'arm done, sir," said James, in a conciliatory way, "I on'y asted the question. I wish he wasn't a M.P., that's all. They're such a fussy lot, and you see he's a important chep. Why, I see his portraits are in the shop windows, and he's in Madame Tussaud's, and—"

"I know, I know. It makes me hate him all the more."

"Got to be done to-night, has it, sir?"

"This very night. He walks round St. James's Park between nine and ten. What you ought to do is—"

A long detailed explanation. The two Bethnal Green gentlemen listened with great attention, nodding now and again as sign of their acceptance of the suggestions.

"If I were abroad," said Mr. P. Rawlings at the conclusion, "this could be done as easily as the striking of a match."

"Ah!" said James, bitterly, "that's just where it is. You're in 'appy England now, the 'ome of the free, where for the leastest little thing a man finds hisself locked up. Still, we'll do wot we can, won't we, Awlbert?"

He closed his left eye for a moment as he looked at his colleague.

"We will that," responded Albert. "The best of men can do no more."

"You understand," said Mr. P. Rawlings, decidedly, "that I give you nothing now. Come back here this evening and take me to the place where he is, and the money is yours."

"I could 'ave done with a bit on account," said James.

"Not a penny," said Mr. Rawlings, definitely.

The two Bethnal Green gentlemen sighed a protest against the dogmatism of Capital.

"Well, if you won't, mawster," said Albert, philosophically, "I suppose you won't."

The House that evening was unusually full. There was some excitement in the air, and earlier in the afternoon the Inspector had shaken up nearly a helmet full of tickets for the Strangers' Gallery. The space dividing ministers was littered with the strips of paper which members tear up when they are in an emotional mood, and no one was perfectly asleep. The youthful-looking member who was addressing the House came to his peroration. He glanced at a small red bonnet in the Ladies' Gallery.

"For my part, Mr. Speaker, I can only say, that so long as life remains with me—and that period may be short, and it may

be long—I shall not cease to present with all the vigor in my power the arguments to which the House has so generously listened this evening."

Enthusiastic cheering, as Mr. Gerald Burleigh resumed his seat. Congratulators nodded from the front bench of his own side. A pleasant little note of felicitation tossed across from the opposite side. Young Mr. Burleigh, M.P., hurried round to meet the small red bonnet.

"You are going for your usual walk round St. James's Park, I know," said the Red Bonnet, pleasantly.

"No, I am not, dear. I'm going to stroll with you on the terrace."

"Well," the Red Bonnet gave a sigh as affectation of regret, "it is useless to argue with a Member of Parliament. I only hope that my cousin—Bother!"

Mr. P. Rawlings, blinking his small black eyes, said he was pretty middling. How was Mr. Burleigh? Burleigh, without answering, said that Mr. Rawlings's cousin and he were just about to stroll on the terrace, so that they would have to say good-by to Mr. Rawlings.

"Burleigh," Mr. Rawlings took the young member aside, "I want to speak to her as a member of the family about money matters. I want to do something rather handsome for her when this affair of yours comes off."

"You're very good," said Mr. Burleigh. He said this unwillingly, for he usually told the truth. "But, really, I don't know—"

"No, you don't. I'm not so bad as you think, Burleigh. I've got a heart, after all, although my manner is a little odd at times. Now, you go for your usual run, and I'll talk to her."

Mr. P. Rawlings insisted on walking out of St. Stephen's and across the yard with Gerald Burleigh. He seemed to talk rather quickly, and with a dread of anything like a pause in the conversation. Outside the gates he stopped.

"I must hurry back to my cousin," he said. He looked across the road and took his scarlet silk handkerchief from his pocket. The two Bethnal Green gentlemen, standing on the opposite side of the road, saw this, and then, shading their eyes, looked up at the clock. "You won't be more than half an hour?"

"Less," said Gerald Burleigh.

And striding across the road, St. James's Park way, he disappeared from sight.

"Nah, for this desprit deed," said James, with much good-humor. "Is Ginger in Birdkige Walk with his keb?"

Albert nodded, and smiled the confident smile of a general who sees success.

"It's the biggest old beano I was ever in," he said. "I will sy this for you, Jimes. You're a perfect mausterpiece."

Mr. P. Rawlings did not return to his cousin. Instead, he took a swift cab to his rooms in Jermyn Street, and, arriving there, walked up and down outside. He was in a great state of nervousness, and he managed, in peering anxiously towards the end of the street, to drop his *pince nez* and smash the glasses.

"Well, I'm hanged!" said Mr. P. Rawlings. Which remark was, of course, premature.

A cab drove up. On the top was a long orange case, corded up. Out of the door stepped James—James, in a state of much disorder, red stains on his hands, a look of extreme fright on his swollen countenance. Albert behind him, trembling, obviously with horror.

"Well," said Mr. Rawlings, with an attempt at cheeriness, "you're soon back. You've managed it, I hope?"

"Yus," said James, hoarsely. His voice sounded like the voice of a blanket. "Yus, we've managed it. For the world's sike, sir, go up stairs."

Mr. P. Rawlings did so. He left the door open for the two men to follow, and switched on the light in his rooms. He picked out a particularly strong cigar, as though to honor the occasion, and stood the liqueur-stand on the table. Then, with his back to the fire, he awaited their coming.

"Mind the corners, Jimes," said Albert. "Lift your end, cawn't ye?"

"Ain't I a-liften my end?" said James, in a hoarse whisper. "It's bloomin' 'eavy. *Nah* then, *al*-together! That's it."

They brought in the long case, and placed it carefully on two chairs. Mr. P. Rawlings started forward.

"Stand back, sir," whispered James. "Don't touch the 'orrid thing until you've 'eard the tile. Awlbert, shet the doar."

"What on earth have you got there?" cried Mr. Rawlings, excitedly.

"He's not on earth," said James, reverently. "He's in 'Eaven, poor chap, or 'Ell, as the kise may be. Can't you turn the lights dahn a bit, sir?"

There was a break in the voice of the Bethnal Green gentleman. He untied the cord as the yellow Mr. Rawlings and the trembling Albert stood by. Albert poured out some port in a tumbler; James turned over the top lid of the case, and lifted a handkerchief from the end.

"Save us!" cried Mr. Rawlings. "You've killed him!"

The two men took their caps off reverently as they looked with every sign of remorse at the placid face. Mr. Rawlings gazed at the smoothly parted hair, the neat moustache, the strong chin, the—

"Tell me what it means," he cried, feeling for the broken *pince nez*. "Why have you done this? Why have you brought him here?" The two men did not answer. "Do you know who you are? You are"—he gave the word in a muffled scream—"murderers."

The two men started as Mr. Rawlings, half white now and half yellow, hissed the word at them.

"It was an oversight, I admit," explained James, slowly. "I s'pose we used too much chlorryfom. But if you're going to call us nimes, mister, perhaps we can find a title or two for you."

"What is it to do with me?"

"A prutty tidy bit," said James, with much decision. "For one thing we're a-goin' to leave Mr. Burleigh here, and we're a-goin', Awlbert and me, to give ourselves up at Vine Street. There's nothing like being perfectly striteforward in these matters. And your nime will be mentioned as 'aving egged us on to the deed."

Mr. Rawlings screamed. He rushed to the door and turned the key.

"You have done this purposely," he exclaimed. "You blackguards!"

"We didn't do it purposely," remarked Albert, setting down the tumbler; "but we cert'ny are blaiguards. All free of us are."

"Come on, Awlbert," said James. "It's no use arguing the question. Let's get down to Vine Street and see the Inspector. How might you spell your nime, mister?"

"Look here," young Mr. Rawlings breathed quickly. "Look here. *I'm* going away. I am going to leave London at once."

"No daht," said James, ironically. "Oh, no daht. And leave us two gentlemen to bear the brunt of it all."

"You have only to—to dispose of the body," said Mr. Rawlings, appealingly. "You can easily do that."

"Ho, yus," said Albert. "Nothing easier, I'm sure." He laughed a short sharp laugh of derision. "It's quite a every-day job, this is."

"Look here," cried Mr. Rawlings. He laid a hand on James's sleeve in an imploring manner. "If I give you"—he whispered a large sum—"will you get rid of it? I shall catch the morning mail at Charing Cross, and go right away—for good."

James hesitated. He drew his colleague aside, and conferred with him.

"Look 'ere, sir. We're lettin' you 'ave it all your own way, I know, but if you'll double that figure, we'll—well, we'll do wot we can."

"And you will take this—this away?"

He looked with loathing at the ghastly upturned face in the long wooden box.

"No checks, mind you," said James, with sudden suspicion.

"Notes and gold, my good man; notes and gold."

The transaction took but a few minutes. Then the two men lifted the long box and carried it slowly down-stairs.

"Give us a 'and, Ginger," said James to the red-haired cabman. "The gent don't want it, awfter all."

A yellow, frightened face watched them between the curtains of the first floor window. The cab drove off slowly and solemnly St. James's Street way. At the corner it stopped.

"There's on'y one thing now," remarked James. "How are you going to get rid of the body of this onfortunate young Member of Parliament?"

He laughed with the satisfied air of a man who has done a good night's work.

Albert considered.

"Tell ye wot," said Albert. "*I'll* tell ye wot. Tike it back to the Marylebone Road where we pinched it from; stick it outside the blooming Exhibition, and let old Tussaud, or wotever his nime is, find his property there in the morning. Is that good enough?"

James slapped his colleague on the knee.

"My boy," answered James, with much good humor, "it's great. I never 'ave give back anything before as I borrowed, but just for once I'll do it."

THE EDGE OF THE FUTURE.

A FORECAST OF McCLURE'S MAGAZINE FOR THE COMING YEAR.

By the Editors.

It is scarcely necessary to refer in these pages to the success of McClure's Magazine. Within the past year the conductors of the magazine established a complete printing and binding plant. With the addition of the new Cottrell web press now being installed, the publishers will possess a printing plant with the largest capacity of any plant devoted to the manufacture of a single magazine.

During the past twelve months the publishers have sold 1,854,660 copies more than they sold during the previous twelve months—*an average monthly gain of 154,555 copies.* Our *gain* for the past year would make a very creditable circulation for a magazine.

Advertisers have been prompt to recognize the growth of the magazine, and they have seen fit during the past year to place more advertising in McClure's than in any other magazine.

With the increase of resources, both financial and editorial, and with greatly increased manufacturing facilities, the publishers take especial pleasure in announcing a few of the good things the magazine will publish during the coming year.

KIPLING'S FIRST AMERICAN SERIAL.

Rudyard Kipling's "Captains Courageous" is his first long piece of fiction dealing with American life. It will begin publication in the next issue of this magazine, and will be completed in five or six numbers. In variety, strength, and vivid and dramatic interest, it will be found equal to the Jungle Books, which are conceded to be the greatest things Mr. Kipling has published thus far. Being the adventures of a luxuriously reared American lad among the Gloucester fishermen, on the cod fisheries of the Grand Banks, it is a story that young people are sure to read with delight; and yet it is no less sure to attract and entertain older readers. It is, in short, a good, strong, wholesome, stirring tale for both young and old. It is Kipling's habit never to go into a phase of life until he has studied it thoroughly. He has made no exception in the case of the Gloucester fishermen. He never could have depicted their life as he depicts it in "Captains Courageous," with all its humors and sorrows, its eccentricities, its hardships, and its bravery, unless he had in some measure lived it himself. His account everywhere yields an impression of reality. Thus "Captains Courageous" is a sea story with positive salt and savor in it.

The story will have in illustration of it some pictures, too, of the same kind. Mr. I. W. Taber, the artist who is to do them, is an old hand at Gloucester fishermen. He has lived among them, and drawn their houses and schooners and features and fish, for several months at a time. He has now gone down among them again, and himself taken a cruise with them, in special preparation for this work. His pictures can scarcely fail, therefore, to give additional interest to the story.

STEVENSON'S LAST NOVEL.

Eight years ago the editors of this magazine arranged with Robert Louis Stevenson for a novel. Mr. Stevenson then had two novels in mind, both mainly Scotch in scene and interest, one to be a sequel to "Kidnapped," the other to be a novel of the time of the Napoleonic wars in Spain, with a French soldier for hero, who should be captured by the British and imprisoned in the Castle in Edinburgh. Mr. Stevenson agreed to let us have whichever of the two he finished first. This proved to be the sequel to "Kidnapped," and was published as "David Balfour" five years after the agreement was made. A few months before Mr. Stevenson's death, we arranged with him for another novel, then almost completed. Its title was "St. Ives." Curiously enough, this was the second of the two novels which Mr. Stevenson had in mind eight years ago. At his death the story was finished within two or three chapters, and his secretary was able to give an outline of the ending. This novel will be published in McClure's Magazine during the coming year. It more nearly resembles "Kidnapped" and its sequel than any other of Stevenson's novels. It is Stevenson's last contribution to literature, and is a splendid novel of adventure.

IAN MACLAREN'S NEW STORIES.

Judged by the sales of his books, Ian Maclaren must rank as one of the three or four most popular living writers. His two books of short stories have sold well towards half a million copies in less than two years. At the same time, Major Pond, the well-known lecture-manager, states that Ian Maclaren is in greater demand than any other foreigner who has ever come here to lecture. Our readers will be pleased to learn that in this magazine will appear all the fiction which Dr. Watson ("Ian Maclaren") will write during the coming year: namely, a series of short stories.

THE LINCOLN PAPERS.

There will appear from time to time further papers on Lincoln, from various pens. Meantime, Miss Tarbell's papers will appear less frequently for a few months. She will then present a study of Lincoln as the great war President.

Miss Tarbell's life of Lincoln has been a remarkable achievement as a magazine serial. Within two weeks after the appearance of the first article, it had added one hundred thousand new subscribers and buyers to the magazine. We believe it is safe to say that no important historical or biographical serial was ever before followed by so many readers month

by month; and we certainly have reason to believe that, with the exception of the "Century" war articles, no series of magazine papers has been followed with such profound interest.

NEW STORIES OF ADVENTURE BY CONAN DOYLE.

A SERIES of stories by Dr. Doyle will be published in the magazine which will show him at his greatest as a writer of stories of adventure, a field in which he has few equals.

SHORT STORIES.

IN addition to the stories already mentioned, there will be short stories by Octave Thanet, Robert Barr, Rudyard Kipling, Bret Harte, Joel Chandler Harris, Gilbert Parker, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Stephen Crane, Clinton Ross, Morgan Robertson, Anthony Hope, and several writers who are new to magazine readers.

PICTURES OF NEW TESTAMENT SCENES: BETHLEHEM, JERUSALEM, BETHANY, MOUNT OF OLIVES, JACOB'S WELL, NAZARETH, SEA OF GALILEE.

LAST spring the editor-in-chief of this magazine made a journey from one end of Palestine to the other. With the assistance of Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son, he organized an outfit consisting of ten men, sixteen horses and mules, four tents, and a complete equipment for comfortable living. He was accompanied by a skilled photographer, Mr. James Ricalton, who had taken thousands of photographs in many countries, and had already photographed the principal places in Palestine. Much of the work done by him is on features that have been neglected by previous photographers, the practice having been to devote more time to churches and other buildings than to scenes that have remained practically unchanged since the time of Christ. A selection of these photographs, which will show how the country appears to a traveller, will be published in the magazine during the coming year.

GREAT PAINTINGS BY THE OLD MASTERS.

BEGINNING with the Christmas number, a series of the most notable paintings by the Old Masters in the galleries of Europe will be reproduced in the magazine.

THE LATEST KNOWLEDGE.

SPECIAL contributors to the magazine, including notable scientists as well as staff-writers, will furnish articles on the latest achievements in Ballooning, Flying Machines, Fast Railroad Travel, etc.

The new developments in compressed air as a motive power, Nansen's extraordinary advance on the North Pole, and Dr. Haffkine's victory over cholera are among the subjects which will have early treatment in the magazine.

ARTICLES BY H. J. W. DAM.

IT is difficult to present in an understandable manner the great achievements of science. Few scientists can write so as to be read by the people. On the other hand, few writers can state scientific facts truthfully. The readers of this magazine are, therefore, to be congratulated on an arrangement made with Mr. H. J. W. Dam for articles, both on "The Edge of the Future" and on the greatest achievements of recent years. Mr. Dam was for years a student in the University of California; he is a man of thorough scientific training, and is a member of the Royal Institution. At the same time, he is a trained writer. He is to-day one of the most successful writers for the stage in London. But, although his great successes have been made on the London stage, he still keeps abreast with modern science and invention. Mr. Dam will be a frequent contributor, and no important discovery or invention made in Europe or America will fail to be treated in MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

PERSONAL ARTICLES.

A PAPER on the late Professor Huxley, by Professor Michael Foster, of Cambridge, will appear in an early number. It will be fully illustrated.

A splendidly illustrated paper on Queen Victoria will be especially timely, on account of the interest aroused by the length of her reign, which is virtually longer than that of any other English sovereign.

A SERIES OF ARTICLES BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

ONE of the most popular features of MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE was the series of stories compiled by Cleveland Moffett from the official archives of the Pinkerton Detective Bureau. Mr. Moffett has in preparation for the magazine another series similar to the Pinkerton stories, and having the same novel and dramatic interest, but dealing with occurrences of a more public and historic nature. The facts, in each instance, will be drawn from the most reliable sources, Mr. Moffett making in each case a special investigation.